

Funky Beat

Whodini

Extra extra read all about it!
Whodini drops another one in everybody's face
And dig it they call this one Grandmaster Dee's "Funky Beat"

Funky beat, funky beat... funky beat
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Right here and now, I do declare
This'll be the new funky beat of the year
If you want a funky beat, why not use mine?
I be rockin funky beats, all the time!!
So now's the time, and this is the chance
Cause the next record might not make you dance
Cause the funk ain't nothin but a four letter word
that's often spelled but seldom heard!
Listen to the bass drum hit the ground!
The bass sounds like it weighs at least a pound
You heard the jump off it wasn't clear in your eye
But tell me the truth, are you that surprised?
We make beats, with rhythm, and rhythm with beats
Hear my records in the clubs, as well as the streets
So to all you emcees, that's lookin for a idol
Jalil is my name, master rapper's my ti-ti-ti-title!

This beat here will be served and deserved
We'll rock on point, and turn all curves
We'll rock every beat with the greatest of ease
And if you try and drum roll us... we'll bob and weave
We'll slip and slurk, tear off our shirt
just to show what it's like when a rapper's at work
So from now until the man who we feel
is gonna go rockin on the wheels of steel
Grandmaster Dee - hit me!

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Now you heard deejays on the record scratch
but how many have you heard bust a rap?
My DJ Grandmaster Dee
He raps on the mic with Ecstasy and me
And when we're at, the party, we turn it out
Cause that's what Whodini, is all about
I am the rapper that they call Jalil
Nestea is the one on the wheels of steel
Behind the turntables, one and two
Somethin from Whodini, special for you (yo)
You (yo) you (yo) you (yo) you (yo)
You, you, you, yo Drew!

Yo last Fresh Fest I was rockin "Good Times"
This Fresh Fest I'm bustin out rhymes
When I'm on the set I take total control
I rock your mind, yo' feet, your body, your soul
Other deejays may stop and stare
But when I'm on the set, I show no fear

I rock the beat because it is fresh
and the other the deejays know that I am
def, def, def, def, yo ex!

The point we tried to make, is simple
On the turntables he's quick and nimble
Since he's here we're gonna prove our point
Now that Whodini's inside the joint
Born and raised in the streets of Brooklyn
There's three of us, and we're all good looking
Young ladies hearts, we're sho' to win
Just like five plus five we equal ten
So easy on the tweeter, heavy on the bass
With some help from Master Dee we're gonna rock...
my time is up, it's on you Jalil!

All deejays are created equal
To this rap there will be no sequel
People like you must understand
that all rap groups don't need no band!
All we need, in order to achieve
is some help from the Master you better believe
And you'll get for yourself, and not end self
And that's the way, our business is dealt!

The words we speak are so, explicit
We rock from the Atlantic, to the Pacific
We're the men with the international beeper
But call us at night because our rates are cheaper
And his hour is ten, to represent
the deejay that'll give you one hundred percent
Mo' excitement than a one man band
Too good to be great so we call the man Grand-master Dee

Ooh-wee!...

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