

# Bootsy's Rubber Band, The Pinocchio Theory

Yeah we're funkin' on baba  
This is the world's funkiest sing-a-long  
Sing!  
R-U-B-B-E-R F-A-N-S  
Rubber fans and funk-a-teers  
R-U-B-B-E-R F-A-N-S  
Rubber fans and funk-a-teers

Well!  
These good old days, these days

Yeah we're funkin' on baba  
Oh yeah, this is the Pinocchio theory  
Don't fake the funk or your nose'll grow, sing!  
R-U-B-B-E-R F-A-N-S  
Rubber fans and funk-a-teers  
R-U-B-B-E-R B-A-N-D  
We're the rubber band, and we're fonk-kay!

Uh the better to funk you my dear  
You ask why my funk is so long?  
They call me the long song baba  
Somebody been funkin' with my funk  
Funkin' round funk in' with it till they funk it up  
(Don't funk with my funk)  
Somebody been sleepin' with my funk  
Funkin' round funk in' with it till they funk it up  
Sing! Oh  
Somebody been messin' with my funk  
(Leave my funk alone)  
Funkin' round funk in' with it till they funk it up  
Talk to me baba

Yeah we're funkin' on baba  
R-U-B-B-E-R F-A-N-S  
Rubber fans and funk-a-teers  
(Sing along, long song baba)  
R-U-B-B-E-R F-A-N-S  
Rubber fans and funk-a-teers  
(Uh the better to funk you my dear)

Well!  
These good old days, these days  
I want to funk with you  
Just want to funk with you  
I want to funk with you  
Just want to funk with you  
(We're so fonk-kay)

I want to funk with you  
Just want to funk with you  
I want to funk with you  
Just want to funk with you

Well now I just think  
It's just time for me to huff and puff  
And just blow your stuff in, baba

Yeah we're funk in' on baba  
You say why my funk so long?  
The better to funk you my dear  
They call me the long song baba  
Well!  
These good old days, these days

Keep a lookin' keep bookin'  
One day you're gonna find it baby

Yeah we're funkign on baba  
I am the long song  
Party on the long song baba  
Up, up and away  
Hop out  
Well!  
These good old days, these days  
Keep a lookin' keep bookin'  
One day you're gonna find it baby

Uh this is the Pinocchio theory baba  
You fake the funk  
Your nose got to grow  
Sing!  
R-U-B-B-E-R F-A-N-S  
(Talk to me baba)  
Rubber fans and funk-a-teers  
R-U-B-B-E-R F-A-N-S  
(Don't fake the funk)  
Rubber fans and funk-a-teers

I think I'll multiply and do it to you from all sides  
Well!  
These good old days, these days  
(Divide me baba)  
Keep a lookin' keep bookin'  
One day you're gonna find it baby  
(Watch out)

Yeah we're funkign on baba  
Got you surrounded in my cord, hit me!  
Well! (Huh!)  
These good old days, these days  
(Stranded baba)  
Keep a lookin' keep bookin'  
One day you're gonna find it baby  
Scuse me  
Motor booty baba  
I'll tune you up, I got to stroke ya

R-U-B-B-E-R F-A-N-S  
(Yeah we're funkign on baba)  
Rubber fans and funk-a-teers  
R-U-B-B-E-R F-A-N-S  
Rubber fans and funk-a-teers  
(Hi-de-o Silver)  
Well!  
(I'm in the outs)  
These good old days, these days  
Keep a lookin' keep bookin'  
One day you're gonna find it baby

Just talkin' to myself  
This is the Pinocchio theory, you know baba  
Don't fake the funk or your nose got to grow baba