

# Cee-Lo Green, Glockapella

Brother, you've been on my mind, oh brother  
We've changed over time, so, brother, I'm keeping my eyes on you  
I bet you don't think I know no better but sanging the blues  
Oh but brother have I got news for you, I'm something  
And I know you know that I'm something too  
Yeah, usually I don't get into all this battle rap shit  
And all that shit's stupid but I'm gonna address it  
And after I get it off my chest may God bless it  
I will invest four minutes exactly for everyone  
Who had the audacity to attack me  
I kept quiet but perhaps I should have pushed this fire quicker  
'Cause to just sit with this shit I've only gotten sicker  
Yet I react without even a crack in my composure  
But the only way he knows to bring this shit to a closure  
I'm worthy and my associates and I named the South Dirty  
And I'm even for sale in Braille, the deaf, dumb and blind have heard me  
But I ain't even breathin' until I get an even 30  
I could casually clap up the front of somebody's throwback jersey  
You makin' me hafta talk this way, ain'tcha?  
You makin' me hafta talk this way  
You forcin' me to walk this way  
Maybe my album will get bought this way  
Niggaz slow down around me, I make 'em superstitious  
And one of my vices used to be wanting to look visually vicious  
But instead I use my head and I fed niggaz something nutritious  
But you will appreciate what a sacrifice this is  
And I know you ambitious young men, you have my best wishes  
Have a piece of this pain on a platter, it's one of my best dishes  
When you assassinate my character, not one remark misses  
So it's gone get funky when I'm fryin' these little fishes  
Fuck fakin', there has been some offense taken  
But this itty bitty beef is, beneath me like bacon  
But hear me when when I say, I ain't gone hate you halfway  
You know me, somebody will surely owe me

When it comes to respect, I only put my family before me  
And the beat ridin', oh so slowly but surely and you in danger  
And I'll be strict about straight every one of you niggaz like strangers  
I'll put bullet holes in anything that oppose through car doors and clothes  
Amateurs and pros, hard-head niggaz and hoes, also friends and foes  
Let it be known that you'll lose your life fucking around with Lo  
This is my Glockapella and I'll be wearing diamonds forever  
Like I'm signed to Roc-a-fella and I'ma bust two times in the sky  
'Cause ain't nobody around here ready to die  
But if there's more that you want, can't but one side win  
And I'm damn sure ready to try motherfucker, yeah  
Hold on, I'm all off the motherfucking beat, hold on  
Lo crazy, Lo a'hurt somebody bad, Lo crazy, Lo a'hurt somebody dad  
Decide to ride down your street and just hurt somebody bad  
You know, as in house, hurt somebody's child or somebody's spouse  
You see what I'm saying and you know I can be what I'm sayin'  
And I got the most to lose but you steppin' on my shoes, nigga  
You become a target and will remain a target until you are hit  
You gone fuck around and found out that's Lo still down for it  
I ain't scared of ya, never been scared of ya  
If anything I'm scared for ya because I'm so ahead of ya  
Take that to the head brother before I walk up on your bed brother  
And paint your blood in red brother, you heard what I said, brother?  
Motherfucker, I ain't mad at these niggaz, I tricked you  
We got a real awful thang goin' down, getting down  
There's a whole lot of talkin' going round  
You best believe me before I pack up and move out of town  
I will gladly gone and glock one of them down  
I said, bring me the funk, I want the funk

I said, bring me the funk, give me the funk  
I said bring me the funk, I can handle the funk  
Just bring me the funk, bring me the funk, motherfucker