RBL Posse, Funkdafied

Intro:

Ah, yeah in the mothaf**kin house Black C and Mr. Cee from the mothaf**kin Posse this is straight out the mothaf**kin lab, you know what I'm sayin, the funk lab that is and we run this shit like this.

(Black C)

This some shit you can't f**k with out the funk lab We got some game for you niggaz in big fat slabs Like a pound or a key a G you can't be Who the f**k you tryin to be and that G is me We sucka-free a mothaf**kin menace Coppers on the block but they hot 'cause they can't run up in this And it's a daily routine my niggaz on the scene Slangin that chronic and the cream Ya know it's nothin but the funk It's nothin but the funk that we want And the bass to make the speakers bump I heard that cash rules everything around And niggaz from my hood nowday is livin foul See I'm from the concrete jungle And it's like a jungle sometimes that makes me wonder How I keep from going under (I'm so funkdafied) But I can't do a damn thing if I ain't got a 9 to 5 It seems I got no hope I gotta slang dope I'm tryin to do this rap thing and I'm still broke But this time we tryin to come tighter than the last time

Nationwide coming funkdafied

(chorus)

So uh, so uh, funkdafied, so funkdafied too funkdafied (2x)

Well it's the niggaz from 4-1-5 In Frisco we kick it live The niggaz who make my nine The playaz who took the time To come with this funky shit To get you hoes on our dick The shit to get trunks shit The shit that makes niggas split 'cause Too Short says there's money in the ghetto But he forgot about two niggaz packin beats like heat And if you don't believe me come ask my neighbor 'cause we be bumpin this all day after day after day Knockin niggaz out the box like quick it's so thick That right boy ghetto ass shit And niggaz tryin to know our business But really on the real they don't know shit Gettin on my nerves cause everyone claims they know us from the baller to the bump by the curb

But know this, that I'm, so funkdafied

But they don't know K-Y

chorus (4x)