

# Common, Funky For You

[Chorus: Bilal, Jill Scott]

Alright.....Okay [x4]  
Alright.....We'll make it funky for you now

[Common]

I'm a child of the ahh - The 87 ahh  
From the streets - Get on a beat and go ahh  
I could break it down like whatever ya ahh  
On some K-R-S be here forever type unh  
You-you-you-you know you shouldn't rhyme like unh  
Let them pussy niggas get in your mind like unh  
Baby boy you could do it take your time do it....  
If you get the chance  
To be a man in a b-boy stance and advanced from the go  
I'll trace outer space with a unh  
The baby-sitter of styles - I've traveled miles with  
bitches and....I've traveled miles with.....  
I've traveled miles with bitches and brew the ritual  
of the real unh  
Your platinum but real unh's don't feel you  
You sampled real unh's and then filtered  
I'm built to last - at last I'm free  
The Roots and SV be the family tree  
SV and the Roots be the family tree  
The Roots and SV and the tree is unh  
Come on

[Chorus]

As long as it's funky....alright..okay [yeah]  
As long as it's funky...alright  
As long as it's funky...alright...okay  
As long as it's funky...funky for you now

I style for the ohhh - wild for the ohhh  
Baby girl let's go half on a child for the ohhh  
Lick shot's pop lock and blaow for the oohh  
Like Ra-I'll move a crowd for the ohhh  
You talkin' loud but ain't sayin' ohhh  
Trickin' paper on a unh... Captain Save-a-ohhh  
I've never been.. the type of nigga..  
to take.. a broad to the courts  
As a shorty I was always into sports  
Now I talk to drums and walk in slums and thoughts that's ohhh  
Instinct to hustle-divided by the struggle  
Plus a couple of scuffle's and up to high shuffle  
Even when it sound muffled..  
I bust through.. narrow gates..  
with king-sized thoughts that's sparrow shaped  
Before I came up I had to elevate  
Let a nigga move where he wanna move up to  
You don't like how I'm livin... well fuck ohhh  
I stuck to what I was on... a star is born on a cusp  
Many angel's fell to the dust  
Leavin' me to trust... only a ohhh  
Leavin' me to trust y'all only a ohhh  
Leavin' me to trust in a - ahh ohhh ohhh ohhh  
ohhh  
Yo

[Chorus: x4]

As long as it's funky [yeah]  
alright..okay

Let your.. imagination.. dance to the..  
Dance to the.. dance to the hey  
Like nobody's watchin in a b-boy stance to the hey  
I'm funky like Africans in France to the hey  
Yo hey.. kick in the bass you..  
Chasin paper like a bitch in a race  
Spit on or death, I still ain't picked up the ace  
The hundred.. styles I run with thick in the race  
So let's ohhh.. yeah unh hunh

[Chorus]