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]