

# Everlast, Funky Beat

Check  
Uh huh  
Check check, y'all

Everlast:  
Yo Whitey Ford's the name  
The Hunchback of Notre Dame  
Couldn't get more bent  
When it's time to represent  
I control it like rent  
In a slum tenement  
Life's hard like some men  
In the concrete jungle  
I don't smoke jumbo  
So whatcha knockin' for  
There's locks on my door  
We rock from the floor  
To the ceilin'  
Ain't no drug dealin'  
Ain't no gat peelin'  
You can't fight this feelin'

Casual:  
Weeeell, My style's golden  
Hot like molten rock  
Niggers come bold  
But leave here holdin' jock  
High roll patrol  
Roll through the set on fifth  
Arm's solo  
Sippin' momo with a chick  
Niggers take the penitentiary  
Chances at the dances  
Lettin' off shots  
Lit off the lanterns  
Mad 'cause a nigga can't test with no access  
To phatness like this

Sadat X:  
From one story the cowboy was founded  
I'm surrounded by Casual and Whitey Ford  
The whole world and your girl  
From the Bay to LA  
To my blue end while  
I ain't tryin' to die  
I'm tryin' to live  
While I cool out  
And pick up my daughter  
When the bell says the school out  
Who the hell brought tools  
In this peaceful event  
Now I can love you  
Front you  
Or we could hunt you  
You played too close  
Take a hit of this dose

A yes, yes, y'all  
Sadat X: A freak, freak, yo  
Casual: So fresh y'all  
To the beat y'all  
Sadat X: A yes yes y'all  
Casual: We don't stop dog

We keep it rockin' till the panties drop, yo

Casual:

Uh huh, ha  
I see the rappers bein' ruined  
By you and whoever's doin' that  
Crap, they got me booin'  
In fact, I'm gettin' to 'em  
May an electrical poetical surge  
Give me the urge  
To, consume, the tomb  
And submerge  
The depths of adverbs  
Keep it sick  
Analytical  
You pitiful trick  
I'm the pinnacle and the prodigal  
Rhyme style's  
Hip nautical  
Fuck the artical  
The artist is hardest  
To harvest the hard shit

Sadat X:

I slave till all my work is done  
I'm cashin' in  
Stack up my money for a grand set  
I like them all house parties rockin'  
Plus I'm up in your cozy  
Bitch turn your head and keep your eyes  
Where they supposed to be  
Supposedly I was seen with something lean, huh  
Brown skin  
I keep it bouncin'  
I say loungin'  
On the side with red wine  
I know that shit on my floor ain't swine

Everlast:

Now back it up  
Stack it up  
And hit me one more time  
It might be your phone call  
But check it, it's my dime  
And I know she's fine  
But get off my line  
Or I'll break that spine  
And then maybe your face  
You all up in my space  
Like with Puffy and Mase  
But that's just not the case'  
Cause I'm settin' the pace  
While you followin' and swallowin'  
Savorin' the flavor  
In your audio for now  
Quick suckin' my style  
I'll be the man  
With the large amounts of savoir-faire

CHORUS:

Rock on  
To the break of dawn  
Just freak it  
Ah yeah baby  
Rock on

To the break of dawn  
Just freak it  
Ah yeah baby

#### CHORUS II (2x)

Sadat X:  
'Cause it's the funky beat'  
Cause it's the funky beat  
'Cause it's the funk, the funk, the funk, funky beat (beat)

Sadat X:  
I'll leave a piece of my style  
Flyin' high up in the air  
And you'll say to yourself  
Damn I'm glad I was there  
This is as rare as me frickin' share  
You people stare  
But behind closed doors  
You will take it there

Casual:  
Yeah I be the extraordinare  
Judge from Bayfare  
To Albee Square  
Tell me where the party at  
I'll be there  
Let her hit the coney at  
Show her where to rock the pony at

Everlast:  
I be the man  
With the large amounts of sapphire fare  
I'm about to cut loose  
My dog so you all best beware  
You can dance with flare  
And get out of your chair  
We be smarter than your average boo boo bear

#### CHORUS

#### CHORUS II (4x)