Fatal Flowers, Funky Street

One, used to be the shotgun Two, used to be that bad boo-a-loo Three, used to be the swinging sing-a-ling Four, used to be the funky four gonna see

Get on funky street Digging the funky beat Down on funky street That's where the grooviest people meet

From Atlanta Georgia, there moving down to the border Every boy was dancing, ran with somebody's daughter We're groovin in the city We got to get down with it

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Jump up and down and move all around Bend your knees halfway to the ground Now move it to the east, move it to the south Turn around and kiss your partner on the mouth

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Sweet soul music is in the air People are coming from everywhere Coming from the east, coming from the west Dancin to the one that they like the best

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Four, everybody got to hit the floor Three, come on baby go with me Two, used to be that bad boo-a-loo One, got to have just a little fun

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