

Funkoars, Kidney Shifters

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(Scratches/Hook: DJ Reflux)

"Here we go here we go..."

"I got the funk flow to make your jaws drop"

"I got the funk flow"

"I got the funk flow"

"I got the funk flow to make you... make you kidney SHIFT

(Verse 1: Trials)

Give me a stage

A mic, three pints of dope nector

The name's Trials baby, professional home wrecker

I got this licence to step inside ciphers

And come tighter than vaginas with four fingers inside 'em

So step to a battle, but take the cowards route

I'm a power house destroying rhymes until the power's out

What the fuck made you think that these toys were dope?

I was flippin' twice as nice before my VOIce had broke

You better gift-wrap my nuts, suck the shaft to the bottom

When I'm rocking mics random lives just start dropping

We're top of this shit like garnishes, every time I test ya

You're like fat chicks on a jetty - UNDER PEER PRESSURE

Try your heart out, become a dope rapper

I'm still die hard like overdosing on Viagra

Now that's what happens when the Funkoars rip ya

We stomp the break, and shake your place is richter

(Chorus 1: Trials (+Oars))

If your name's Mila Kunis

(You're getting kidney shifted)

After ten rounds of schooners

(You're getting kidney shifted)

Blonde girls with fake hooters

(You're getting kidney shifted)

(You're getting kidney shifted) (*You're getting kidney shifted*)

(Hook)

(Verse 2: Sesta)

Check it, when I'm live on the mic

Replies are about as tight as a hooker on a loooooong night

Your verses post-mortem

Battle Funkoars then you might as well release Martin Bryant and live the battle!

Semi-autos - cos we at it again

The crowd we packing 'em in while you panicking friend

So take your man and make like a manakin

SHUT THE FUCK UP, sit down, don't talk (don't move)

Shake it like your mothers arm after she's waving me

late in the morning, after I double dated her with your sister

Say Sesta eventually - got sick of faggots having to mention me

Man I could sit and babble about back stabbers and faggots

Spitting them ones, tag-alongs think they're rappers

If I'm a rapper who claims he's ahead of his time

Well fuck it - I'm going back to the future and racking his rhyme

(Chorus 2: Sesta (+Oars))

If your name's J. Lopez

(You're getting kidney shifted)

If you don't deep throat then

(You're getting kidney shifted)

Even over phone sex you're

(You're getting kidney shifted)

(You're getting kidney shifted)
(You're getting kidney shifted) (*You're getting kidney shifted*)

(Hook)

(Verse 3: Hons)

Fuck the weesle in my books, it's pop goes the virgin
Get trashed and crash strip clubs instead of rehearsin'
My flow worsening the more schooners I have
I'd rather be boozing than rap and kick losers off tracks
So pump your fists if you feel this
Hons will show Christina how to get dirty in a film clip
I bomb tracks like Pearl Harbour
Sometimes people take it the wrong way like smacking up marijuana
Hard on that and throw your best raps and mack kid
There's no turning back like knocking up a catholic
I need to keep my raps tight like gaps that's slight
Or Joe Cusumano on a honeymoon night
I like to roll play with fantasies, get kinky with our bed
Long legs, thick breasts, I'm as shallow as Hals head
Think you're better than me? Fucking get your facts checked
I ain't hostile, I just sit there when I got no cash left

(Chorus 3: Hons (+Oars))

If your name's Kylie Minogue
(You're getting kidney shifted)
If you bite when you blow
(You're getting kidney shifted)
Babies sitting home alone
(You're getting kidney shifted)
(You're getting kidney shifted)
(You're getting kidney shifted) (*You're getting kidney shifted*)>