

Mellow Man Ace, Gettin' Funky In The Joint

(Say, muthafucka
What you mean you ain't gon' let me in this
Funky joint?)

My homie Snoop Lover's on the drum, the drum
My homie Snoop Lover's on the drum-drum-drum
My homie Snoop Lover's on the diddy-drum-drum
Me, I'm Mellow Man, I'm on the mic, so here I come

[VERSE 1]

The M-e-double l-o-w M-a-n A-c-e
Rope-a-dope and definitely in the place to be
Came to tear it up and now I put you in the wrong mode
I deliver lyrics for the s-p's in song mode
You can't delete it, rappers can't beat it
It's just like crack, when you start, you need it
So light me up right, go 'head, take a puff
Sho nuff, you love that Mellow Man stuff
So you come back for more, eh - wantin to score, eh -
Rewound tapes of funky joints, you can't ignore, ya
Mellow joint fiend, jockin me blindly
Go to ten stores, but you just can't find me
Cause I sold out, that's without a doubt
Cause that's what makin money is all about
So I'm sorry, soft sport, you come up short
Cause you ain't got the money to pay for rhymes of this sort
Every day you come up shorter with a dollar and a quarter
I should smack you right now, that's what I oughta
Do, cause I don't play, I just get straight to the point
Mellow Man is in the house gettin funky in the joint

(Say, muthafucka)
(Say, muthafucka)
(Say, muthafucka
What you mean you ain't gon' let me in this
Funky joint?)

[VERSE 2]

Now I'm not the kid you wanna go with, know it
Good and well that I'm the bilingual poet
I smoke impostors and crews, the Tribe's in a
Gangsta bang, cause it ain't nothin but a thang
I come off like niggas, never pull triggers
Never live foul, but to girls I send shivers
So the day I die on my tomb it'll say
'He smoked muthafuckas and got pussy all day'
So watch me flow, girls, and come a little harder
Girls call me papi, the daddy, the father
But I'm just an outgoing kid that be flowing
Over my mouth and drop rhymes without knowing
So I suggest you back up, go get your back-up
Of 10 or 12 rappers that I'ma cold smack up
One by one, cause ain't a damn thing changed
And seein me enforce is like watchin L.A. gangs
So check me out, hey, you just got done
By the Babalu Boy droppin lyrics on the one
I won't bullshit, I just get straight to the point
Mellow Man is in the house, y'all, gettin funky in the joint

(We're gettin funky
This is the funky beat)☐--> Rammelmzee

(Funky)☐☐
(Get funky)☐☐--> Rammelmzee

[VERSE 3]

Yo, I'm smooth with my flow, and you can bet a smooth talker
Never know what I'll hit next like [name]
Or Strawberry, hittin a off-speed pitch
Your girl, she's a schemer, so I say (what up, bitch?)
And you don't even run up, or try to get some of
This milky vocal-dropper, dope son of a gun
Mellow Man is in the house, y'all, work it out
Cause that's what throwin joints is all about
I come ready steady ready (what?) to cut you up like Freddy
(Who?) Krueger, and wild up like Crazy Eddie
(With what?) with crazy vocab (and) dope gift of gab
(What?) Stupid bilingual, wrote rhymes by the pad
So watch me drop ya, ugh, got to stay hyper
The man on the mic servin you type of
Hype that slams on time to basslines
But back up off me, nigga, let the mastermind rhyme
I won't bullshit, I just get straight to the point
Mellow's in the house, gettin funky in the joint

(Say, muthafucka)
(Say, muthafucka)
(Say, muthafucka)
What you mean you ain't gon' let me in this
Funky joint?
Much money I done spent in here
Nigga, I knew your mama when she was hoein)