

Funkadelic Relic

LL Cool J

Yeah, (bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)
Yeah, and its the funkadelic relic
(bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)
Yeah, and its the funkadelic relic
(bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it)

James Todd Smith and nine years old
When +Sugarhill+ was in control
I'm listenin' to cold-crushed tapes to get sold
I set my demo in a silvia-treated me cold
Time flew cause I was gettin' my shit off
Sixteen-now it's about the time to set my first hit off
("I Need A Beat") +I Need A Beat+, it was a smash on the DL
But everytime I did a show my name was misspelled
+Can't Live Without My Radio+ drops
I'm kickin' down the door-crushed cool box
+Rockin' the bells+ like a madman
dissin', event-flippin' the script-but then I made my first ?50,000
All I wanted was a pencil, a little gold
a little money in my pocket and a Phillie to roll
I'm makin' records, now alla the girls are on my tip
I'm sleepin' late, no money damn, I'm late for school, SHIT!!

("Todd, get upstairs and take out that garbage")
And its the funkadelic relic
Yeah, (bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)
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I wasn't tryin' to hear it cause I'm bad
When I'm alone in my room, I pick up a pen and start to get mad
+I Need Love+, that means I need a girl to love me down
I dropped the pretty style cause rap was gettin' ugly
I waited a year for the results, I'm triple platinum
We know the presidents are flowin' by who's sackin' them
+I'm that type of guy+ when poppa wasn't happy with it
Trippin' them up, that was my style, but everybody bit it
Yo Marley, hit the remix, make it fresh with flavour
Another power move, I'll switch my hat, the shit is major
Puttin' out +Till Da Break Of Dawn+, tell me what sucker?
Cops harass me +Illegal Search+ motherfucker
I'm just a brother makin' jams now I got a name
I still remember chillin' with my pistol on the train
I'm sayin' two to this I'm representin' hip-hop
Admit that I'm the man, its time for me to get my props

Yeah, and its the funkadelic relic
(bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)
Yeah, and its the funkadelic relic
(bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)
Yeah, I'm the funkadelic relic
Yeah, (bring in the funk (uh) baby, bring it in, bring it)
Come on man!

+Mama Said To Knock 'Em Out+ I knocked 'em out the box

I got a rhyme to wake, you're sloppin' up and down the blocks
There never was a time when I was down to meetin' by myself
when all the punks on top of everybody else, but
in '92 and '93 I'm makin' history
The largest motherfuckin' street, that ain't no mystery
The baddest rapper ever born, you think I'm crazy?
I heard your albums' kinda warm, that shit don't phase me
I'm too rough, too rugged, now that doesn't sound so easy does it
Thought I was +Going Back To Cali+ where I knew I wasn't
I sent a +Murdergram+, solo in a black van
I'm claimin' knuckle game, stomp you with my Timberland
+Mr. Goodbar+ lickin' all the rough stuff
I'm kickin' down your door with condoms in a rudder-put
You wanna find me come to +Farmers Boulevard+
and you can hear me eat them up, just ask for Todd

Uh, and I'm the funkadelic relic
Yeah, I'm the funkadelic relic
(bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it)
Yeah, and its the funkadelic relic
(bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it)
Yeah, I'm the funkadelic relic
(bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it, uh)

(bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)
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