



ALL LOVE

THE PARTY

FUNK MOVIE

STOP, DROP AND ROLL

A fun time crafting rhymes with wordplay that fits the stop, drop and roll theme.

Verse 1

Feelin' flames in my veins and you will not (STOP!)
Me or tame me, insane G, you need to (STOP!)
Drop and roll, here we go, no one slows my flow
She go faster when you ask her, I'm the master rapper
(STOP!)

Look and listen, am I dissin'
This a sticky proposition
On a mission, wishin you was ficky ficky missin'
It's time to rock this party, soooooo ...
Get down, spin around and do not (STOP!)

Bouncin like a droptop at a (STOP!)

Sign of the times when all I find
Is pop stars where MCs should rhyme
Try writin' rhymes, you lyin' mimes
(STOP!) flyin' high through bitin' lines
I'm dyin' fo' originaaaaal

Chorus

Stop, drop and roll (repeat)

Verse 2

(DROP!) the charade, I'm way above your pay grade
Played long enough, your bluff been made
I (DROP!) them cards that (DROP!) you hard
Now (DROP!) and stop before I start

Coming quicker so much slicker with my lyrics
Ain't no trick, I don't mind pickin' up the ticker
If it (DROP!) you that much sicker

Let's not bick-er cuz it's time to goooooo ...
(DROP!) and give me 20, I don't want your money
Dummy, I just wanna see ya be a quicker study
Buddy, ain't it funny, what he got in bills for real

Cop top what I got in skills
Dollars fail to fill, (DROP!) another mil
(DROP!) it in my pocket I can send you back a deal
It still won't buy you fire thoooooough

Stop, drop and roll (repeat)

Verse 3

Let's (ROLL!), I said (ROLL!), not row like a boat
My flow's like a train, straight (ROLL) over dopes
It's (ROLL!) like I wrote, like I write when I'm right

I (ROLL!) over those who might wanna fight
Hey, I won't bite, turn up the night
Turn up the lights, I am delight
Hold tight, this flight's about to goooooo ...
I (ROLL!) with a punch, won't (ROLL!) far
You keep throwin' them sub par bars
You call em hits but I don't see no stars
You can't (ROLL!) a rout with a phone-in bout
You wanna knock me out? Then step up to the mic
Then (ROLL!) the best you got and throw away the hype
Let's end this fight and start the shooooooww

OUTTA LINE

There are certain truths that you cannot break. You just break yourself against them.
(FUNKMODE original track remixed by producer/FM parent Ben Davis)

Verse 1

I draw a line in the sand, if you cross it, man
You gon' have your hands full, understand?
I'm not the one that you ignore, son
I'm big law, son, you ain't saw none like me
See I don't move, get lost, won't shoo
Won't do anything I don't wanna do
I'm the rule and yes, I'm the limit
Y'all finished, now watch me get up in it

Chorus

Jump up in my space ... Outta line
Point up in my face ... Outta line
Step and disrespect ... Outta line
Chicken head your neck ... Outta line
Run up in my show ... Outta line
Try to slow my flow ... Outta line
Just dip out and go ... You outta mind, you outta time
You oughta mind, you outta line

Verse 2

This ain't personal, it's natural like gravity
The gravity of havin' me against you is insanity
That battle would be tragedy, catastrophe, it has to be
You askin' for a casualty, pray this isn't happening
Your hands in the fire, it's gon' ... get HOT
Handle truth like a liar, you gon' ... get CAUGHT
Outta place at the wire, you gon' ... get NOT
Catch a case with a prior, you gon' ... get GOT

Verse 3

You better know your place, you better know your role
You know this ain't your pace, you better slow your roll
You wanna grab your goal, your gold, take hold
If you don't go through me, I mean, I told you so
Ain't no way around me, accept I'm the crown
Be down with the fact and, in fact I'm the sound,
T-H-A-T you N-E-E-D, can't beat me on this M-I-C

DO YOUR DANCE

Why do other peoples moves when you can create your own signature dance?
(#11 bonus track is a remix of this song by producer/FM parent Ben Davis)

Verse 1

If you ain't got your own dance, what you waitin' for?
You wanna hear Brass Monkey? Dougie through the door?
Don't need no 'lectric Sliiide, to show you how to ride
Just need a move that's youuu, go show em how you do
Give it your name, give it your style
Work out them steps in rhythm while
Crowd starts to watch, you clear the aisle
Time to let gooooo ... GO! GO! GO!

Chorus

Get on the floor and do your dance
Oh, they want more? Ha! Come get it!
Get on the floor and do your dance
Oh, they want more? Ha!
See that glaze entranced by this dance

Verse 2

The latest dance, you don't care
You got much more than trendy fare
Pop moves ain't hot, they way too dull
Let's step above conventional
It's time, I think to take the floor
You got your strut, this what it's for
Every step is all your own, get in the zoooooone

Verse 3

Get on the floor and dance, go on do your dance
They wanna see you dance, go on do your dance
Just lose it through your dance, go on do your dance
Ain't no one else's daaaaaance
Let's go have fun like you're the only one
Cuz you're the only one that knows how this is done

Don't need permission

Nothing is missin'

Just go and get soooooome

Breakdown

I ain't wastin' time bitin' rhymes

So why am I here dancin' like a clone?

And why cop anybody's swing when I can drop my thing?

And when I pop my thing, I'm hot atop the scene

And I be the King that bring it while she sing it

Kiss my ring, it doesn't matter what you think

It only matters if I deem it necessary to bury you

Under my contagious moves, very scary, I dare-y you

Imma rule and you gon loooooose

TSTMWYD

This is about as overt as it gets. The song itself is taunting you to move. Get up and dance.

Verse 1

I see you, you movin'. I see you, you movin'
I see you, you movin'. I see you, you movin'
Provin' this the right beat, you don't wanna fight, see?
Body beggin' leggo, it gon' mellow on your psyche
Might be quite the time to let it bite, delight in feeling
Rhythm healing, sealing in those mighty sounds
Spin around, get down, do it again
Keep it movin', see you movin'
Move it, do it for me, you cannot ignore me
I'm the beat and melody that brings you to the floor
Gee, golly this so hype, are you the Pied Piper?
Why, sure? I mean you follow me all night, sir
Was that not polite? Err, sorry for the slight
Didn't mean to cause offense, I'm just intense
And flow so tight that I make you wanna dance
Don't resist it, let it happen as I'm rappin' get to packin'
Up the floor and get it crackin'

Chorus

I'm that song that makes you wanna dance
Y'know, youz a fan, c'mon, move your hands
The song that makes you wanna dance
C'mon, dance, c'mon, dance
I'm that song that makes you wanna dance
Y'know, youz a fan, c'mon, move your hands
The song that makes you wanna dance
C'mon, dance, c'mon, dance

Bridge

Keep rollin' with it, keep winding with it
Keep goin' with it, keep grindin' with it
Get on with it, get on with it, get on with it, get ...

Verse 2

Part 1's over, part 2's on, get down lower, get too on
I'm raw, I pound, you want my ... soooooound
Don't stop and wait, go drop it straight down to the ground
Though that isn't strictly necessary, move it how you want to
Bury all your inhibitions, this a criticism cemetery
Listen, hear, the bass is coming
Vibrating the speakers, humming, like ...
iiiiiii betcha kinda like it, I can see it in your eyes
Even if you say I'm wrong, smile is sayin' that's a lie
I mean, Who doesn't love it when I drop it?
Feel the speakers quake and pop it, like ...
Yeah, boom boom, you swoon, soon as you tune into
That beat, room becomes heat, sweatin', retreat?
No, no, no, never that ... it's too sweet

Verse 3

I said you'd be movin', what else you be doin'?
Provin' this groove is allurin', seduce you to movement
You've been consumin' the dance floor
Them new shoes is ruined
Though true, it is worth the cost, only real loss
Would be to floss up on the wall-
Flowers don't get picked at all ... Nope! ... Un uh
Got fine bass lines, a style to make you wind
My vibe entice, my rhyme'll make you mine
That tom sublime, give it to you one more time
Like ... yeaah!
Put it all together, I'm the song that makes you dance
Man, something like a hypnotist, I'm hip to this
Advance to the dance floor, gimme more
You know this what I'm for, like ...

THE FUNK

A love song and homage to the reason we do what we do, We live for the FUNK.

Verse 1

Think what you heard, what's the word that birth this music?
Servin' the verse, girdin' up the words I'm choosin'
Usin' a bass drum, you sit and face front
Place both your hands upon your cans and then you brace for

100 decibels of snares and hats and the cymbals
and every beat is blessing for your aural sense, medicinal
Healing power of the funk, it's time to make it bump
Don't delay, I say this song's about to long jump
Into a decathalon, where Hip Hoppers be gettin' on
Throwin' rhymes instead of javelins, all havin' mad fun
It's a vaccination from feelin' bad sensations, ummm
Imma finna getta hit, a killa with a bass guitaaaaa
Let it play so hard, this the space uh where we chase
The stress away and lay the funk up on this place

Chorus

I live for the funk

Verse 2

The funk is the house which I dwell in, without which
I'm still in the streets beggin passerbys for beats
No defeat, it don't end, kill it off, it's back again
Outlived vinyl, tape, CD and MP3, it see YOU dead
Straight to your head, the funk it spread just like a web
Be weavin' beats and silky strings down to your feet
That's when it bites but don't fight it
Invite it inside, it might light up your life
It's right from the moment you set out on it
Bones get to own it, no loanin', you want it
Haunt it around like a hottie that is all yours
Down for the funk, like you mole'n to the globe core
Flow more, go more, let the funk control more
No more? No, more! Give it all you good for!

Verse 3

Sly Family is MY family, I die for Isley, can't deny L.T.D.
My brothers are Johnson, Godfather JB
Chaka my Khan, Evelyn my King
Ohio, Zapp, Cameo, Dazz, P-Funk, Con Funk Shun and Gap
Lakeside, Bar-Kays, Kool's Gang and Rick James
Say "SOS" cuz there's a War and Heatwave
We prayed for the FUNK, they gave us the FUNK
Straight made and they played a decade of the FUNK
Cascade of the FUNK shower down on all the citizens
It is impossible to find a place that it isn't
It has been a great pleasure to educate you
Now get up out your mind and go body
While the funk shake you

BACK TO THE FUTURE

Is Hip Hop already a classic or is the best yet to come? 1985 or 2015? Calling Marty McFly...

Verse 1

Future:

The best is yet to come and tomorrow's a new day
The past is still the past, but we've come such a long way
We can chill on them laurels, throw us a par-tay
Ain't a soul who would blame us, ballin' for decades
Raised in a state way below our fellow
We now know our place and grace the main show
Go with open eyes, embrace what's ahead
Hip Hop's getting warm, while the blind say it's dead
Past:

You say I'm blind but what do you know?
You think 2 Chainz has a real dope flow
And Flav only hypes those reality shows
And Dre drops beats but they from Apples
Which means they don't really keep the Doctor away
MCs like MDs must get paid
And they paid so much they lost their way
Gave their best long ago and there it stayed

Chorus

Both: I wish we could go

Past: back!

Future: to the future

Both: Hip Hop, you know we salute ya

Past: But you can't dispute, the simple truth

The best was laid at the roots, yeah

Both: We could go

Past: back!

Future: to the future

Both: Hip Hop, you know we salute ya

Future: But you can't dispute, the simple truth

The best is paid in the fruit, yeah

Verse 2

Past:

I say we play what's golden, man
Yo, rap had its day but it's over, man
Let's hold on to what we both love, man
Ain't no way the new do what's older can
Future:
What's older can inform us, man, but know this, man
It's just a prison if it's growthless, man

And I plan to keep it flowin, growin, sowin' seed
Til I'm goin' in the ground, I'm down to see Hip Hop succeed
Past:

You gettin' too excited, seriously, why fight it?
You should be delighted we had such a long ride
Future:
It don't bring me no joy to say, "Yo, oh boy!"
"Wasn't that fun?" when we ain't nowhere NEAR done
Past:

Dear son, you tryin' to tell me that we won't stop?
Well, you ain't Ma\$e and we lost Big Poppa
Future:
Yeah, we can't replace him but let's not disgrace him
By discardin', wastin' what he laid his faith in

Verse 3

Past: I say the best rappers are Nas and Jay-z
Future: I say the best rappers are still yet to be
Past: I say you say less and respect history
Future: Yo, respect is the ONLY reason I be
Strugglin', hustlin', puttin' more muscle in
To mining new elements to keep rap relevant
Protectin' legacy is main to me
That's why this tree must grow until eternity

Past:

Hip Hop forever is a dream and it's nice
But it seems that mainstream can no longer be our thing
If we go back to the streets, find the independent heat
Rock the counterculture beats, maybe THEN, I could see it
Future: I know back in the day, we be rockin' the bells
Past: Hell, maybe years from now we can do it as well
Past: MCs kicked it live in 1985

Past/Future: But 2015, we go back to the future

YOU WON'T

A challenge to break the mold and be your best.
(#12 bonus track recorded by Rachel Smiley and CFZ of micromode)

Verse 1

Are you ready? If not, go back and close shop
It's bout to get hot, you bout to get got
Ain't the pot nor the kettle, like Hansel and Gretel
I meddle until this whole thing's settled
Ain't no medals for goin' small, you won't roll gold, nothin' at all
Cuz there ain't no prize for second place

Now get that silver out my face

Bridge

You won't prove me wrong by steppin up and goin' strong, I say
You won't brave the heat before I scratch up on this beat, I say
You won't get up and tear this track apart
You won't get down and make this party start
You won't crush it, you won't bust it

Verse 2

You hang your hat on good enough
You say all the way is way too much
You clutch to safe like it's a crutch
You won't let go, say it's too tough
That's rough, don't bluff, play fake and stuff
You takin' stuff and ain't makin' nothin'
Go HARD! Go BIG! Go put it all in!
Go hit the wall then do it again!

Verse 3

You won't get better. No! Wanna bet? Get up!
Don't let up, yo, head up, it's time to set up
A new way to do, do, you, I dare you
Scared, dude? It's rare, true, to bare truth
But you won't roll alone, solo no go
Yo, hold your own, know what you know
Cuz this one shot, that's all you got
You can't sell somethin' you ain't bought

***"Go with open eyes
Embrace what's ahead
Hip Hop's gettin' warm
While the blind say it's dead"***

***"Put it all together,
I'm the song that makes you dance
Man, something like a hypnotist
I'm hip to this, advance
To the dance floor, gimme more
You know this what I'm for"***

"WELCOME TO THE PARTY!"

This is the fourth complete FUNKMODE album and it is being released alongside our eighth all-original stage show. Every year we have gone deeper down the rabbit hole of creativity and effort, hoping to bring you the best of what we have to offer. This year, we wanted to make two statements with our music. #1, FUNKMODE is here first and foremost to have a good time. #2, though it can at times seem to be lacking in creativity and substance, in the right hands, we believe Hip Hop's best and most relevant days are still in front of us. To this end, we created an album where every single instrumental made us want to dance and every finished song sounded like something we'd expect to hear at a party. Hip Hop made its name at parties and it still provides the soundtrack for most of the nightlife 40 years later. But, in our opinion, music can still be fun and be about something. Music can still be fun and have real artistry behind it. While we're not claiming to be the authority on creativity or substance, our goal is to help keep the culture we love moving in a direction that allows it to be a force on the world stage for years to come. We sincerely thank all of you for supporting us in this vision. Enough talking ... get up and dance! All Love - FUNKMODE

STOP, DROP & ROLL

FUNK

OUTTA LINE

BEN DAVIS REMIX

DO YOUR DANCE

+ BEN DAVIS REMIX

TSTMYND

BACK TO THE

FUTURE

YOU WON'T

+ MICROMODE REMIX

THE FUNK

CLONES

THE PARTY