

# Del Tha Funkee Homosapien, If You Must

It's important to practice good hygiene  
At least if you wanna run with my team  
I'm bout to get into some shit that I've seen  
This fool's breath, I mean so bad it'll melt your ice cream  
They say don't say nothing if you can't say nice things  
Sittin too close to him it burned(?) like my eyes sting  
I try to be subtle, hand him a stick of gum  
I was a victim of breath on him  
Running his yap about what sets he from  
Gotta get some gum gotta get him some  
He turned it down, his teeth was brown  
Excruciating for him and it was a new sensation  
I had to ask the dope to pass the soap  
Cuz his toe had the sniff of crustaceans  
Or bathrooms in a bus station  
He had a can of Olde E and some raisins  
Amazing... head to toe B.O.  
He didn't know, used to the fragrance  
Just as the days went without bathing  
He felt manly and not like a maiden  
He had one dread, and fungus  
Said he worked on peoples' toilets with plungers  
Girls let the guy you were with the tongue ya  
So guys take your cue from this num-ba(number)

(CHORUS) (x2)

You gotta wash your ass, if you must  
You gotta wash your hair, if you must  
You gotta brush your teeth, if you must  
Or else you'll be funkyyyyyyyyy

Now at class you need total concentration  
But there's kids in the back holdin conversations  
Crackin on each other, and neither were poster boys  
Both of em smell like the type that soap avoids  
Coast and Joy, they leave their absence  
One's fool's feet smelled like it struck some matchsticks  
Brimstone, girls would never bring him home  
I was laughin, then his friend raised his tone  
And said, "Bud you rolled all over yourself" "yeaaa"  
I know some people your ass should be submerged  
Like you need to deal with water cuz you smell like a turd  
Wanna cap get some courage, your feet smell lurid  
Well look it up  
And while you're at it, get a cup  
And squeeze the sweat out your sweatshirt and drink it or gargle  
You get our vote for most stinkiest  
That nigga started thinkin of shit, said I was frail  
I said he was stale  
Underarms is ripe  
Undergarments tight, about to leap out your holy sweats  
And we holdin bets, and after this I'm gonna collect  
Nigga check, yourself  
Respect yourself  
And wash your mothafuckin body 'fore your sweatshirt melt  
Like radioactive, no lady find you attractive  
The funk got you captive  
You don't need a map bitch

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