

Fatal Flowers, Funky Street

One, used to be the shotgun
Two, used to be that bad boo-a-loo
Three, used to be the swinging sing-a-ling
Four, used to be the funky four gonna see

Get on funky street
Digging the funky beat
Down on funky street
That's where the grooviest people meet

From Atlanta Georgia, there moving down to the border
Every boy was dancing, ran with somebody's daughter
We're groovin in the city
We got to get down with it

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Down on funky street
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Jump up and down and move all around
Bend your knees halfway to the ground
Now move it to the east, move it to the south
Turn around and kiss your partner on the mouth

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Sweet soul music is in the air
People are coming from everywhere
Coming from the east, coming from the west
Dancin to the one that they like the best

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Four, everybody got to hit the floor
Three, come on baby go with me
Two, used to be that bad boo-a-loo
One, got to have just a little fun

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