

Funkoars, Still Drunk

Verse One: Hunter

Up the creek without a paddle but we got funkoars,
wheres my beer? CUNT WE DRUNK YOURS!
Sons of wars, I'm breaking ton's of laws,
its fucking Hunts of course putting runs on the board,
like langer at a test match, im taking the best catch,
i check out the face the tits and then snatch,
i always wear a rubber so the eggs dont hatch,
i needed some funk and oar's ahd a new batch,
i scored well for it amphetimized
and crossed the nullabor to hang with certified wise
losing sanity on a thirty hour drive
hip hops the only reason that im still alive