

# Put Your Funky Spacedüs On

(P-27 / Tron, Skelt!)

## REFRAIN

Put your Spacedüs on, ha ha!  
Put your funky spacedüs on, ha ha!  
Put your funky spacedüs on, put 'em on  
Put 'em on, put 'em on!  
Come with us, follow us  
And put your funky spacedüs on!  
Come with us, follow us!  
Put 'em on, put 'em on, put 'em on!

10 O'clock, lock up, I got the hot top  
he funk needs punks to party poppedi-poppa  
Never stop to sing sudeldidum, smoke da  
Kaboum, makes your head go boomin', explosiv  
Crowd jumps, bass pumps, feeling comes  
DJ spins the stuff originally outta slums  
Ladies shake ya rumps, Boodaz let ya Reebok  
Pumpin' jumpin' in the air, stompin' ya horns, good-ga  
Tap the bottle the let this yellow juice kickin'  
Time goes on as I say it goes ticeditickin'  
S.K. rocks the floor, he let's the punks stay poor  
Copin' no moves, ha, ya throats so sore babe  
Come with us, follow us  
The boodaz from the 27's get you feel plus  
Good vibrations, bad times had gone  
So put your funky spacedüs on

Skelt!'s on his way to the 27's harvest moon  
With Raddy, Tron and Droze he's on the way to the temple o'doom  
Exploring the tendencies of short-wave frequencies  
Roaring' bout stupidities 'n' kickin' anormalities  
«Troned is the way of the talk!»  
Drozed is the way of he's leading the chalk  
Radikkal' s lookin' for the millimeter deep "PEEP"  
J.P.'s waitin' while he's pullin' up his sleeves  
Feel-X movin' up his fingers up onto the strings  
Playin' bass for Pip's like spreadin' out some wings  
Matthew on drums makes your ears feel def  
In the kitchen of the boilin' sounds, he's the chef  
We're a crazy troop of for notes lookin' boodaz  
Defendin' our image like a couple of Robin Hoodas  
My heart, my soul, this one goes out to my mom  
Please, put your funky spacedüs on!

## REFRAIN

Lib - libedy listen, do you want to know a secret, da!  
Trobedi - Tron on the outrun, you wait upon'til  
I'm gittin' changin, perhaps you're feelin strange'n  
Stop, hold it, so I call it  
The hipedy - no pedy raggamuffin spaceflight  
Right, I put you düs on, showing you the way  
To the light, upside, where the stars shine bright, I'm

Galaxy gangster, call me the space Clyde  
Put your düsn on, put your düsn on, and  
Flip on da tip of this "newschool - shit"  
Dobedy - don't take it sickedy - serious, you think I'm  
Mysterious? What I am! "Yes, what we are!"  
Comin' out from space, yes I'm comin' from so far, with my  
U.F.O. I'm drivin', comin' down by my car  
Please put your funky spacedüs on!

With my funky spacedüs on my back  
Reachin' other dimesions, läck, bin ich wägg!  
The garden's the place, where my brain goes boom  
Staring at the TV, lookin' at Looney tunes  
Jammin' Iroquee, bouncin' through the speaker  
Observing the ceiling, checkin' outta my sneakers  
Our music's just like a dreamy blackhole  
We can't do nothin' for ya, man, you already roll  
You can't escape the 27 Loodaz  
Don't trust the hype, and don't trust the rumours  
Think 'bout what you've heard in these 60 minutes  
Press stop and put our 27-Funk back in it!  
Time runs out, it's time to go...  
And don't forget to let the whole shit flow  
Skelt! and Tron say: Listen to this musical bubblegum  
So please put yourfunky spacedüs on!

3 Dwarfs runnin' around, the  
Funk is what it's got to be found  
Through the woods of music they groove  
Skelt!, Tron, Radikkal on the move  
With the instruments walk the lane  
Matt, J., Feel, B.I.P. and Mary  
Kane said he gets raw he felt strong, and  
We put ourspacedüs on!

### **REFRAIN**

Vocals **Tron & Skelt!**  
Guitar **Feel-X**  
Bass **Pip**  
Drums **Matt**  
Keyboards **J.P.**  
Scratches **DJ Radikkal**  
Doublebass **Ivo Schmid**

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