

Musicology

Prince

Toonsoort B

B B7 B5

Oh, uh, funky

Heard about the party now,
Just east o' Harlem.
Dougie's gonna be there,
But you gotta, call him (call him)

Even the soldiers,
Need a break sometimes.
Listen to the groove y'all,
Let it unwind your mind

No intoxication,
Unless you see what I see.
Dancin' hot 'n' sweaty,
Right in front of me.

Call it what you like,
I'm gonna call it how it be,
This is just another one of God's gifts,
Musicology!

Got to keep that party movin',
Just like I told you.
Kick the old-school joints,
For the true funk soldiers.

Musicology!

Wish I had a dollar,
For every time you say,
"Don't you miss the feeling,
Music gave ya back in the day?"

Let's groove,
September,
Earth, Wind and Fire.
Hot Pants by James,

Sly's gonna take you higher.

Minor keys and drugs,
Don't make a rollerskate jam.
Take your pick, turntable, or a band?

If it ain't Chuck D,
Or Jam Master Jay,
Know what?
They're losin'.
Cause we got a PhD in
Advanced Body Movin'