

## **Redman F/ George Clinton**

### **"Lethal Brainz Blo"**

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Intro: Rock

Punk ass niggaz man  
Niggaz don't know man  
I better let all their brainz blo nigga  
Man listen

Chorus:

Let the madness begin nigga, let it begin  
Let the madness begin and let the brainz blo if you grin  
Let it begin let it begin  
Let the madness begin and let the brainz blo if you grin

Verse One: Rock, Ruck

Aiyyo run for your gunz me and Dutch coming through  
Rock Ruck you and you crew fuck the boys in blue  
This be BuckTown around these grounds they don't  
roam  
cuz we send em home with trays of slugs in they dome  
Blown out the frame by the ROCK, Mr. Flipster  
Shit's Heltah Skeltah, where's the Infixter

Right by your side with my eyes on the posse  
I see Duke and Red he said he wanna drop me  
Plus he claim he can burn me up in rap skits

Shit take it to his grill ask the punk what he feel (fuck  
him)

Two to his cheek cuz he weak so's his jaw  
Nigga played the cell frontin like he hard to the core  
More I hear pussy talk more I wan flip  
See I got enough slugs for your mom in my clip  
Strip to your drawers run your dough and your jewels  
Tool's cocked it ain't April 1st but I'm breakin fool  
When punk niggaz test Rock it's like touchin live wire  
catch a shock to your knot  
From a glock that I pop, you don't want it with the Rock  
better duck dumbfucks you're out of luck  
You got caught by the Ruck

First of all, niggaz don't know jack, my flow's fat  
So far, my gat splat at niggaz who claim that my shit's  
wack  
You don't know I thought you knew it  
Too late bitch you blew it  
Now I'ma bang your shit up like I was Lennox Lewis  
One, two, three four five  
Six seven eight niggaz'll shit where's my nine  
mil I drill fine skills into your mental  
block I hit your temple hot become gentle not  
You must mistake me for a sucker type of  
motherfucker  
might lose his life, cuz I'm trife in the night

Chorus 1/2

Verse Two: Ruck, Rock

What's the deal nigga? Set it off in the dark  
I spark marks when the big Ruck flips the Ark  
The raw rapper jaw tapper Ruckus kick it wicked  
Keep it real my click roll thick like acidics  
Plus, I Be There like Jackson, breakin your backs and  
askin, who want more, that's when my fat spins  
So chump chill 'fore my pump kill  
You wanna ill still Ruck knock out your front grill  
The lyrical whatevah, cuz whatevah is lyrical  
I bring forth, thoughts beyond those of physical  
Raps get deep when I mack with my peeps  
You yappin bout beef you'll get clapped in the streets  
bitch  
This nigga Ruck is fuckin crazier than ten niggaz  
I send niggaz to hell, full of my rhymes and then I bend  
niggaz  
so what?? Pussy bring it on  
Word is bond, Sean got songs that's mad strong  
(So bring it on)

Chorus

Verse Three: Rock

Man listen, another nigga bluffin  
Punk fuck discussion, when you see me get to snuffin  
You're sweet as muffins, that mom dukes bake I break  
Yeah my Timberlands make everything from your head  
to your North Lake ache  
so take your monkey ass to the rear  
Toe to toe or blow for blow we can square  
Yeah my brass knuckles make your knees buckle

What Duke I lay more niggaz flat out on they back than  
a slug do  
who knows what you, seem to be I didn't gas you  
But you can keep it movin 'fore I beat your gassed ass  
you punk bastard, you could get the gat quick  
or your ass kicked, that dry shit your lips spit, get the  
Chapstik  
Or a fat dick and that's it  
Heltah Skeltah, lettin the brainz blo and that's if we

Chorus 1/2

Outro: Rock

Ahh, let the, madness begin  
Let the brainz blo if you grin  
Let the madness begin, let it begin  
Let the madness begin and let the brainz blo if you grin  
Let the madness begin  
Let it begin, let the brainz blo if you grin  
Let the madness begin let the madness begin  
Let the madness begin to let the brainz blo if you grin  
We let the madness begin  
We let the brainz blo if you grin  
Make way for the dreads and the pros  
cuz we let the brainz blo  
Punk-ass...

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