

## Algunos Hombres Buenos

### "Red Hot Riplets"

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[Incomprehensible] Got shit 'coz I dare too much  
Gimme, gimme, got shit 'coz I dare too much  
Gimme, gimme, got shit 'coz I dare too much  
Gimme, gimme

Uh, uh, uh, uh  
I'm automatical, infatical, radical even  
I wanna clear all the misconceptions and shit ya believe  
in  
I'm leavin' nothin' to the imagination  
I won't stop on my emanicipation, proclamation  
Through the radio stations

Facin' me, ain't that hard but it ain't that easy  
Like I don't know when to play hard and when to play  
easy  
Believe me, George and Weezy couldn't move up this  
fast  
I'm lappin' everybody can't tell if I'm first or last

It won't hurt ya ass, but it might hurt yo ass  
To come trippin', find dirty got the perfect stash  
The perfect gat, left in ya ass thought I would run  
Laughin' at them niggaz who thought derry was done

I'm a son of a G, I'm not a son of bitch  
I'm makin' sure that my son and my sons gon' be rich  
Daughters and my daughters in no particular order  
I leave 'em layin' up out the water wit straps to protect  
they ball up  
'Coz I call it

I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?  
Wit my red hot riplets  
Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man  
You all that and a bag of chips  
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip  
That's all

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Baby girl, you sweeter than Kool-Aid, the red flavor  
"Ooh that's my favorite", yeah I know my game is major  
She gave me her card, she said I can page her  
I was gon' wait a couple of days but I did her a favor

Call her now, invite myself awake the neighbors  
Beatin' loud, swoopin' like a caped crusader  
Without the cape, without the tights  
Her baby daddy was the type to have a truck like mine  
No beach rims, no door pipes

Of course that, I love her apple bottom short set  
She got upset, I said she couldn't fire up a cigarette  
Small brat, ain't used to cats wit short stacks  
If you ask me for summin', drop her off where the  
porch at

I'm on a mission, turn the keys in the ignition  
Beat steady, beatin' Tweeter steady whistlin'  
She's seen my glisten, started to trip  
Murph, she's all that and a bag of chips

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Look, I want some mushu whether I'm in Cali or Cancun  
No goin' out, I like to stay in my damn room, damn  
She got a donkey-o, this must be a damn zoo, ooh  
Look at the monkey yo, she must be a baboon!

Please don't feed me mama, I'm like an animal  
Especially after 12, can you handle my stamina?  
You won't believe the things I say when you walk by  
My game cool but when it's on but it's hot when I talk  
high

Now ought I take you home but am I wrong  
I'm a kid ma, you know I don't wanna be Home Alone  
Plus I felt summin' therre when we was dancin' on that  
song  
I like togetherness, can we all get along?

Can we all, get in my car and talk about it in the morn'  
And make decisions when wake up and yawn  
Come on, you can tell me if you like it or not  
'Coz I'ma have my Kool-Aid and my riplets red hot

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Yo, yo, them muthafuckas just too damn hot  
Nigga like the pie in the window  
Cross the gun line and even get shot to find the indo  
Eatin' red hot, riplets promotin' passin' out snippets  
Seen you walkin' wit the triplets, I'm clubbin' lookin'  
terrific

I need some Kool-Aid, shit I got to get it wit it  
Put my spoon up in ya pitcher see if it fit up in it  
And smoke for a second, and told her I'll wreck it  
Told her groupie connection, got in the room and told  
her get naked

Told the Lunatics, told her how I reflect it  
Lemme show you from the Show-Me, no talk fo sho  
respect it  
And ya red hot butt and now ya say ya hearin' not  
It's the rap Fred Flintstone, I makin' the Bed Rock

I give it to ya never failin' ya, handlin' business I'm  
tellin' ya  
You ever need me again I'ma be through in on my  
celluar  
And I'ma store y'all never on the red hot riplets and  
Kool-Aid

I need my money nigga

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