

Funkmaster Flex

"Time 4 Sum Aksion - Redman"

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Time 4 sum aksion
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Let's get ready to rumble

In this corner we have the funk body snatcher
P Funkadelic and I gotcha hard enough
That I can chew a whole bag of rocks
Chew an Avenue, chew an off street and off block

Then turn around and do the same damn thing to a
soloist
'Cause Reggie Noble's pissed
I crush your whole brain frame
'Cause you couldn't maintain the funk

That have your rap style for lunch, chump
'Cause 92, I take a whole crew
Give them a punch of the funk
Knock all of their gold tooth loose

To show you what type of stuff I'm on
You can't puff or sniff it
Because I was born with it
The Funkadelic Devil, hit you with the rap level of 10

Then 1, 2, 3, you're pinned
I get action, so everybody jump with your rump
If you like the way it sounds punk
Pump it in your back trunk

And let loose with the Juice when I do rock
I'm too hot, some say I got more Juice than Tupac
(Straight outta Jersey)
You heard me, my brother I'm laughin'

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Lights, camera, cock back the hammer
Straight from the land of the lost

I'ma hit you with the funk force
That makes you run your rap style back to the crack vile
brotha

Then strike a pose like Madonna
My mom's kicked me out because I did what I want to
The original P-Funk stroke a trunk of funk
Then you saw caps 'cause my jaw snaps with the raw
raps

So color me bad, plus color me black
For the funk that I pack, Red freak it to the funk track
The funky fly stuff
Come on and let me kick, the funky fly stuff

Just to show you where the hell I come from
I get dumb with the 112
Check my rep, I'm a hit when I have sex like this
Make you twist to the list

Of a funky brain cell when it's puffed on a spliff
And all that, the hi hat, go buy that
Listen, look, oops, brother where your eyes at?
There on the floor, pick 'em up

While I pour a lil' funk down your brain punk
Listen to my name chump
Redman ready to rock, I got a glock
Then, pow, your body is all over the block

Tryin to step to ths, the Exorcist, kick it
I git mad wicked when the twin cocks the biscuit
And blow your head off, just for askin'
"Who's the one rappin?"

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Yo, 1992, Redman gets paid, yeah, know what I'm
sayin'
We not goin' for the Okee Doke, believe that
Hit Squad is definitely in the house
For the brothers that don't be knowin' what's up?
Word is bond, I gotta show them the flava

Back to the funk track, like Black Sheep
My man, he say, "Who's the Redman?"
"Where's the Redman?"
I kill, I smother, I get down with the

Yo, yo, yo, chill, G, chill la, it's over man
You ain't gotta say no more, it's over

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