

Live

"Bobyahed2dis"

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[Jeff Stewart]

And I say... right about now you are rockin with the best!

Can I get a hit? *inhale* *coughing* Thank you *coughing*

What you're about to experience is a walk on the Funkadelic side

Who knows better than the Funkadelic devil himself

To all knotty head niggaz, bob to this

Come walk with Def Squad on the darkside

Coming to you live and direct without further adieu

I bring to you Redman one more time

This is Jeff Stewart and you know how I do it... god DAYAM!!!

[Redman]

So who's that funky nigga that's known to kick the fat shit?

The mirror said "You are, you conceited bastard"

cutting and scratching of bastard

Done by the dogcatcher, dogcatcher, it's the dogfetcher, I betcha

Aahhhhhhhhhhh, with the slang

Get you coughed up from the weed it'll bust your brain

The top notch of hip-hop and I'm on the charts

I'm catchin applause when I rock the micraphone from the heart

My style's foul, so look into the eyes of Lorimars

As you can see, I drop funk bars from here to Mars

Still rollin down the highway wit my forty between my lap bitch

Crossin DTW, coming into my lap and

Boy my skills are stacks, I love to do it from the back

My style swarms over ghettos like crack

Blow in any hood and puff a blunt with any nigga

As long as we both got, it don't matter who's gun bigger

But I bet you you can't do that, cause the multiplatinums

can't save your ass on the block, and you're fucked if it ain't pop

The funk is blowin wattage out your fuckin trunks
Like peak Puma, I known to give a whole lots of lumps
Props I got, coming through your block nine cocked
My socks, even got three-eighty-nine shots
Don't press it, I hang em like them niggaz do in Texas
You don't have no heart you chestless, cuz your heart's
on my necklace
I give props to real MC's like KRS-One
Kool G Rap, Buckshot, Busta me and I'm from
The East coast!! Where a nigga like you get that fat?
And since you came out gassed, well I'm closin your
gas cap
The creature, from the deeper, ultimate funk freaker
Represent New Jersey, keep your eyes up on the
bleacher
A menace like Dennis, I got game like Ennis
I can french-kiss my lyrics, then I run trains with
sentence
Lord have mercy! It's too much funk to cope with
Droppin dope shit after dope shit, we're atrocious
That's from the lungs, that rings from here to kingdom
come
And I don't have to be a Special Ed to get dumb!!

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