

Live

"Jam 4 U"

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inhales, starts coughing

Yo, this is for motherfuckers -- that talk that sellout shit

"I just want to jam for you" (repeat 2X)

"Ev-everybody get up!"

"I just want to jam for you" (repeat 2X)

"Get on up!"

"Get down, get down, on down.." like James Brown plus
I get down

but for now I "Get on up!" rhythm and funk
makes you hump like Technotronic I'll make the Jam
Pump

Strong to the finish when I freak the fly gimmick like
"Du-na-da-du-duh!" without eating my damn spinach
Cause when I'm on a roll, that's when Redman start
"to chill..." round off backflip cartwheel
"Ahhhhhh, you guessed it!" I know
when my afro grow that mean more rhymes to flow
But I continue, on the menu, and send you
on a jam that earthquakes the whole damn venue
It's like this, it's like that, I won't slack
I pack more steel than the cops pack blackjacks
Word is bond, the quiet storm broke your arm
When I sound off from here all the way to Hong Kong
Drop pound for pound to throwdown and strut
Yo E what's that funk mode? "Get on up!"

"I just want to jam for you" (repeat 2X)

"Ev-everybody get up!"

"I just want to jam for you" (repeat 2X)

"Get on up!"

Check this out here, let the rough cut cut your ear
Hit Squad's the crew I'm twenty-two and Beck's the
beer

Float like Muhammad, roll-on like Secret
Me rip, the crowd in half on the sneak tip
til they crumble, too humble for you to stumble
I sting like a bu-bee while the others bum-bumble
Don-dan-dan, do-do-dan-ding

Extremely wild, like the hair on Don King
Cause I kick the mode to make your brain explode
It's the HUH, the funk, now I'm known around the globe
So buckle up, hush up, while I freak the funk to get
down
with the sound, grab my bozack then I freeze now...
... on your mark, get ready, get set, let's go
with the flow to jet like Delta, or Jesse O.
Whiz with the bends I clean my front lens
with a system, that knocks harder than Rin-Tin-Tin
Without question, I'm flexy when I'm sexin
Wicked when I Kick It like A Tribe Called Quest-in
The rude Redman rip backbones and hips to bits
then split ya from your wrist to your armpits
But true indeed, since pop's dropped the seed
I knew I'd be, the funkier brother that ever bleeds
Rough and rugged, more nuggets in the bucket
That's dum dum dollars, and yes Redman love it
Pound for pound, I throw down to make ya strut
Yo E what's that funk mode? "Get on up!"

"I just want to jam for you" (repeat 2X)

"Ev-everybody get up!"

"I just want to jam for you" (repeat 2X)

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