

Live

"Rockafella"

Visit "[Rockafella](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro:

Aiyyo-yo-yo-yo you better pass it
Aiyyo check this out
We coming to you live from that BOMB Chocolate City
my man
Where the knotty-headed niggaz and the Brick City
brigade dwell
And if you don't know your fool better ask
Aiyyo-yo you better pass that blunt
And yo E, we comin to you live with the Cosmic type
stuff

Verse One: Redman

Well it's that brother coming six billion feet from
beneath
And you should be peep-in how I get smoked-out on the
weekend
I swing it to my crew or down to my fans
Schoolin hell of stackas like final exams
Cause, it's the (UH!) Funkadelic, hit you with the
irrelevant
elements, and it's coming through your block
Can't you smell it trick?
Wanna copy-cat my whole format
So you get funk tracks, punch lines and skull hats
HUHHHHHHH! Got a little Redman in town
Who's that effin clown soundin wack with the frown??
I don't know man, but you better wonder what I would
do
While loud on this staff like birds one and two
My crew runs thicka than syrup from the burough
You get hurt up, word up, Jam-med like Pearl
Knock off from blood clot puff on the rough block
Or I peep my man, Rockafella, it don't stop

Chorus:

On and on, and it don't quit
Redman rockin on to the funky shit, c'mon

On and on, and it don't quit
Redman rockin on to the funky shit
I said Jersey's in the house Jersey's in the house
I said Brooklyn's in the house Brooklyn's in the house
I said Uptown's in the house Uptown's in the house
I said the Bronx in the house The Bronx in the
house

Verse Two:

Newark, New Jersey, rock rock on, word is bond
I'm comin in swarms, so turn your flashlights on
Due to difficulty, my style flows while it travels across
the planet
in 48 Hours like Nick Nolte
Droppin the flavor, stay Sky high like Pager
I'm magical like Fantasia on paper
I Saw the Light like Kraftwerk, of course
When the T-L-A Rock shock the stuff, It's Yours!
To your drawers, your record label got your staff
gassed
Thinkin you gonna sell two mil cakes real fast
But you're blocked, and your earrings choke like a tec
Now, who freakin style your ass gonna steal next?
Are there any more imitators in the house?? There are
no
Bust like NBA Jams, and you can have Chicago
Catch the cargo, funky like a bag of Bravos
Way back, when I used to pump 92 KTU and Carlos
Huuuhhh! I just stay funky like that
Make you wanna (sssss) my style like a junkie on crack
Trick, you better back the freak up, for real now
When I break it down from Newark NJ to IllTown

Chorus:

On and on, and it don't quit
Redman rockin on to the funky shit, c'mon
On and on, and it don't quit
Redman rockin on to the funky shit
I said Virginia's in the house Virginia's in the house
I said Cali's in the house Cali's in the house
I said Atlanta's in the house Atlanta's in the house
North Carolina's in the house Carolina's in the house

Verse Three:

Yoo-hoo watch the birdie!! While Red wreck your brains
early
If rap was B-Ball, I'd have assists like James Worthy
Dribble the rock if you got the hots to get your knot

rocked

Twice my device, Run-D.MC's from my Rock Box
Hey you, better Come Clean like Jeru
Before I take phase two and do another pay-per-view
to your crew, I give a boom bip to Q-tip
Standin tall like Shaq, honey I'm back, this ain't Blue
Chips
The new stuff, creamin brothas like Breyer's
He's heating up -- nah, brotha, I'm on fire!
Dribble dribble shootin three pointers to the drum trick
Try to take my style? BLAOW! and one
DJ Twinz in the house for the nine-square
My man Shaft, you don't know you better ask

Outro:

That bomb Chocolate City coming to you live
from the ninety-fo' era
Aiiyo you better pass that blunt, aiiyo check this out
We gonna take it to you live
where Newark New Jersey drops that chocolate funk for
ya
Everyday and all day, how we do it word is bond, word
is day
Def Squad's in the house for the nine-fo', word is bond,
word is day
The sad Hawthorne Ave. got the good smoke, word is
bond, word is day
Knotty-head niggaz in the house for nine-fo', word is
bond, word is day
Brick City brigade in the house for nine-fo', word is
bond, word is day
Redman rocks on and on for the nine-fo', word is bond,
word is day
Word is bond word is bond in the house I'm in the
house
Word is bond, word is day
You can suck my balls and lick my butt, word bond,
word d, ehehehehe
Word bond, word day
Hehehehehe, word is bond, word is day
Check it out, check it out
We comin to you live with the Cosmic Slop
On the fuckin block and we got the glocks
To your knot, who's the funk nigga and I'm comin to ya
hot
It's that, Cosmic Slop, hit you with the irrelevant, ele,
yeah

