

## Live

### "Soopaman Luva 5"

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[Redman]

Aiyyo yo fuck that!

Aiyyo I gotta find my motherfuckin mojo

Aiyyo Reggie Noble, aiyyo Reggie Noble c'mere nigga!

Aiyyo start it off while I tell you how it went down

Yo, yo

Put the drop down, get your smoke on

Get your feel on, are you feeling?

Get your girl on, get your squeeze on

Get your bus on, are you chilling?

Are you wheeling, are you feeling?

How you feeling? And we gon' hooo-oooh-oooh

(Tell me what you doin)

C'mon, yo yo-yo yo, yo yo

I had to put the mash down, throw the cash around

Stay focused, on the case put the hash down

Jetted through the air about five miles per hour

My mojo gone I can't fly like I wanna

But this case is easy, find that motherfucker that  
couldn't wait to be me, put his face on TV

From the tec blow, I asked my ex-hoes

Pass off some info for a pair of X.O.'s

Write the check low, I don't do that

I told you that shit before when I boned your back

Now I'm back to square one, and everybody hatin

So I popped the flare gun, now they all escapin

Ran into Gator, from Jungle Fever

He's my people and my neighbor, I said I need a favor

He said for ten dollars, and for ten Whoppers

from Burger King, I'll tell you the nigga who gotcha

Gave him what he wanted plus the extra large fry

He said blue eyes, blonde hair, a white guy

I said... what the fuck goin on?

A white guy interruptin my fuck flowin on?

So I copped some new ammo, reloaded my flare gun

Stalkin like Rambo, mixed with Commando

Gator pushed the ten-speed bike, I'm on the handle

Crashed into somethin cause he high off my man blow

I jumped up and backtracked myself

Who's the last hoe I fucked or throat I cut?  
I said wait a minute, yo, that bitch Jane on the prow  
again  
I bet she up to no good, actin foul again  
Yeah, yeah, it ain't nuttin, I get her if I want her  
Matter of fact I'm gonna cause she live around the  
corner  
I walked up scared with my hands on my flares and my  
armor  
cause she bring drama like Jeffrey Dahmer  
But I heard fuckin all the way from the bottom  
I'm like, damn she yellin! Kinda made me jealous  
Knocked on the door enraged  
like a broke-ass rapper, at a label that ain't toured in  
days  
Do it clown, before I count to four now  
Cause if I hit five them flares'll blow your door down  
I heard the zipper zip up, and they was tryin to run  
So I re-clipped the clip up, and blew it before one  
FREEZE MOTHERFUCKERS, I jumped on Jane back  
I WANT THE CHEESE MOTHERFUCKERS, and my name  
back  
We tusslin, fightin, bitin skin and rustlin  
Slaps in the face, chokes with the belt buckle and  
her knees bucklin, I thought to myself  
"Where's that motherfuckin white guy she was fuckin?"  
then  
right out the blue {\*CLANG!\*} Owww! {\*birds chirpin\*}  
Who dat? Who dere?

.. (this program will be continued)

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