

Live

"Time 4 Sum Aksion"

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(LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!)

In this corner we have the funk bodysnatcher
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
(POO POW)

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 wit 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 then Tupac
(STRAIGHT OUTTA JERSEY)

You heard me, my brother
Im laughin,
TIME 4 SUM ACTION

Lights, camera, cock back the hammer
(EXPLOSION!)
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 1, 1-2
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 buscuit
And blow your head off, just for askin
"Who's the one rappin?"
(POO POW)
TIME FOR SUM ACTION

spoken

Yo, 1992, Redman gets paid
Yeah, know what Im sayin
We not goin for the Okee Doke, believe that
Hit Squad is defineteliy in the house
(IN THE HOUSE)
For the brothers who dont be knowin what's up
Word is bond, I gotta show them the flava....

AAAAH...

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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