

Live

"What U Lookin' 4"

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[Redman]

It goes one for the mind and two for the money
Who dat wit skull tattoos and his nose runny
It's me, that funky MC, the Rrr-ah E
Indubitably, I'm Jersey down to Mitentry
Officer, you're hawkin the, ninety-three Landcruise
When it's real criminals, you should be watchin for
Get off my dick for what you don't got
Plus you probably never licked a shot on your block
Walkin to my car witch a nine out the holster
Put your hands on the steering wheel like ya sposed ta
I cooperate don't give the redneck no hassle
Because too many mistakes be happening to black folk

[Chorus]

I said what the fuck are you lookin 4?
Can't a young man make money anymore?
Hah hah, leave ya butt naked...
I said what the fuck are you lookin 4?
Can't a young man make money anymore?

[Redman]

Aiyyo stash that weed up while me and the cop is riffin
Damn I knew I shoulda got that stash box built-in
But it's alright cause me and my niggaz roll tight
We all think alike, we jump out whoever packin pipe
Don't they know who's the freak from the East?
I get faded like Chong and Cheech without bleach
And started spittin game 'fore these cops start to reach
on these creeps, showin mentality from the streets
Even though we had a half a pound by the seats
My peeps never tweek, we handle shit when there's
heat
Since one cop was white the otha was a brotha
I pulled out my tape and front page of the cover
of The Source, told him me and Janet's on tour
Broke it down to who's my boss and who I rap for
Plus them niggaz, EPMD
Put me D, now I'm runnin with the Green Eyed B
A-N-D-I-T, and Def Squad camp
Here's your Def Jam tickets and your autograph

Now haul ass, I got a meetin bout seven
Basically I'm saying bye bye like Guy

[Chorus]

[Redman]

My license, been suspended, for about five years
The system got my ass in the jam
Can't even ride to see my fam in Alabam'
I get petrified everytime I see the man throw the lights
on (woop woop)
The mic's on so I stress it
Shit I'm haulin ass before I start undressin
Niggaz on they knees with they hands on the top of the
heads while the Feds crack jokes with the glock in ya
Don't get me wrong I know a lot of cool cops
That'd let me go if I had two glocks and oowops
But, I don't, so, I keeps it, real
The five hundred series with deep dish peels
Quick, my bitch, stash, two clips, between two her tits
before the cops fuck with the Rrr-ah
I'm a nigga of today a nigga of tomorrow, beyotch!

[Chorus]

To my people in Kentucky rock rock on word is bond
Newark New Jersey rock rock on word is bond
Atlanta Georgia rock rock on word is bond
Connecticut rock rock on word is bond
To my people up in Queens rock rock on word is bond
Bri-donx in the house rock rock on word is bond
Virginia's in this bitch rock rock on word is bond
San Francisco rock rock on word is bond

Yeah, bitch ass niggaz rock this!

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