

Live

"Winicumuhround"

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The hype's got me, I knock em out the box then out
socks
Cause winicumuhround, niggaz skate like the rocks
My block... 's hot, so gimme all you got
When I'm done rockin, I leave you all doin the Bus Stop
My format spins wheels like Pat Sajak
I rub niggaz out like Ajax now hit the playback
Rrrwwhwoaah, look out, roast em like cookouts
I'm smoked out, all you MC's, pull your books out
Word is bond it's on I get at Dawn like Marvin Gaye
Starvin since the days of Kindergarten
When I dye my ashes, flip my coffin backwards
Blow shit up like the 4th of July, with half sticks
And on and on, to the break of Rae-Dawn Chong
I'm Killin You Softly with this song, with this bomb
I'm like the Bronx, cuz I Boogie Down
I'm representin Jersey motherfucker, winicumuhround

Winicumuhround, homeboy watch yo nugget
(Ayyo-yo-yo Redman, yo that was last album) Ayyo
fuck it, bust it
The top, notch, look over your sess spots
Get dumb like a whole bag of jumps with red tops
Burn more steam than carpet cleaners
I'm meaner then I'm iller than OJ, catchin a
misdemeanor
Boom-bash I set it off (right right)
I shot up your lights while you caught up in the heights
My lyrics starvin, my crew runs like the mob and
The funk butter cup, cause I'm a bastard at robbin
I shake the valleys over Cali when I'm spliffed up
Rock a fifth up, that measure nine point oh on the
Erichter
Are you tuned in to my tunes it's boom
Y'all niggaz couldn't see me if y'all had zoom
I'm accurate like Acura, my style's ninety years
maximum
Fuel-injected like a Maxima, wheni'muharound
motherfucker

The way I get wreck y'all niggaz call it mic check

I'm vexed and if I got an itchy finger like Bernard Geotz
With a pad and a pen I blend funky images
That leave your girl hemmoragin for about two million
and
three years move along there's nothing to see here
If I wasn't nice motherfucker I wouldn't be here
Yeah yeah put metaphors inside a bracket
Def Squad's in the house AND MOTHERFUCKER WE CAN
BACK IT
Come test your skills for real with a bomb bang boom
bang
The sound makes your brains wet
with The Color Purple on a freight train
The devil's the conductor
Then take a trip to the darkside motherfuckers
My funky pattern takes interludes around Saturn
I'm more diesel than evil meant evil like Sebastian
Don't try this at home kids, I zone with ET's
And other alien type of MC's
So throw your shit up in the sky, cause Redman's about
to get live
Like one-two-five
I smoke High Times magazines when I lounge
And broken mics and cords is left, winicumuhround
motherfucker

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