

## Cky2k

### "Whateva Man"

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\*woman moans\*

[E Dub] Microphone check one two  
Aiiyo, you ready to get down man?  
[Red] Yo, whateva man  
[E Dub] You ready to get drunk as fuck?  
[Red] Whateva man  
[E Dub] You, you sayin somethin?  
[Red] Whateva man  
[E Dub] Aiiyo  
[Red] Whateva man  
[E Dub] Check it, Kool V

(I keeps it bangin, keep it swangin  
Mike type of sangin) Ohh-la-la-la! (So what cha sayin)

[Verse One: Redman, Sermon]  
Yo, I'm smokin herbals till it hurts you  
I keep your daughter way out past her curfew  
Hard far from commercial  
(So what cha mean nigga)  
We don't give a fuck when we smoked out  
In the land that's doped out [it's like that?] no doubt  
From this bomb weed, I cock from the streets  
Get you open like buttcheeks, from girls who be freaks  
Aiiyo, can I be SWV?  
You the One nigga  
Rap Shogun, yes E the one  
Yo, I'm rollin with a forty pack of niggaz  
Get my weed from Branson cause his sack's bigger  
Yo give me dap nigga  
What I clap lyrically tap call back  
Ferocious causin comatoses to collapse  
So chinky eyed I see people wavin on a map  
I make it hotter than your thermostats (beep beep beep  
beep)  
Bomb MC's with rough megahertz so call me  
Funk Doctor verbal starburst, lyrical expert  
Your boombox better form a union  
Cause I leave your circus overworked, word bond  
Niggaz front like they want it  
But I be in the five hundred with E steadily gettin

blunted

Damn nigga you cool at what you spittin  
So why you holdin the blunt so long politickin  
Huh, I ace them blunts with the technician  
of electrician, I don't got a pot to piss in  
But still spend my last on hyrdroglycerin  
I keep it live no jive rollin Dutches  
that's Masters like the Furious Five  
I, keep your crew chinky eyed, for bitches actin dog  
(Can you hit it from the back?) Why not, while we took  
on this

\*woman moaning\* (ohhh daddy... aiyeeee)  
[Sermon and Red harmonizing]

[Red] Yo, you ready to roll this weed up?  
[E Dub] Whateva man  
[Red] You ready to knock this nigga out?  
[E Dub] Whateva man  
[Red] Yo, you ready to get this chedda?  
[E Dub] Whateva man  
[Red] You ready to start this shit off?  
[E Dub] Whateva man

[Verse Two: Redman]  
I smoked with a lot of college, students  
Most of em, wasn't graduatin and they knew it  
You know the weed slang? Yeah boy I speak it fluent  
I light your college dorm with my entourage from  
Newark  
Bigger they come, harder they fall  
That goes for, knuckleheads, MC's, pussy walls and all  
I lit my first L before I started to crawl  
I got my ass whupped when I had my first brawl  
But things changed since I was twelve years old  
I specialize in wreckin mics and area codes  
Now, PPP the kinda niggaz that'll bug witcha  
Smoke bud witcha, later on stick a sluginya  
Everything that's like green ain't the bomb bitch  
I got different forms to make you lose your calm bitch  
Read my lips, you ain't hittin unless you got  
Ten on it, get on it, or get the fuck out my cypher

[Red] You ready to roll this weed up?  
[E Dub] Whateva man  
[Red] You ready to rob this niga?  
[E Dub] Whateva man  
[Red] You ready to fuck bitch?  
[E Dub] Whateva man  
[Red] You ready to guzzle this liquor?  
[E Dub] Whateva man

(E Dub harmonizing again)

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