

Redman & Eminem "Off The Wall"

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Yo

(Yo)

Look!

(Yo)

No matter what people say
I'm gon' keep rapping this way
No matter what you may think
I'm gon' keep doing my thing

One of the worst things
Is fat, bald men decided to write songs
And teach Mouseketeers to sing
I'll stick Britney Spears in a room full of mirrors

So she gets fifty years of bad luck
Club and swear at Christina Aguilera
When I grab her by the hair and drag her across the
Sahara
(Bitch!)

You aware of this rap terrorist with a therapist
With a hair up his ass like a rabbit crawled up his pants
Got a habit of holding Tylenol in his hands
Till it melts in his fucking palms and dissolves in his
glands
(So who is it?)

The fool who visits the playground
With two biscuits to lay down the school district
Get pissed with a whip with a Marseburg
With a pistol grip and fed pit bull shit

Sniff glue sticks like I give two shits
If I get too rich I just get sued

Yo I leave with no engine
After I blow four in ya
One handstand on top of your ninja
Crashin' Doc stir the madness

We all out of work like Tony Atlas

Walking with cans in a laundry basket
America's most with the army after us
Fuck flossin' we take what's yours

Unload fifteen like an ace and four
I'm out of work but Doc laid them off
(Shit! The power's out)
The tape is off

Yo who target it from arsonists?
Paper make pens filled with arsenic
I got hoes that don't know what Prada is
Doc can shave up, cut your barber miss
[Unverified]

I turn out camps in to crystal lakes
And fuck bitches face is what I'mma do
'Cause that's what white boy Tyno do

So how's everybody doing tonight?
Hope you in the mood to get drunk
To screw and to fight
'Cause uh we getting down for the fuck of it
So suck my dick if y'all don't wanna bump to this

So how's everybody feeling tonight?
Hope you in the mood to get rude
And illin' to fight
'Cause uh we getting down for the fuck of it
So suck my dick if you don't wanna bump

No matter what people say
I'm gon' keep rapping this way
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Yo when my gat spit it hospital son admitted
Rip your lips off kiss my ass with it
Slap bitches, Doc, Marshall Maths
(Print it!)

We ex and ass of tabs did it
I'm what's happening with no rerun
Doc rob Dinero when the heat come
My barrel hangs out the Camero

Aimed at the nose when them hoes is hard to breathe
from
Flash the gat your town bow guarded
Your wallet, your chain the main target
Beef is like cold engine, don't start it

Bust in the air and hit an airplane pilot
We pound you, rap surround sounds around you
From ten speed and brown shoe
Doc and Eminem, cock the M&M

Blood flows with 2Paclypse and them
It's like Funk Doctor

Mr. Punk Rocker
Got the drug stock inside the lunch box
Pop junk like I just got jumped
Pop the trunk and pull out the shotgun pump

Knock wood, it's all good, thank God for vodka
But with my luck, I'll probably get shot by a stalker
Probably got a Fanatic waiting upstairs in the attic
With an automatic calling me up there

My man Stan with a gat in his hand
Staking my house out in a damn tinted Sedan
Pull your mouth out till you can't finish a damn
Ham sandwich or your canned spinach or Spam

You gotta sip through a straw
Shop lift through the mall
Pictures of me on my mom's living room wall
Hey ma maybe I'll give you a call

Sike! You fucking bitch!
Suck a dick and two balls
I'm giving you all my shocking script
Which is to piss a priest off with this
Pop more pills than police officers

Arrive at the scene to pull me off of Kim
Teeth off my dick, hands off my balls
But y'all can kiss my ass, pants off and all
'Cause I'm so goddamn off the wall
I might as well be a painting smashed on the floor

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No matter what you may think
I'm gon' keep doing my thing

No matter what people say
I'm gon' keep doing my thing
No matter, oh!

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