

## Redrama "If You With That"

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Outta the thin air to the rescue.  
About to bless you, higher than Finn air  
I wreck crews. Who wanna wrestle?  
Let it be known the rest better be letting it go.  
Iâ€™m type: Incredible  
Donâ€™t get no redder than so.  
Iâ€™m right on this  
Making it hot like in saunas  
Honest Iâ€™m about to bomb this  
Eating MCs like piranhas  
Even Clark gets pyjamas, couldâ€™ve helped you  
get that flow tight  
You lowlife  
Thinking you rapping just â€™cos you hold a mic  
I donâ€™t want a piece of the pie, I want a whole slice  
Still, you know I easily smile, I donâ€™t need no ice  
A little bit of weed and Iâ€™m fine for the whole night  
And every hour or so about four pints  
Long nights and short days now, thatâ€™s me  
Never been known really for acting classy  
Your girlfriend says she loves how my pants be baggy  
And that my raps be making the thoughts on her mind  
nasty.

Iâ€™m a quit that chit chat  
Spit that shit that  
Yâ€™all get to spit back if you with that

Now you already heard a thunder sound in the  
underground  
Nowadays they wondering how I come around  
Only amateurs thinking my city is a summer town  
My flowâ€™s a snow plough for you all year round  
So whatever you saying I ainâ€™t listening  
Messing with this, a stupid move like pissing in the  
wind  
My flowâ€™s like nitroglycerine  
Now do I need to tell you to raise your fist again?  
Now for yâ€™all who donâ€™t know itâ€™s AA for life  
And for yâ€™all trying to flow, better say goodnight  
Letters I spray is trife  
Seems like itâ€™s gonna be another one of them late

nights  
(We Â´bout to take flight!)  
AinÂ´t it a sight?  
Now Red do whatever Red like  
Something stupid is probably what Red might  
Clothes is nice, but rather a sponsor by Red Stripe  
If it ainÂ´t sex then IÂ´m a be getting some head right?

IÂ´m a quit that chit chat  
Spit that shit that  
YÂ´all get to spit back if you with that

When I got a drink in front of me IÂ´m the last to frown  
You think you know how to boogie better pass the  
crown  
I got a lot of trash in my mouth need to spit it out  
So listen, I ainÂ´t leaving Â´til they drag me out  
(You have grass?) Mad amounts  
Plenty to pass around  
Forever we steadily ready to heavily mash out  
So why you looking at me like IÂ´m the asshole now?  
You silly  
That ainÂ´t me really, just ask around  
Still I never pay much attention to them fashion clowns  
DonÂ´t give a fuck and a half bout them bastards now  
So what if you got cash and a mansion and a house?  
What you bragging Â´bout?  
Shut your nagging mouth.

IÂ´m a quit that chit chat  
Spit that shit that  
YÂ´all get to spit back if you with that

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