

## **Thelma Houston**

### **"Redbull"**

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[Redman]

RZA came and got me, this what I came to do, come on  
Ring the bell so it's time to eat  
Brick Dog stash weed into AMI-seats  
Bomb isdide the palm  
Doc rock a wifebeater with me beatin my wife ass  
ironed on  
The front with my pump built like the Klumps  
To carry it I take the spare out the trunk  
I stay hungry, I ain't worked for days  
That's why you see the pump when the curtains raise  
Blast! Don't panic  
Do I gotta explain how I tame and lock the rapgame  
single-handed?  
Hell nah! I won't tell you son  
If I find a wack ID I sell you one  
Doc and Hot Nick, Inspectah  
My lecture's like Hannibal Lector's  
Where's the ketchup?  
Don't speak on it, shut ya trap  
I see ya whole crew yellow like mustardpacks  
Ah woo, Doc in my own zone  
You say you got the rapgames sewn, but it's sewn  
wrong  
I ride through ya hood in a Mr. Softee truck  
Then pull a mac out a box of snow cones  
Yeah, ya little fucks  
Gimme ya fucking money!

\*Shout-outs from Raekwon and Ghostface\*

[Method Man]

Uhuh, check it  
I'm hotter than a hundred degrees with my coat on  
Playing with a dynamitestick, where did I go wrong?  
Somebody pull the fire along when Jonny stomp  
If ya lukewarm leavin ya clothes and boots torn  
Pro's and con's, megabomb's and so-on's  
By arid actions try MC's to get their roll on  
First issue got issues  
What is hip-hop to Hot Nickles?

It's like Funk Doc to snort tissues, word  
Look at my hand and get the third  
Finger out ya earhole like: Fuck what you hear  
Now that's what I call hardcore, let's act fool  
Mr. Fix-It like Handyman I pack tool  
I been shitty, I'm from the veils of the city  
And just because my outfit match don't make me pretty  
Baggy Dun Gurees, dick need room to breathe  
In a room full of crackers I might cut the cheese  
Ain't no rules to the game, if it is we aint playin  
In your business like EPMD, "So What Cha Sayin"  
You co-designin that bullshit yo man tryin  
Chaka chaka cha-ta tatat!!  
Slugs flyin

\*Shout-outs from Raekwon, Ghostface and Inspectah  
Deck\*

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo, ya  
Check, the code echos from magazines to the big  
screen  
Fo' wheel machines like ya wits scream  
Kids fiend from the urban to sub-urban  
Roll upon me thirstin like: Hey, hey, Mister Dream-  
Merchant  
We roll longer than dice in a casino  
Cee-lo in the 4, 5 or 6 with double 0  
Behind the tinted windows I lay low  
On some hydro tryin to slide from the 5-0  
But now I get wild similar to Ol' Dirty  
On third time fellon just hit with over 30  
No worries, style have em so thirsty  
First degree heats are quittin on me  
Cold turkey, no mercy  
I bring the pain of a hundred migraines  
But a thousand shoutin my name that's why I came  
But first bring the cashburst, then the outburst  
My surround sound pound ya ear like Jevon Kearse  
I flex muscle outside I find a next hustle  
Trouble with ya here and face the TEC-muscle  
Even the best buckle win  
I take it to the exteme  
It gets ugly, but it's what a nigga do to get cream  
This life

\*Shout-outs from Raekwon and Ghostface\*

