

Murphy Lee "Red Hot Riplets"

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[Incomprehensible]

Got shit 'coz I dare too much

Gimme, gimme, got shit 'coz I dare too much

Gimme, gimme, got shit 'coz I dare too much

Gimme, gimme

Uh, uh, uh, uh

I'm automatical, infatical, radical even

I wanna clear all the misconceptions and shit ya believe
in

I'm leavin' nothin' to the imagination

I won't stop on my emanicipation, proclamation

Through the radio stations

Facin' me, ain't that hard but it ain't that easy

Like I don't know when to play hard and when to play
easy

Believe me, George and Weezy couldn't move up this
fast

I'm lappin' everybody can't tell if I'm first or last

It won't hurt ya ass, but it might hurt yo ass

To come trippin', find dirty got the perfect stash

The perfect gat, left in ya ass thought I would run

Laughin' at them niggaz who thought derry was done

I'm a son of a G, I'm not a son of bitch

I'm makin' sure that my son and my sons gon' be rich

Daughters and my daughters in no particular order

I leave 'em layin' up out the water wit straps to protect
they ball up

'Coz I call it

I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?

Wit my red hot riplets

Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man

You all that and a bag of chips

And I just wanna know if me and you can dip

That's all

I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?

Wit my red hot riplets

Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man
You all that and a bag of chips
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip
That's all

Baby girl, you sweeter than Kool-Aid, the red flavor
"Ooh that's my favorite", yeah I know my game is major
She gave me her card, she said I can page her
I was gon' wait a couple of days but I did her a favor

Call her now, invite myself awake the neighbors
Beatin' loud, swoopin' like a caped crusader
Without the cape, without the tights
Her baby daddy was the type to have a truck like mine
No beach rims, no door pipes

Of course that, I love her apple bottom short set
She got upset, I said she couldn't fire up a cigarette
Small brat, ain't used to cats wit short stacks
If you ask me for summin', drop her off where the
porch at

I'm on a mission, turn the keys in the ignition
Beat steady, beatin' Tweeter steady whistlin'
She's seen my glisten, started to trip
Murph, she's all that and a bag of chips

I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?
Wit my red hot riplets
Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man
You all that and a bag of chips
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip
That's all

I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?
Wit my red hot riplets
Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man
You all that and a bag of chips
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip
That's all

Look, I want some mushu whether I'm in Cali or Cancun
No goin' out, I like to stay in my damn room, damn
She got a donkey-o, this must be a damn zoo, ooh
Look at the monkey yo, she must be a baboon!

Please don't feed me mama, I'm like an animal
Especially after 12, can you handle my stamina?
You won't believe the things I say when you walk by
My game cool but when it's on but it's hot when I talk
high

Now ought I take you home but am I wrong
I'm a kid ma, you know I don't wanna be Home Alone
Plus I felt summin' therre when we was dancin' on that
song
I like togetherness, can we all get along?

Can we all, get in my car and talk about it in the morn'
And make decisions when wake up and yawn
Come on, you can tell me if you like it or not
'Coz I'ma have my Kool-Aid and my riplets red hot

I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?
Wit my red hot riplets
Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man
You all that and a bag of chips
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip
That's all

I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?
Wit my red hot riplets
Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man
You all that and a bag of chips
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip
That's all

Yo, yo, them muthafuckas just too damn hot
Nigga like the pie in the window
Cross the gun line and even get shot to find the indo
Eatin' red hot, riplets promotin' passin' out snippets
Seen you walkin' wit the triplets, I'm clubbin' lookin'
terrific

I need some Kool-Aid, shit I got to get it wit it
Put my spoon up in ya pitcher see if it fit up in it
And smoke for a second, and told her I'll wreck it
Told her groupie connection, got in the room and told
her get naked

Told the Lunatics, told her how I reflect it
Lemme show you from the Show-Me, no talk fo sho
respect it
And ya red hot butt and now ya say ya hearin' not
It's the rap Fred Flintstone, I makin' the Bed Rock

I give it to ya never failin' ya, handlin' business I'm
tellin' ya
You ever need me again I'ma be through in on my
celluar
And I'ma store y'all never on the red hot riplets and
Kool-Aid

I need my money nigga

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