

Redman

"A Million and 1 Buddah Spots"

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[Incomprehensible]

Still walkin' down the streets with my hand on my black
tec

My brain is high like New York, New Jersey do car thefts
I'm high, when I sag my two black guys
I would be brief but my Karl kani's didn't dry

I smoke the blunt for all you underground chumps
My smoke bangs like it's freshly picked from the
swamps
So nigga how you roll a blunt? Aiyyo, how you roll a
blunt
Flip the script on some other shit like how you roll a
cunt

Now, I smoke the Maui, wow-wee
Then I'll be back for me, I'm sure, like Al B
Go uptown, smoke quarter-pounds at the Dungeon
Keith Murray meets me at the spot with the bom-ba

Go back to Jerz smoke with Diezel Don
Huh, pick up a bag from my block, two O's the number
Who can get swift with the microphone mist
Plus I'm crisp like CD's on LP's in 3D

My funk respect it, cosmic injected
That cause me to set it off just like that club record
Hit it from the back, stay strapped like two packs of
lubricants
It's gonna hurt, no it's not a gat experience
The funk dweller, creeps through your cellar
And if your moms don't know your ass better tell her,
like this y'all

Like this y'all, like this y'all 'cause like this y'all

There's a million and one blunt spots all over the world
That got good herb for all you boys and girls
Which one do you go to? [Incomprehensible]
Which one do you go to? [Incomprehensible]

I'm packin' Buddha by the pounds and pull my Phillie Phanats
from knapsacks
Hey yo I didn't know your nickel bags come that fat
Yo check it, my lyrics strip the track butt-naked
Catch the local to the A to the Buddha to my vocals

And I, set the world on fire
Get a billion people higher, from just one blunt in my
cypher
You swore to God you was mixed in bom-ba-zee
The rhymer bombs squads and MC's like Hank
Shocklee

I spend a knot at all the Buddha spots
From fifteen to fifty-fifth I ran all through the blocks
I set it off jock, I light a blunt for my nigga D
That's doin' three pack, now where I get the hash at

You can't fuck with my funk 'cause my funk is kinda
abstract
Past that, my stuff I'm rough like McGruff on dust
There's a million and one blunt spots in America
Yeah, I'm tellin' ya

[Incomprehensible]

Now just throw your blunts up in the motherfuckin' air
Smoked out with niggaz from north New York to
Montclair
I rip the nouns from antonyms to synonyms
'Cause I got soul like James Brown and Rakim, Rock
M&M

One of the America's Most Blunted
Smoked out with MC Eiht and Compton most wanted
Ninety degrees, smoke with L.O.D. on the Island
Then back to Stat, to smoke more packs with the
Shaolin

I showed the women how to roll a blunt stronger
But it didn't work because they lee nails got longer
But the weed is good for when you're makin'
And girls can front it off like they don't know shit that
happened
I know what happened, I told her, back
Nick that motherfucker so check

My stamina, your ass couldn't snap with cameras
Leave you on your back like Godzilla did camera
Props on blocks smokin' the choc and what-nots
I might catch a nickel bag sale from bus stops

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