

## Redman "BO2"

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Check it out, yo

I be like yiggy, yes y'all, doctor on call  
I'll rock 'til my name in graffiti on the wall  
Got flow like the rappers in Great George  
Got weed? I got blunt, My name Jamal

I pause, flick the ash from my L  
I pause like Run and Jason Mizell  
The emcee is me, host for the night  
Papa Doc, only thing I don't choke on the mic

I choke a bitch out and my gwap ain't correct  
Then with my giant hancock, I'll get the cheque  
I love trucks but drop-tops is the best  
From the Beemers, Benz, now Rolex, watch me

Ha ha, she like red so cool  
Any nigga after me, it's a deja vu  
Doc stay in the paint like A.I. shoes  
Just watch how a one tonner made a move, dig it

Hop in my truck and roll up the window  
Ayo, you know what you in for  
Once we turn the corner, light up the endo  
Ayo, ayo, ayo

Oh yes, she with me gettin' low like a limbo  
Roll with Gs and we'll show you how to get dough  
Third degree, let it burn with my kinfolk  
Ayo, ayo, ayo

Who these corner store rappers slingin' cracks in my  
hall?  
Mama's in the kitchen cookin' cat, rat and dog  
Me, I want a lil' somethin', y'all could have it all  
I tryna walk before I crawl and move this package in my  
draws

That's why I push the pedal to the muh'fuckin' floor  
With ten per cent method, only plug somethin' poor  
And still I keep it funky like four plus one more

Get this money like 'In God We Trust', trust your boy

It's a given, livin' this life it was written  
Especially for me, I'm what the recipe is missing  
Blow my piff in the air, key the ignition  
Then get to lane switchin', pluckin' ashes off the clip  
and

Mammy wanna ride and play the Bonnie to my Clyde  
If anybody try to 'Kill Bill', it'll probably be the bride  
Like all jokes aside, I'm serious with mine  
And now I'm on this grind like Method Man in his prime

Now hop in my truck and roll up the window  
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Yo, I got my swagger on and I feel great  
Funk Doc be in the hood like Enfamil cases  
I network on MySpace real late  
Hoping my apple make me another Bill Gates

Around my crib, look how I live  
I'm a slob but crip niggas say I get biz  
Anywhere I did a show women sayin' that I'm  
So amazing

Yeah, another mic, another night and the day's end  
Another heist, another kite in the state pen  
My state business shit, y'all dudes just break wind  
New York nigga, either you're made mice or made men

I do the dirt that keep my hand on the work  
I got the other hand up Mona Lisa's skirt  
My aim one since day one stop  
How many shots will it take to make son drop?

Hop in my truck and roll up the window  
Ayo, you know what you in for  
Once we turn the corner, light up the endo  
Ayo, ayo, ayo

Oh yes, she with me gettin' low like a limbo  
Roll with Gs and we'll show you how to get dough  
Third degree, let it burn with my kinfolk

Ayo, ayo, ayo

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

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