

Redman

"Bobyahed2dis"

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And I say, right about now you are rockin' with the best
Can I get a hit? Thank you
What you're about to experience is a walk on the
funkadelic side
Who knows better than the funkadelic devil himself

To all knotty head niggaz, bob to this
Come walk with Def Squad on the darkside
Coming to you live and direct without further adieu
I bring to you Redman one more time
This is Jeff Stewart and you know how I do it goddayum

So who's that funky nigga that's known to kick the fat
shit?
The mirror said, "You are, you conceited bastard"
Done by the dogcatcher, dogcatcher

It's the dogfetcher, I betcha, ahh, with the slang
Get you coughed up from the weed it'll bust your brain
The top notch of hip-hop and I'm on the charts
I'm catchin' applause when I rock the micraphone from
the heart

My style's foul, so look into the eyes of Lorimars
As you can see, I drop funk bars from here to Mars
Still rollin' down the highway wit my forty between my
lap bitch
Crossin' DTW, coming into my lap

And boy, my skills are stacks, I love to do it from the
back
My style swarms over ghettos like crack
Blow in any hood and puff a blunt with any nigga
As long as we both got, it don't matter who's gun
bigger

But I bet you you can't do that 'cause the
multiplatinums
Can't save your ass on the block and you're fucked if it
ain't pop
The funk is blowin' wattage out your fuckin' trunks
Like peak Puma, I known to give a whole lots of lumps

Props I got, coming through your block nine cocked
My socks, even got three-eighty-nine shots
Don't press it, I hang 'em like them niggaz do in Texas
You don't have no heart you chestless
'Cuz your heart's on my necklace

I give props to real MC's like KRS-One
Kool G Rap, Buckshot, Busta me and I'm from
The East coast, where a nigga like you get that fat?
And since you came out gassed, well, I'm closin' your
gas cap

The creature, from the deeper, ultimate funk freaker
Represent New Jersey, keep your eyes up on the
bleacher
A menace like Dennis, I got game like Ennis
I can French-kiss my lyrics, then I run trains with
sentence

Lord have mercy, it's too much funk to cope with
Droppin' dope shit after dope shit, we're atrocious
That's from the lungs, that rings from here to kingdom
come
And I don't have to be a Special Ed to get dumb

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