

## **Redman**

# **"Father's Day"**

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I wanna deal with a bigger asshole  
The streets, it's coming down hard  
We got to get our shit together  
We always had music, eating off the game

Like you was never gon' run dry, that ain't no business  
No other game is run so disorganized  
Look around you, every hood that's taking care of  
business  
Is together, dig it, tight?

I can't spend my life running away  
For what it's worth, how much dirt can I get done in a  
day?  
I got, clip in the AK., a blunt in the tray  
I'm a beast, fuck the police, N.W.A.

Ya'll play this game that the hustler's play  
And if you dress in the metrosexual way  
Then muthafucka you gay  
Y'all can save this drama for Kay Slay

Like who's fucking my chick  
Or writing books about sucking my dick  
Now I don't give a fuck what they say 'cause once I put  
on my cool  
They see my life and wanna put on my shoes

Top of the world, ma look at your dude  
I dig a chick with a attitude  
But I don't let her cook up my food  
It's like these young niggas hugging the strip

Who got the power to move bricks and buildings  
Never loving the bitch, stripping with game  
Y'all can guzzle a sip, ain't nothing change  
My niggas is off the chain and we don't muscle the pit

Can I get a [Incomprehensible]? Ayo, this bounce right  
here  
For all my Wu-Tang muthafuckas in the house, tonight

Soon as I, pick up my pen, I begin my flow  
I close my eyes then write rhymes in a blackout mode  
My Uzi, weigh over a ton, CD plays over  
I do my crime with baking soda, with no odor

Pull out like boat motor streams, crack your shoulder  
wing  
Def Squad decoder ring, psychopath bordering  
My dog's shitting on your lawn while you watering  
Pay the fine, order him to shit on your lawn again

D.O.C. get it, C.O.D. my hood  
P.O.P. nigga, N.J. deep baby  
Jersey state of mind, Method Man, lock 'em in  
Ya'll niggas give a fuck, punk, we the opposite, yup

I hear you gossiping, 'cause we on  
Just because I rock, don't mean I'm made of stone  
My bones is sturdy, I wake up to get it early  
When I bully the streets, my Co-D is Keith Murray

In a hurry, back down, the boy roll with us  
This how it sound when the voice is transmitted  
Bricks to Staten Island, where babies turn into killers  
That's why my Cadillac bear more arms than  
caterpillars, let's get it

Can I get a [Incomprehensible]? Ayo, this bounce right  
here  
For all my Wu-Tang muthafuckas in the house, tonight

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