

Redman "Green Island"

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Motherfuckin ladies and gentleman
My style's rugged like Timberland
When I clock lyric then women give me more love than
Wimbledon
And I can't stand it
My style flow local like New Jersey transit
And you'll need Teddy to unjam it when I cram it
I'm from N to the E
When I wave bitch you better say heeyyyyyyyyy
W A R K Newark NJ got the AK
I'm a Kid From the Hall
I got big balls to make your pussy walls dribble in my
drawers
Hey boy this is the way the East coast swing it so bring
it
Man I told you ass Brown-er than James with the Sex
Machine shit
I keep the chronic patrol on the road
in case you're wondering why I keep my izm
My style's the ultimate funk when I mic checka
Cause I smoked everybody else's shit up
One two checka
So check the, manuscript, man you flipped
And I give effects to niggaz with my Black and Decker
Put it down if you can't handle it
Got a B-R-C-G, Blunt Rollers College Graduate
I got a degrees in Physics on how high I can get
Then next I check how many niggaz that can die from
my Tec
and fuckin niggaz everyday
Cause the N-E-W-A-R-K is where the niggaz robbin and
stealin
Now Jersey's on max so pass the dutchie on the
lefthand side
Hide the hidash, in case we cridash, in my ride
So, sliiiiide, before I call the medics
You can bet bitch you couldn't get fly if you were FedEx
Can I, drop the funk on ya, run it on ya
Strong as ammonia, smell it from here to California
Cause Reggie Noble dropped that cock named Noble at
Sunoco
I'm better than rice and beans when I rock you ocho to

ocho

Convertible, fuel-injected, that's why my style's well-respected

I'm dope on the ridealz, so fidealz, on my didealz

My music more underground than a kid at 300 XL

And chumps are wondering what two niggaz dropped the funk funk

Verbally you never heard of me I smoke you third degrees

cause Reggie Noble's known like burglary

and cause surgery for emergency

Hey, if it take a million niggaz to stop it just like Chuck did

I get hot busted when I dip my nuggets

Keep it heated for the brothers that's not off my block

Cause we run around Newark with the nine cock

And if ya don't know the flavor, be a tough guy and enter

So go show you more nigga events than Jacob Jaffrey center

I'm genuine, to the rhyme, get your canines

Cops that got the hot glock stocked for when it's playtime

I rock around the Robin TWEET TWEET on the calendar

Cause you couldn't pull my number if your class major was Algebra

Cause I'm more deadlier than a whole school system of investors

I make bitches moan to my Stallone without Sylvester

So check us, I always smoke mad blunts before breakfast

Cause I, Get Around like 2Pac with Poetic in my Justic

Hold tight, hold tight, everybody hold tight

I'm sooper like my man cat, cause I keep my styles jam packed

I wrreerawwwowwww like Anthrax, split my pants like Bill Bixby

You could tell the tracks was fat from the work of my MP-60

I smoke the chronic that's why my sinus always fucked up

Them bones, them bones, them bones will have you fucked up

I blaze blunts with my nigga Mellow, yo say hello

(Yo whattup dogg?)

Really, now pass the second blunt to Quilly

Now sit your big ass down 'cause I don't know about this rap stuff

There wasn't rap when I was pickin cotton, sayin massa

Y'all y'all whippersnappers, with the caps on backwards
Man, y'all fuck around with Quilly I kick a bone out yo'
ass quick
Watch out now, I ain't bullshittin
I representin the oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-G's from forty-three
goddamnit
I'm gonna whoop your ass, til your heart stop beating
And if you keep on with that dirty mistreatin

And yo, chronic bubonic the funky bionic
you find it I'll have to rewind it where minds are blinded
Time 4 Sum Aksion so time to find it
I smoked out like a cookout, look out my dick's out
That was last album when I was bouncin on trains like
Malcolm
I was hiiiiigh, I thought I wouldn't survive
That's why I quit my nine to five and got live
Because this hip-to-the-hop shit fills my pockets
And I'm Audi for ninety-four because I already got my
props
Hoes, hoes, and more hoes

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