

Redman

"Hypnotize"

Visit "[Hypnotize](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Aiyyo, dot dot dot who is it the prime wizard
Erykah Badu-izm smoker, vocal chord woof choker
Now who block is this?
(Yo yo yo, no no, chill chill, nah nah, hold up homie)
We takin' over

Gimme your girl, gimme your keys to your four do'
Explorer Yo Lu-Nile, crack their composure
(We decompose your crowd)
We layin' down tighter than plaques
When I blast I wild like them two bitches from Baps

Yo, the Hong Kong Foey, human tornado like Rudy
Turning your bomb-ba-zee into doobies
Platinum overseas like the Fugees, Japanese
Germany groupies, mooshi mooshi, sniffin' lines

Off each other's booty love the Luniz
I went from smokin' dubs to QP's
Make hits for thugs that bankin' hoopies
And aimin' uzis, at who dirty mackin' my loochie
Come clost cock the toast and make you see Ghost-s
like Whoopi

Have you ever seen a nigga get snatched up by his
drawers
And wonder the cause, 'cuz big dope had his balls
Got small methamphetimes with colors to be Cray-ola
Took the drunkest O-A and let the X take shit over

No need to get juiced 'cause it's the anti-depressant
Smile now but trip later and put your hand out for the
present
Lay down for fifteen so your body can feel rest
Kick your feet up and start makin' beats on your chest
and think

Sex, money, drugs, music
Lies, these are the things that keep niggaz
I was hypnotized, I'd like to break it down down
Cold turn the party out

I'd like to, I'd like to break it down down
Cold turn the party out

Sex, money, drugs, music
Lies, these are the things that keep niggaz
I was hypnotized, I'd like to break it down down
Cold turn the party out
I'd like to, I'd like to break it down down
Cold turn the party out

Sex, money, drugs, music
Lies, these are the things that keep niggaz
I was hypnotized, I'd like to break it down down
Cold turn the party out
I'd like to, I'd like to break it down down
Cold turn the party out

Ah ah, I smoke Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Saturdayh
Two lay ya blunt, players with cream
If I die my spirit will jump inside machines

Runnin' niggaz over like Christine
(Sorry)
I mix the green with the last piece of hashish, ass-
burning
Hoes in my black mink, your baby momma lovin' my
backseat
Freak nasty got me slappin' the ass cheeks of
Blackstreet

So high, I'm so high I feel like I'm wearin' a disguise
Superman type of, with Kryptonite eyes
Not knowin' I'm trippin', I walks out to my vehic'
Buckle up for safety on my way to get some cheap shit

I'm out the parkin' lot, sideways on two wheels
Vision is double, trouble to me is bein' real
Listen to my big block bill cause in the town that's a
earful
Shares and mo' shares, swang if it's good

Now how I get dollars, I be the rap artist blue collar
School scholars on knowledge to move dollars
I do gotta motion chirp, like Impalas
For niggaz who rock Timbs, Gortex, or new Walla's

You're facin', the Cochise of operation
And if you ain't tastin' you should steady observations
Doctor/patient, leavin' mics with laceratons
Love to stay bent with my doggs rollin' adjacent

(Woof)

And when they bark they turn your sunny days to dark
You play the back like Rosa Parks when the arc sparks
I bang rawly, do you orally
My horny sounds will pound more heavy than E-40

Sex, money, drugs, music
Lies, these are the things that keep niggaz
I was hypnotized, I'd like to break it down down
Cold turn the party out
I'd like to, I'd like to break it down down
Cold turn the party out

I'm gettin' money y'all, I'm gettin' money, nigga
Bend your back like Long Isle Iced Teas with five
liquors
Knew about the cheddar since I took my child picture
SDial 900-Do-Away-With-All-Snitches

Stop complaining, the game is for entertainment
What is it when niggaz heads gettin covered with
blankets?
It's just a one-eight-seven on your motherfuckin' crew
I'll have your brains doin' donuts like you in a rental

Flip fools with credentials, nasty like havin' sex with
kinfolk
Blaze high, then smoke

Drunk-a-Lot, stays on top, that's why we roll
Two and two, four deep makes a crew
Red Yuk and Num with the sidekick Hennesey
Fuzzy, wuzza, fuzzy, little friend of me

Hitters on the payroll, secure because we practice
Pure ass-kick cures for who's acting drastic
Drank and buddha blast, callin' shots on Motorolas
One step shy, so I'ma drank until it's over

Kick this for the fake Versace wearin' fake Donna Karan
Mossino
Players we know, ain't no gambino
Peons be watchin too much Casino
Wannabe Nino Brown with the uzi
But clown you more like Downtown Judy

Niggaz can't fool me, I love the way you ball outta
control
In your rhyme, then see you in person without a dime
But I'm global, with Reggie Noble man blazin'

Dive in a crowd like Method Man and Van Halen

Sex, money, drugs, music
Lies, these are the things that keep niggaz
I was hypnotized, I'd like to break it down down
Cold turn the party out
I'd like to, I'd like to break it down down
Cold turn the party out

Visit [Redman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.