

Redman "I C Dead People"

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Artist: Redman

Album: Ill at Will Mixtape Vol. 1

Song: I C Dead People

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[Verse 1: Redman]

Word is bond, Redman make the eardrum
I'm seeing dead pople creepin' on my income
Piercing the ear drums, how the fuck he do it?
Got little miniture Redmans, crawlin' into it, cause my
(Tactics is a tool, kids actin' like a fool)
That's what happens to students, when you keep 'em
after school
I stay a wild child, beef, bring it like "Raow! Raow!"
My guns go boom, boom, while your guns go pow pow!
Still, I feel a chill, bumps in my body
The spirits of other MC's, Rucka center party
Cause, you being, the man that I am
I'm awfully hunted by them guns with wide lens on the
scope
Sucka, you miss, I'm a get my laugh on
You fuck around and woke up, with ya stash gone
How I spaz on niggaz is ugly
You got the game fucked up on makin' the money
See I don't say I'm thugged out, but I know my choice
Back up plans, got back up; if I blow my voice
That's why I'm Brick City, and what to put my niggaz on
To see us perform, we sellin' out at Ticket Tron
What I'm doing is wrong, but It lasts long
Yo, toast the niggaz that passed on
Get it while the gettin good, whole life in a grip
Cause when it's gone, that's it, that's it, that's it!

[Chorus 2X]

I'm seeing dead people creepin on my income
You win some, you lose some, but you never run

[Verse2: Redman]

(Come on its on Come on)

Redman it's the war head; BOOM!

Nigga I don't die, I was born dead

Top of the mornin' to ya, I wake up like a born loser

The world is my Bermuda; Triangle and I'm lost in it
I'm hearin' voices saying "Red, the wanna put holes in
ya authentic"
I walk among winners and I put out work, nigga
(And I don't stop, until I squirt)
Haters hate on, you can tell the rest of the class
I can see the evil in you, through a masculine task
(Smoke the greenest grass) I live by the hand of god
That me, ya boys, or ya guns won't leave a scar
You niggaz too hard and not ready to scrap
Knowin' damn well, ya moms raised you better than
that
Redman the weirdo, I'm my own dirty clique
With 35 KO's nigga (I'll make it 36!)

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse 3: Redman]

Thou shall not fuck with raw, Funk Docter
Takin' ya breath when I drop ya
I feel for you (Fuck niggaz that try to test me)
You a waitress set of an MC, check please
(I waited way too long) Now it's time to put Gilla on the
map
Gilla on ya back, same Zombies, from Phila on attack
Niggaz want it back, Triggas on the map
Won't stop me, I'm not a quitter that's a rap
(If I was just broke you wouldn't notice me)
Ha, Ha, but look at the bright side my man
No body really planned to fail, you really failed the plan
Gotta keep the bomb like an Israeli hand
My music's killa, your's girlie; Scram!
I can hang out in the same place as my fans
Let 'em touch me, feel how far that I swam
Look in my eyes, ya noddin to sleep
It ain't a watch, as Eminem, providin the beat
That's why..

[Chorus 4X]

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