

## **Redman**

### **"I'm A Bad"**

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I get mad wicked, and catch a bad one by the funkier  
(Fuck around)  
I puff the mad spliffs and roll blunts with Archie Bunker  
'Cause my brain is twisted, so, I cock the biscuit  
'Cause shit's thick, some say I'm a bastard of a swift  
bitch

Negro, funkier it with the style in your ear, bro  
To make you 'Fear Me Like Cape' without Robert DeNiro  
You big pussy, so funky that you have to douche me  
You can't hear me, then my record label didn't push me

I know I'm sayin' fuck too many times in my rhymes  
But if I wasn't bad, I wouldn't freak it in the line  
But it don't seem to matter 'cause my shit get fatter  
and fatter  
I'll do the funk in your face and it slaps ya

How does it feel with the face full of funk?  
With the bass in your trunk, weed laced with the blunt?  
I puff, I never got snuffed, bust while I dust  
Your monkey ass off, then I just crush on the hush,  
hush  
So, if you want a taste of the funk from the gutter  
Ask the brothers, why? 'Cause I'm bad word to mothers

I'm a bad, yo, word to the mother  
I'm a bad, yo, word to the mother  
I'm a bad, yo, word to the mother  
I'm a bad  
(Bad, bad and a wicked in bed)

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Yo yo, check this out  
This is for y'all hokey-pokey punk pussy motherfuckers  
Just to show y'all I do what the fuck I wanna do  
I want y'all to check this on the real and yo, check this

out

Shake it, c'mon shake it, c'mon shake it, c'mon shake it  
Whassup now? Whassup now?  
Whassup now? Whassup now?  
Whassup now?

Yo Red, c'mon, get back to the track man  
I wanna get out of here

Yo kid chill  
(Aight, aight, check it out)

Flexy, I'm sexy when I'm standin' in my drawers  
If you can't check me when I'm rappin', put the tape on  
pause  
And listen to the incredible shit that I kick, my man  
Give me five on the backhand then stick  
Your finger in a hole and chop the stick quick  
'Cause my lip get to the point to still rock the fly shit

Since you're holding your breath, I hold my jewels  
I swing hardcore, so I walk, holdin' my tools  
The original P-Funk, takes no junk, from a chump, or  
punk G  
I been this way every since nine months

So, get down while I rip the raps from my lips 'cause  
My shit's more deep, than any tape from Enigma  
The gettin' nice, thinkin' killer brother who pop trash  
Basic instinct, I'm a shoot us and they got blasted

Much ass I kick, groove to the master mix  
My song still pumps when it's not even mastered, bitch  
My shit's very chronic, so rewind it  
'Cause it's like eh-eh-eh-eh, beyond, bionic  
'Cause I'm a wild and crazy guy, no lie  
Last brother to battle me I started pissin' in his eye

I'm bad, word to mother, to the motherfuckin' Hubbard  
Eatin' her curds and whey, puffin spliffs 'cause she  
doesn't  
And if you still don't under fuckin' stand where I'm  
comin' from  
Listen to my nine, understand where it's hummin' from

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