

## **Redman**

# **"Let Da Monkey Out"**

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What you know about it?  
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Yo, get it right from jump  
Doc tapin' on debate for months  
I got zits on your face that can't wait to bump  
Boogie down to the point I barricade the Bronx  
Papi spins the rhymes through your optilens, check it  
It's five below, my brain is cold  
Runny nose every time doc exchange a blow  
My street team snipe the block up like Rob Lowe  
Bodega liquor store, I'm dead in the window  
P P P symbol got F.B.I. on lookout  
Strip the dirty clothes, hit a one eighteen cookout  
I wolf out, son you better buckle in  
I write the madness, got ink foamin' at the pen  
I tear a ligament when I spit it in the wind  
I got so much game I can con Edison  
Yeah chicken stand by for exposure  
Shut your house down foreclosure in cold blood  
Shut the power out in your house  
Cut the phone put a sock in your mouth  
Let da monkey out

Let da monkeys out  
Show them fools what it's all about  
Holla out, hear me out  
Say, ooo ooo ah ah ah  
Say, ooo ooo ah ah ah

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Is Redman in the house?  
(One time)  
Form a line, jack ya, then pawn the shine

Stay there, runnin' with more kids than daycare  
One shot prove it ain't nothin' but weight here  
When he lands flat I'm the minivan  
With lil' Cease, runnin' cities like Geechie Dan  
When Richie Cunningham was O.P. I was low key  
Airing niggaz that was more square than my gold teeth  
My appetite for destruction is to hustle  
All the cottonmouth'll turnbuckle when I rustle  
Mr. tough guy on the side, I fuck him up too  
Slam him, when I bark I marked his Buchanan

Yo, New York niggaz in the house?  
Yo yo yo, is Jersey niggaz in the house?  
Yo yo, I hold fort with a quart of old E from Newark  
I tell lies under oath if it please the court supreme force  
In the swamps with the green moss  
Bug repellent suit, bustin' machines off  
I'm deadly roamin' with the forty four blazin' in, no  
negotiator  
Yo not even Chris Sabien can save your life  
Doc'll creep in the house  
Yo cut the phones, put a sock in your mouth  
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Yo, nineteen ninety motherfuckin' nine niggaz  
Brick city comin' through  
If you don't know this is Dr. Trevis

Ain't shit changed motherfucker  
Pack your own heat  
Supply your own motherfuckin' ammo nigga  
P P P comin' through, this is Dr. Trevis  
Bitch asses

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