

Redman

"Redman Meets Reggie Noble"

Visit "[Redman Meets Reggie Noble](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Rrrahh, look out
You musta got hit with some bullshit!
Yo, where at?
Smack dab across your lips, can you talk?
Ahm ahh ill uhh ahm no 'em no menna no vat
Yo ye yo Redman, what the fuck was that?

I don't know but it's on my top lip
Don't crack jokes, and pop shit
Just get it off my top lip
Or Reggie, you can drop kid

Oah okay be still chill, I'm gettin' it off your grill
Wha-what was it?
Some of that pussy you ate this mornin' from that bitch
Jill
Yeah

But c'mon, check it
Motherfuckin' right
Let's get busy on this record
So we can make the dough, shit
And make girls like Kiki Shepard get naked

On the strength!
Party with machine and Oprah Winfr'
First class tickets
Hotel bitches puffin' mad blunts

Blunts? Blunts
Blunts don't don't rhyme with Oprah Winfr' troop
Who cares what rhymes with it long
As the funk pump through my Benz truck

Now you know you don't own a Benz
Yes, I do and chrome's the trim
Black with a system
When it's hittin' I'm pullin' mad skins

With Olde E sittin' in between my lap
And when brothers act up, a gun machine I pack
The original P-funk, got the jewels trunk, a funkier

When I'm sexin', my bad is bigger than any buster's
Like Max and
Wait wait wait, could we get on with the tape?

Lights, camera, hahh, action
Welcome to Red's tape, may I take your order?
It's a slaughter if you order the hit without the water
And then swallow without the damn water to follow
You might be doin' the stupid dance and win a grand at
the Apollo
Whatchu know?

I'm rough, snap necks, drink Olde E, but crack Beck's
That ain't what you told me last week
Wreck anything that's wet, when I have sex
For instance, I mix with, a style that make you shit
bricks
Tsk tsk, I'm musically gifted, to rip it
Terrific

Um shat lot, Red got crazy knots
And knots in the pots
Got props from here to George Washington Bridge
I get biz, I use hats, so no kids
Fuck, I took out more suckers, than a
Wait wait wait

Hold up! I don't think I can freak the funk like that
I might have to nap, because my afro is like Shaft
Puffy, fade it quite lovely and to snuff me
Get your gang, 'cause I'm fightin' with more power than
Chuck D

Chuck D from Public Enemy?
Yeah, he's a friend of me
The one that say, "Brothers and sisters?"
Yeah, but he's no kin to me
I'm strictly Negro, I freak the style and there it goes,
boom!
If a stitch in time saves nine, then I got shit sewed

Put pins in needles, and needles in pins
A happy man is a happy man, that, when I'm hittin'
skins
Fuck skins, I'm hittin' puss when it's gush
Then eat it when the puss is well cooked

Look!
Up in the air?
No the cab
Who's in the cab? Whut thee?

It's Superman! Why?
Because it's hot as a motherfucker out here

Oh word, you bet I'm gettin' the fuck out of here man
Yeah, me too
Oh I forgot to tell you Willya called for you
Willya who?

Willya suck my dihk!
Ayyo fuck you!
Big nose bitch!
I hate your stupid ass
You a stupid motherfucker!

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

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