

## **Redman**

# **"Tonight's The Night"**

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[Redman]

Mic check, I can get smooth to any groove  
Relax the tongue, let my mic take a cruise  
Around the planet, pack em in like Janet  
Jackson, she's askin if I can slam it  
I'm....

[Hurricane G]

Yo yo Redman! Man what the FUCK man?  
Get the FUCK off that.. punk smooov shit man!  
Get with that ROUGH shit man, you know how we do!

[Redman]

Mic check, I walk around the streets with a black tech  
nine  
By the waistline, kickin the hype shit  
I never claim to be the best type of rapper  
But hafta, show them motherfuckers what I'm after  
I'm after the gold, then after that the platinum  
Beef after that, Hurricane G packs the gat son  
Trigger, bang, bang, yo bust the slang, whut my name?  
It's the Redman on the funk thang  
Psyche, you're motherfuckin right, tonight's the night  
To do what I wanna do, to do it like dynamite  
The work perfected, when the funk been ejected  
I roughen up the rough draft to like make your head  
split  
Punk! Pass the 40 and the blunt and don't front  
On the block, cause when you do front, brothers are  
gettin stomped  
I'm not a addict, more like Puff than Magic  
Then pass it when I'm through cause my crew gots to  
have it  
I don't claim to be a big rap star  
Cause no matter who you are, you'll still catch a bullet  
scar  
So listen up and take heed to what I'm sayin  
Cause tonight's the night and me and my niggaz ain't  
playin

Fat black bitch! Nasty..

Bush bear, booga breath bitch

Nasty, talk to your tits bitch  
With them nasty Africans, Mr. Bojangles  
Turned up shoes havin ass..  
Lemming leprechaun haircut motherfucker!

You wanna see me get cool, please, save it for the  
breeze  
Cause the lyrics and tracks, make me funky like  
cottage cheese  
Fuck the smooov shit, I get down wit the boom bip  
Like Q-Tip, I kick more styles than Bruce shoe's kick  
But tonight's the night what I write tonight  
This type of funk with the flavor like Mike'n'Ike's  
Hanging out wit my niggaz, my niggaz  
The {Pack Pistol Posse} keep they fingers on the  
triggers  
I keep the 40 between my lap, coolin, rollin down the  
highway  
Blunt system pumps cause it's Friday  
Roll over to pick my boys up, we raise a lot of noise  
Cause, we can do that black, so get the bozack jack  
Remember, I do the type of evil that men do  
Like cursin out my window at a bitch and her friend too  
So turn the volume up a notch  
And watch the ba-BUMP, ba-BUMP, make ya speakers  
pop  
That's the funk, when it pumps it makes your rump  
Jump, jump, jump.. jump, jump, jump  
But if you want to see a fly but frantic  
Cool romantic, more Slick=er than my man Rick  
You better check the Yellow Pages under smooov shit  
Cause Red ain't down for the bullshit  
Niggaz fucked up by letting me make an album (How  
come rude bwoy?)  
To get on the mic and let my fuckin style run

Nasty fuckin greenthumb Jolly Green niggaz  
Tango mango, pickin havin ass  
Nasty epileptic disease crazy havin ass  
Johnny Cash, afro havin  
Jack of Spades, boots havin  
Tony Danza, shoes wearin ass!

B-b-b-black by popular demand, I expand  
My hand to the mic and let my mouth kick the flim flam  
I get sex, I get wreck, I puff mad blunts  
I get vexed, I break necks, punch out gold fronts,  
chump  
You...

Yo, fuck that, yo turn this shit off man

Turn this shit off, G  
Boom the new record on, knahmsayin?

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