

Redman

"Watch Yo Nuggets"

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When I come around, homeboy, watch yo nuggets
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Chill and relax, I'm back in effect
Yes, I'm Erick Sermon, with a brand new cassette
Deaths turned spoiled, rich like top soil
Still loyal, still the MC Grand Royal

I'm still dope, I'm still no joke
I'm don't care, I'm still wild like Tone Loc
I'm swift, AKA, a black stallion
Fat herringbone, with no medallion

Hello, I still got the same funk flow and yo
I still get busy like Arsenio
When I rock I need all the girls with me
So, I can be their baby tonight, like Whitney

Houston, producin' a style that make a smile
To make you say, "Ooh, child"
Bust the steps, the picture, frame it
Hall of fame it, hang it, so, no one can claim it

I rule but my style from the boon docks
Now my shit pumps in the boom box
Yo Red, my ears are ringin', I can hear some girls
singing
Hey, Erick Sermon, hey

Uhh, rock the mic honey, I love the way you sway
Plus, I have a crotch to drive me crazy
I'm replyin' rude, slow down, baby
I'm ill, smooth as Johnny Gill

Gill, my, my, my, I pack steel
So, back off softie, here's a ice cream cone
Put down the microphone
Thank you, right about now, I'm through
I'm ghost like Casper, see you

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Funky fresh in the flesh, the Superman grand, slams a
new twist

Scoop this, Redman is milk like two tits
I stay, freshly dipped with the nine
And a clip on my hip, money grip, no bullshit
I tic-tac on small cracks, I'm all that to fall black
My jaw snap with raps, so, umm, get the balls Jack

Flavor like Flav, plus I'm well paid
Own a maid with a plaid, Mack, daddy of the decade
At a slow rate, I sparkly like Colgate
My dick's name machete, I stab much hoe-cake

I don't have a car, but own a pair of Reebok's
It gets me where I'm going, until my damn feet stops
On and on like a switch, bust the mix
Jam, oops, I turn up the pitch

To make me boom to zoom with the tune
To make the cow jump back over the moon
It's Reggie Noble, yeah, I'm feelin' kinda so-so
I dog you like Toto, make Rudolph nose blow

Funk outta site with the type of hype
To make you say, umm, a dynamite
Chiller, chiller than the Ice on Vanilla
I kill more kills than the quilts from Tequila

I'm down with the green eyed brother named Erick
Charlie, how you rate this? Hmm, jam, like Bo Derek
I'm deeper than a valley, peace to Cool V and Sally
P M D, my man Solo and I'm aao

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A master of the beat down, my style's rugged

