

## Redman "We Run N.Y."

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Featuring Hurricane G

\* all KRS samples are from "Sound Of Da Police" off  
\_Return of the Boom Bap\_

Intro: Dr. Trevis Hurricane G Redman

Hahahahahahaaaa

[KRS] Watch out!

Geyeeah! As we take a journey to the darkside

[KRS] Watch out!

from Hell and beyond the knotty headed nigga era has  
triumphed

[KRS] Watch out!

a new ever! If you don't know your bitch ass better

[KRS] Watch out!

axe somebody! Shoot em up!

[Glo] The Hurricane G is live and in color

[Red] The Funk Doctor Spock coming live and in color

[KRS] Watch out!

[Glo] We run you motherfuckers!

[KRS] Watch out!

[Red] We run you motherfuckers!

[R+G] Puffin mad spliffs, so fuck a bitch

and a nigga, cause niggaz, and bitches ain't shit!

is in the motherfuckin house

Hahahahahahaaaa! Dr. Trevis

[KRS] Watch out!

With a couple of sick patients for your bitch ass

[KRS] Watch out!

Yeahhh!

Verse One: Hurricane G, Redman

The Hurricane G is the ultimate funk, pop the trunk

(Hoo-hah!! Wild like Shaolin monks)

you wuss, you can't push push in the bush

Representin, comin out of Brooklyn, Flatbush

Well uh, let's take a journey to hell and beyond

Where the bomb grows on palms, and bags labelled

Cheech and Chong

The Jimi Hendrix of rap, I got an afro and

bandanna, then I rock jams like Santana  
I move MC's like niggaz move keys uptown

Red and Hurricane G, SO HOW YOU LIKE US NOW?!?!?  
Chorus: repeat 4X

[KRS] Watch out! We run New York  
Yeah

Verse Two: Hurricane G

(Hurricane G hit em one time)  
From the Brook, taught how to trick by the real gangsta  
crooks  
So I holds back what you took!  
I take my funk and my religion serious  
Sanctify y'all and leave y'all house niggaz delirious  
(hahahahaa) cause I'm furious!  
How dare you motherFUCKERS, forget about the  
ultimate  
funk, BITTTTTCH nigga!  
Motherfucker, fuck you and your crew!  
I got your wicked witch with a switch  
So what nigga, is it you wanna do?  
For the real trick deez who can dig it  
In ninety-fo' I kick the wicked for the bitches  
Cause after pop thought all that, Hurricane stay fat  
Word to mom, big dick boricuas in the back  
The queen of the East coast, funk gangsta pack  
buddha  
on the rhyme since eighty-nine  
Your dough and your hoes Bump N Grind to my rhymes  
It's all in your mind, but what's yours is mine  
Now! It ain't a nigga who could hang  
or pop yang, about a motherfuckin th-a-a-a-ang  
And uh, fuck any bitch who can't hang  
I'm representin bitches universal!  
It go, one for the biz, on the bizness  
Which y'all blesses with God's blessings, do you see?  
Hurricane and Redman original steel  
Latin Queens in the house!!  
So nigga swing it over here on these big fat tits!!  
(Titties, hahahahaa)

Verse Three: Redman

I'm walkin through the sewer with manure on my socks  
The Funk Doctor Spock, blast up on your block  
So you talkin that baby talk like, Who's Talkin Now?  
Your style, I freaked it when I was a child  
Verbally I crush, brains erupt

Blow your focus, like you sniffin angel dust  
Run of the mill I'm not, watch me kill a cock-sucker  
Every verse every word I preach  
Represents the East, long as the human eyes can see  
And cause ruckus, like them L.O.D. motherfuckers  
Gimme that funk funk funk funk funk funk funk funk  
beat!  
I light a blunt for niggaz up in Sing-Sing  
I do it to death, style is funk that's fresh  
Remove your vest, you just won the wet t-shirt contest  
And I'm hotter, than the Globetrotters in the Bahamas  
I got a pair of pajamas made out of ganjah and  
almonds and I'm as  
eager, as nigga wantin my shit to dub  
Cause my shit be BANGIN like the Crips and Bloods  
Troop, I flew the coop like Big Bird in Timb boots  
I Skywalk the planet like my code name was Luke  
From the darkside, I'm from the darkside Pah  
I'm Above the Law like Steven Segall  
Motherfucker!!

Outro: Dr. Trevis

[KRS] Watch out!  
Hahahaha, we take you to the darkside  
Come travel  
[KRS] Watch out!  
on our metaphoric futuristic type shit  
As we blow your brains like spliffs  
[KRS] Watch out!  
For the nine-fo' you stank... bitch  
Dr. Trevis is outta here  
[KRS] Watch out!  
Yeahh  
[KRS] Watch out

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