

## **Redman**

# **"What U Lookin' 4"**

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It goes one for the mind and two for the money  
Who dat wit skull tattooes and his nose runny  
It's me, that funky M C, the rrr-ah E  
Indubitably, I'm jersey down to mitentry

Officer, you're hawkin' the, ninety-three landcruise  
When it's real criminals, you should be watchin' for  
Get off my dick for what you don't got  
Plus you probably never licked a shot on your block

Walkin' to my car witcha nine out the holster  
Put your hands on the steering wheel like ya supposed  
ta  
I cooperate don't give the redneck no hassle  
Because too many mistakes be happening to black folk

I said, "What the fuck are you lookin 4?"  
Can't a young man make money anymore?  
Hah hah, leave ya butt naked  
I said, "What the fuck are you lookin 4?"  
Can't a young man make money anymore?

Aiyyo stash that weed up while me and the cop is riffin'  
Damn I knew I shoulda got that stash box built-in  
But it's alright 'cause me and my niggaz roll tight  
We all think alike, we jump out whoever packin' pipe

Don't they know who's the freak from the east?  
I get faded like chong and cheech without bleach  
And started spittin' game 'fore these cops start to  
reach  
On these creeps, showin' mentality from the streets

Even though we had a half a pound by the seats  
My peeps never tweek, we handle shit when there's  
heat  
Since one cop was white the otha was a brotha  
I pulled out my tape and front page of the cover

Of the source, told him me and Janet's on tour  
Broke it down to who's my boss and who I rap for  
Plus them niggaz, E P M D

Put me D, now I'm runnin' with the green eyed B

A N D I T, and def squad camp  
Here's your def jam tickets and your autograph  
Now haul ass, I got a meetin' 'bout seven  
Basically I'm saying bye bye like guy

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My license, been suspended, for about five years  
The system got my ass in the jam  
Can't even ride to see my fam in Alabam'  
I get petrified everytime I see the man throw the lights  
on

The mic's on so I stress it  
Shit I'm haulin' ass before I start undressin'  
Niggaz on they knees with they hands on the top of the  
Heads while the feds crack jokes with the glock in ya

Don't get me wrong, I know a lot of cool cops  
That'd let me go if I had two glocks and oowops  
But, I don't, so, I keeps it, real  
The five hundred series with deep dish peels

Quick, my bitch, stash  
Two clips, between two her tits  
Bfeore the cops fuck with the rrr-ah  
I'm a nigga of today a nigga of tomorrow, beyotch

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To my people in Kentucky, rock rock on word is bond  
New York, New Jersey, rock rock on word is bond  
Atlanta, Georgia, rock rock on word is bond  
Connecticut, rock rock on word is bond

To my people up in Queens, rock rock on word is bond  
Bronx in the house, rock rock on word is bond  
Virginia's in this bitch, rock rock on word is bond  
San Francisco, rock rock on word is bond

Yeah, bitch ass niggaz rock this

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