

Redman

"Winicumuhround"

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The hype's got me, I knock 'em out the box then out socks

'Cause winicumuhround, niggaz skate like the rocks
My block's hot, so gimme all you got
When I'm done rockin', I leave you all doin' the Bus Stop

My format spins wheels like Pat Sajak
I rub niggaz out like Ajax now hit the playback
Rrrwwhwoaah, look out, roast 'em like cookouts
I'm smoked out, all you MC's, pull your books out

Word is bond it's on I get at Dawn like Marvin Gaye
Starvin' since the days of Kindergarten
When I dye my ashes, flip my coffin backwards
Blow shit up like the 4th of July, with half sticks

And on and on, to the break of Rae-Dawn Chong
I'm 'Killin' You Softly' with this song, with this bomb
I'm like the Bronx 'cause I Boogie Down
I'm representin' Jersey motherfucker, winicumuhround

Winicumuhround, homeboy watch yo nugget
(Ayyo, yo, yo Redman, yo that was last album)
Ayyo fuck it, bust it
The top, notch, look over your sess spots
Get dumb like a whole bag of jumps with red tops

Burn more steam than carpet cleaners
I'm meaner then I'm iller than OJ, catchin' a misdemeanor
Boom-bash I set it off
(Right, right)
I shot up your lights while you caught up in the heights

My lyrics starvin', my crew runs like the mob
And the funk butter cup 'cause I'm a bastard at robbin'
I shake the valleys over Cali when I'm spliffed up
Rock a fifth up, that measure nine point oh on the Erichter

Are you tuned in to my tunes it's boom

Y'all niggaz couldn't see me if y'all had zoom
I'm accurate like Acura, my style's ninety years
maximum
Fuel-injected like a Maxima, wheni'muharound
motherfucker

The way I get wreck y'all niggaz call it mic check
I'm vexed and if I got an itchy finger like Bernard Geotz
With a pad and a pen I blend funky images
That leave your girl hemmoragin' for about two million
And three years move along there's nothing to see
here
If I wasn't nice motherfucker, I wouldn't be here

Yeah, yeah, put metaphors inside a bracket
Def Squad's in the house and motherfucker we can
back it
Come test your skills for real with a bomb bang, boom
bang
The sound makes your brains wet
With 'The Color Purple' on a freight train

The devil's the conductor
Then take a trip to the darkside motherfuckers
My funky pattern takes interludes around Saturn
I'm more diesel than evil, meant evil like Sebastian

Don't try this at home kids, I zone with ET's
And other alien type of MC's
So throw your shit up in the sky
'Cause Redman's about to get live, like one-two-five

I smoke 'High Times' magazines when I lounge
And broken mics and cords is left
Winicumuhround motherfucker

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