

"Redrum Where I'm From"

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(Otis)
Yeah,
It's redrum where I'm from
come get some,
from the sick ones,
broke-ass millionaires and rich bums.
It's all a matter of how you put it all together.
We the type that wear skullies in hundred-degree
weather
and never sweat, nevertheless,
jealous eyes despise the A-X-E hangin' around my
neck, check
but we in this bitch and we be depermined as fuck,
like fat kids that be chasin' after the ice cream truck,
WHAT?!
Now here's one for all you emcees that wanna dis,
next time you think about hatin' remember this,
I'm out on tour in yo cities gettin' sick,
so the next time you kiss your bitch you might taste my
dick!
I am the blood that eats your pen,
I am the sickness that infects your rhymes as you spit
them.
So as you rappers scream my name out,
I'm makin' your tongue turn black and fall outta your
mouth,
It's redrum where I'm from

(Chorus)x2
It's Redrum where I'm from
Wicked 3-0-3
And we W-E-S-T-S-I-D-E
It's Redrum where I'm from
Wicked 3-0-3
And we Don't, And We Don't, Don't fuck with me!

(Bonez Dubb)
It's redrum Capita of B-yo and it C-tough and it erupts
And you mothafuckas that think you got us beat but you
can't see us, (WHAT?!)
I be the type that gotta get that paper quick

And I ain't afraid to put a red dot on yo head and drop
a clip, talkin' shit
Stacks to watch ride off in yo griss
Grid lock when you get caught in that blood and crip
walk shit, biatch!
I'ma let this be the first time I admit,
That if you come here you leave wit a pair of bloody
open writsts!
Rest in Peace, no you could rest in piss,
When I do this shit so sick you think my name was
Brotha Lynch!
It ain't shit
I'm the grinch that lives inside your bitch,
and I rob that pussy blind with a nine in my fuckin dick!
It's the one that was slingin' dope before yo ass ever
seen the block!
So I'ma set it off in yo head and watch you
mothafuckas stare at us, and just me mugg and talk,
It's redrum where I'm from

(Chorus)x2

It's Redrum where I'm from
Wicked 3-0-3
And we W-E-S-T-S-I-D-E
It's Redrum where I'm from
Wicked 3-0-3
And we-

I make you throw up
They knowin' that I'm tore up when I show up,
With murder braids and shades that's how I stay
Juggalo'd up Like shown us,
Deep runnin' deep when I creep,
From the 303 to the D I run with killas that neva sleep,
Rest In Peace,
Listen to the Preacher when he preach, do when he
preach, when he preach, see,
Too bringin' leaks see,
I'm the type lookin like 50 seperate eyes
Out there tellin' my mind,
You'll never be on my side,
So Goodbye,
Click Clack, pullin' it back,
Not in reference to the Gatt I'm speakin' about my
tracks,
matter of fact,
I'm thinkin' I oughta take my rap back,
It's AMB for Life and you can put that on my Axe Tat,
BLAST!

