

## AZ The Visualiza F/ Nature

### "Lyrical .44"

Visit "[Lyrical .44](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Redman] Selecta come!!!!

[Marley] Play this song on your fuckin radio, play this song on your fuckin radio

[Verse 1: Method Man]

Oh no, another flow lyrical forty fo'

If it gets deep, jump in feet first then hold yo' nose

I'm a beast when you step on my toe you hear my whistle

Checkin 'em hoe, you see my pistol lettin it go

I couldn't wait to do a song right, hardly 'gon do ya wrong

Time to party, Meth, Stephen Marley and Jr. Gong

So selecta, come with it, awww shit it

Now y'all done did it, supper ready y'all come get it

Now who 'gon stop me block me pop lock me knock me

Jamaica posse most high Haile Selassie

Allah willin, another sound boy killin

I'm hot bitch I don't catch cold or catch feelings

The truth be the ghetto youth

And Def Jam y'all know the Meth Man take care of his fam

That's what y'all better do

Examine our skin we plannin to win

Worldwide tell the people we be jammin again

[Verse 2: Redman]

Make way for Reggie Hammond

I, dig 'em out then tie 'em up for randsome

I, shoot at your feet make you start dancin

I'm pissin on your picnics where ya campin

Doctor got the ziplock from Ziggy

When the zig zag roll I'll rip your zip code

Got bitches fucked up off the hypno

I tip toe, then wait till they bend over

(There I go) Aiyyo money

I got a mo ped in Jamaica sittin on twenties

(Blaow!) Look out, guns in the air

(Blaow!) Selecta guns in the air

No Belvedere it's Tiger Bone to get it crackin

Aiyyo dread right or wrong

I'm a sinner, winner of the underground swimmers  
Eat dinner, in front of Bob Marley pin up

[Chorus: Redman]

I don't care about your blinb bling bling  
Over here we let them things ring  
BLAOW!!! Give it to me BLAOW!!! give it to me  
BLAOW!!! Shoot it up BLAOW!!! give it up  
I don't care about your blinb bling bling  
Over here we let them things ring  
BLAOW!!! Give it to me BLAOW!!! One time  
BLAOW!!! give it to me BLAOW!!! give it up

[Verse 3: Damian "Jr. Gong" Marley]

I neva wonda why so much ganja reach ya  
And dem a wonda how so much conquer feature  
Blunt dem so big a must fi bun it Bob and Peter  
Teach it like a teacher preach it like a preacher  
Put you in a fever  
Pussy couldn't style mi up plus no under achieve  
Gimme di rizla gimme di cup and a couple seniorita  
Jr. Gong di veteran a trouble when mi reach ya  
DJ fi fi fan dem inna Grandtsand and di bleacha  
Jumpin off on di truck, you best believe yah  
Babylon a smell skunk and couldn't get mi neitha  
Well ever since a likkle ghetto yute dem get mi crippled  
So mi know seh babylon dem a go get a weopen  
Everytime when we hear some politician trippin  
When a di big ting promote I'm right there wid di clip in  
So just smile now yuh flip yuh likkle flippin lippin  
Got a big forty five it's trigga finga lickin  
Then mi buck up yuh face so far yuh don't know what's  
happenin  
Dem wonderin how yuh get so slim it's like yuh fat and  
go gym  
Get mi girl inna mi cabin and mi cabin stabbin  
It is slappin jappin dappin it is non stoppin  
Hey! No pork caan cook inna mi kitchen  
If a gal try dat she's a dead pigeon  
Well woman a tear off mi pants stitchen  
Natty dreadlocks inna di benz and have recline  
switchin  
If a bwoy nuh like dat him may end up missin  
Rastafari dun tell yuh don't listen

[Outro: Marley]

Play this song on your fuckin radio, play this song on  
your fuckin radio

