

Sway

"Redman"

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f/ Redman

[Redman]

My style is...milk of magnesia
Crush the five-speed and bust em'
The more the merrier, secure the area
My la familia is ultimate superior
We don't jack cars, we jack aircraft carriers
I bounce like trampolines when I be blowin' the fiends
The pieces, hem em' like sewing machines and Jesus
When the shadows of the barrel pointin' out my boy
Camaro
I get punished like pharoahe for splittin'
You better off singin' Christmas carols for Christmas
Because I'm on point like bow and arrow equipment
The president of chickenhead conventions
I give you a deluxe Ku Klux lynchin'
I got a headache from the stress, success
Now wearin' a vest
5-11's from bein' dirty, courts at nine thirty
Pourin' the liquor down with my man Trace Lee
We gettin' down, rock from sea to sea
Back to Jersey with Sway and Tech
I put a hole in ya chest just to see who's next
Burn ya like able techs
And when I'm on the mic I got to grease
I'm nutty like professor
I make ya say Hercules, Hercules
Then jump with the 4-5 pump
Who's the brother that wanna run off the mouth and
dump
I come through the West then I come through the East
Every time I spit off the lip it's like a chrome piece
45 lyrical degrees
I'm like Denise Williams, I'm givin' mags
Chill, chill...chill, chill

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