

## Sway & King Tech "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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