

# Time 4 Sum Aksion

## Redman

(Let's get ready to rumble)

In this corner we have the funk body snatcher

P Funkadelic and I gotcha hard enough

That I can chew a whole bag of rocks

Chew an Avenue, chew an off street and off block Then turn around and do the same damn thing to a soloist

'Cause Reggie Noble's pissed

I crush your whole brain frame

'Cause you couldn't maintain the funk That have your rap style for lunch, chump

'Cause 92, I take a whole crew

Give them a punch of the funk, knock all of their gold tooth loose

(Poo pow)

To show you what type of stuff I'm on You can't puff or sniff it

Because I was born with it

The Funkadelic Devil, hit you with the rap level of 10

Then 1, 2, 3 you're pinned I get action, so everybody jump wit your rump

If you like the way it sounds punk, pump it in your back trunk

And let loose with the juice when I do rock

I'm too hot, some say I got more Juice then Tupac

(Straight outta Jersey) You heard me, my brother

I'm laughing, time 4 sum action Lights, camera, cock back the hammer

(Exposition)

Straight from the land of the lost

I'ma hit you with the funk force

That makes you run your rap style back to the crack vile brotha Then strike a pose like Madonna

My mom's kicked me out because I did what I want to

The original P-Funk stroke a trunk of funk

Then you saw caps 'cause my jaw snaps with the raw raps So color me bad, plus color me black

For the funk that I pack, Red freak it to the funk track

(The funky fly stuff)

Come on and let me kick

(The funky fly stuff)

Just to show you where the hell I come from I get dumb with the 1, 1 2

Check my rep, I'm a hit when I have sex

(Like this)

Make you twist to the list

Of a funky brain cell when it's puffed on a spliff And all that, the hi hat, go buy that

Listen, look, oops, brother where your eyes at?

There on the floor, pick 'em up

While I pour a lil' funk down your brain punk Listen to my name chump

(Redman ready to rock)  
I got a glock  
Then, pow, your body is all over the block  
Tryin' to step to the, the exorcist, kick itI git mad wicked when the twin cocks the biscuit  
And blow your head off, just for askin'  
"Who's the one rappin'?"  
(Poo pow)  
Time 4 sum actionYo, 1992, Redman gets paid, yeah, know what I'm sayin'  
We not goin' for the Okee Doke, believe that  
Hit Squad is definitely in the house  
(In the house)  
For the brothers who don't be knowin' what's up  
Word is bond, I gotta show them the flavaAah, back to the funk track, like Black Sheep  
My man, he say, "Who's the Redman?"  
"Where's the Redman?"  
I kill, I smother, I get down with the  
(Yo, yo, yo chill, G. chill la, it's over man)  
(You ain't gotta say no more, it's over)

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