

Smash Sumthin'

Redman

Here come the remaining beautiful people
And for all of you who survive, we hope you enjoyed the ride
2002 will see some new added features
Such as - the spinal spinning spiral splitter
And - the corkscrew cock cruncher
Plus, the fat fuckin bitch backslapper
And not forgetting - the one finger ringer
So, until next time boys and girls, goodbye!
Cunters journey home, toodaloo, ta ta - and fuck off!!
From the "rollercoaster malpractice"(Red-man!) they done let me out
(Red-man!) they done called my name
(Red-man!) they done read the four chapters..
Now I'm back, brick city, I've been born again
Master, hit the switch - igor, he's alive!!Yo set it off
Set it off, yo yo yo
Let's start ridin, my flows bring the tide in
While john cochran break your pride in
I shacked up before you married up
Took the ring, pawned it for an acura
Doc, breakin the sound barrier
Hardcore bullet, fo'-fo' pull it
Got your camp runnin, used it for footage
Brick city suspects couldn't(?)
Yo, watch me leap through trees
Attackin sharks in the _deep blue sea_
Aim lock on, _goldeneye_
War in the snow storm, with double-oh on
U.k. blow your horns
Put you in, i.c.u., gettin blood drawn
Doc did it, off an adam f bomb
I move like robotron, turn the lights off!Girl she had a big fat ass
We smokin weed tonight, we smokin weed tonight, see'mon
What I want everybody to do right now
Is blow your motherfuckin horns
Louder, louder!Yo, if you want that shit (that shit)
That hardcore rough shit (rough shit)
Motherfuckers, blow your horns
Then smash sumthin, crash sumthin
If you want that shit (that shit)

That smoke and fuck a bitch shit
Motherfuckers, blow your horns
Then smash sumthin, crash sumthinYo, yo yo, from hunger, to hungry, to hungriest
Pack two cannons by the pancreas
Your whole camp enlists, abandon ship
Push your knuckles up and dance with it
I'll shut down cops, steal they badges
Off of 'operation: kill da wabbit'
Ppp niggaz be jackin cabbage
Looked in the camera and pull the mask up
Laughin at ya, yeah I x'd you out
Somebody help him out with mouth to mouth
You to me son, what you talkin bout?
If your third eye look then I (?) it out
Bitches fuck me barely walkin out
For a thievin ass hoe (?) mark it out
It's one mo' body in the hall for now
Verbal assault killer, calm him down
I open fire, made you retire
Hung your shoes from a telephone wire
So when I ride by, I brag on it
Paragraphs flower, toe tags on it
I plant a bomb where you pick your mail up
It's bricks, so why'all hit the fallout shelter
Doc, niggaz, bitches, jump up
Criminals, hustlers, hoes, jump upYo, if you want that shit (that shit)
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Songwriters

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