

Bak Inda Buildin

Redman

Yo Redman is the COOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLEST shit I done fuckin heard!

(Yeah, hahaha... this is Dr. Trevis, comin to y'all motherfuckers live)

[Redman]Yo, I'm spittin my rhymes, we gonna get you

To bump the music to break your neck to

(Yo yo yo yo, ay ay ay) Yeah

(Y'all muh'fuckers ain't ready)

Yo, when I spit my rhymes, we gonna get you

To bump the music to break your neck to

You want the hard shit, nigga let me connect you

It's 1-800-YO-GILLA; feel me flow

I open doors for the newcomers

I show you how to rock the mic, pull yo' pants up and do somethin

I lay my hats where my boots stompin

Whether Jersey or Australia with kangaroo jumpin

Yeah, I feel that hip-hop's gone

My pen catch attitudes, it cry in a song

I laugh cause I'm a vet, and still get the guap as strong

as any nigga, I ain't alarmed

Yes y'all, it's the Doc, I'm back on my business

With jizz for, real niggaz and my bitches

I got my hands on my steerin wheel and stick shift

Drivin by nigga, pissin on yo' picnic

[Chorus 2X: Redman]One time for your motherfuckin mind {"Comin straight from the.."} }

One time for your motherfuckin mind {"Comin straight from the.."} }

One time for your motherfuckin mind

Gilla House, is back in the buildin

[Redman]Yo, yo I'm back on my grizzly, set the bear trap

We don't work for Nike but sure can (Air) a mac

My pen game tight in the hood like hair wraps

You a (40 Year Old Virgin), gettin hair waxed

Now, Reggie Noble '07 internation-al

My girl got guns in her speghetti-strap gown

If you love hip-hop, where my people at now?

Relax now, got it mapped down, Gilla House

I jump in the crowd (ohhhhhhhhhh!)

Whenever I do it I do it loud, grown man style

Since I was a child butt-naked

I knew I would grow to be the one {?} on record

[Chorus w/ ad libs]Ride nigga!

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