

Hypnotize (feat. Redman)

Luniz

Aiyyo dot dot dot who is it the prime wizard
Erykah Badu izm smoker vocal chord woof choker
Now who block is this? (Yo yo yo no no chill chill
nah nah hold up homie) We takin over!
Gimme your girl gimme your keys to your four do' Explorer
Yo Lu Nile crack their composure
(We decompose your crowd) We layin down tighter than plaques
When I blast I wild like them two bitches from BapsYo, the Hong Kong Fooey, human tornado like Rudy
Turning your bomb-ba-zee into doobies
Platinum overseas like the Fugees, Japanese
Germany groupies, mooshi mooshi, sniffin lines
off each other's booty love the Luniz
I went from smokin dubs to QP's
Make hits for thugs that bankin hoopies
and aimin uzis, at who dirty mackin my loochie
Come clost cock the toast and make you see Ghost-s like WhoopiHave you ever seen a nigga get snatched up by
his drawers
And wonder the cause, 'cause big dope had his balls
Got small methamphetimes with colors to be Cray-ola
Took the drunkest O-A, and let the X take shit over
No need to get juiced cause it's the anti-depressant
Smile now but trip later, and put your hand out for the present
Lay down for fifteen, so your body can feel rest
Kick your feet up, and start makin beats on your chest and think[Chorus: x2]
Sex, money, drugs, music
Lies, these are the things that keep niggaz...
"I was hyp-no-tized!" "I'd like to break it down down"
"Cold turn the party out" "I'd like to, I'd like to break it down down"
"Cold turn the party out" Ahh ahh, I smoke Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Satur-dayyyyyyyah!
Two lay ya blunt, players with cream
If I die my spirit will jump inside machines
Runnin niggaz over like Christine (sorry)
I mix the green with the last piece of hashish, ass-burning
hoes in my black mink, your baby momma lovin my backseat
Freak nasty got me slappin the ass cheeks of BlackstreetSo high, I'm so high I feel like I'm wearin a disguise
Superman type of, with Kryptonite eyes
Not knowin I'm trippin, I walks out to my vehic'
Buckle up for safety on my way to get some cheap shit

I'm out the parkin lot, sideways on two wheels
 Vision is double, trouble to me is bein real
 Listen to my big block bill cause in the town that's a earful
 Shares and mo' shares, swang if it's good Now how I get dollars, I be the rap artist blue collar
 School scholars on knowledge to move dollars
 I do gotta motion chirp, like Impalas
 for niggaz who rock Timbs, Gortex, or new Walla's
 You're facin, the Cochise of operation
 And if you ain't tastin you should steady observations
 Doctor/patient, leavin mics with laceratons
 Love to stay bent with my doggs rollin adjacent (woof!)
 And when they bark they turn your sunny days to dark
 You play the back like Rosa Parks when the arc sparks
 I bang rawly, do you orally
 My horny sounds will pound more heavy than E-40 [Chorus] I'm gettin money y'all, I'm gettin money nigga
 Bend your back like Long Isle Iced Teas with five liquors
 Knew about the cheddar since I took my child picture
 sDial 900-Do-Away-With-All-Snitches
 Stop complaining, the game is for entertainment
 What is it when niggaz heads gettin covered with blankets?
 It's just a one-eight-seven on your motherfuckin crew
 I'll have your brains doin donuts like you in a rental
 Flip fools with credentials, nasty like havin sex with kinfolk
 Blaze high, then smoke Drunk-a-Lot, stays on top, that's why we roll
 two and two, four deep makes a crew
 Red Yuk and Num with the sidekick Hennesey
 Fuzzy, wuzza, fuzzy, little friend of me
 Hitters on the payroll, secure because we practice
 Pure ass-kick cures for who's acting drastic
 Drank and buddha blast, callin shots on Motorolas
 One step shy, so I'ma drank until it's over Kick this for the fake Versace wearin fake Donna Karan Mossino
 Players we know, ain't no gambino
 Peons be watchin too much Casino, wannabe Nino Brown with the uzi
 But clown you more like Downtown Judy
 Niggaz can't fool me, I love the way you ball outta control
 in your rhyme, then see you in person without a dime
 But I'm global, with Reggie Noble man blazin
 Dive in a crowd like Method Man and Van Halen [Chorus]

Songwriters

Husbands, Garrick / Ellis, Jerold D Jr. / Midney, Boris / Linzer, Sandy / Noble, Reggie
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