Basically

Cream Team

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Whoo, hah, ohah
Wooh, aw shit
Hey dudes, my interludes more fatter than most niggaz LP's
So don't sell me to stale cheese
I'm more nicer than Little Red Robin Hood's grandmama
Puffin' on ganja, sippin' on a Cherry Bianca
My grand finale's like an alley when it's rowdy
Kick more bars than the penile G
And let my nine clap loudly
Click click, bee-yow, bang, booyaka
What am I do to ya? It's somethin' new to ya
Like screwin' ya, all over my studiah
Ride on my MP-60 and let the S-950 squeeze your titties
That quickly I hooked you, now fix me with your lips
Botch, unloosen my belt thinkin' to grab the crotch
But before you do move my glock before it shoot my cock
And see basically them trick bitches get no dap
(Word)
And see basically Redman album is no joke
(Word)
And see basically I don't get caught up at my label
(Word)
'Cause I kill when they fuck with food on my dinner table
(Word)
I drop a punchline at lunchtime
'Cause I'm a Close Encounter of the None Kind
With dumb rhymes, I battle allay'all at one time
So fuck all you fools out there with the large vocabulary
In your sentence, I don't need that shit to pay my rent with, huh
And to the nosey snake-ass hoes I ask you
Why you be acting all fly
When your monkey-ass work at fast food?
And why is it everytime that a multiplatinum artist
Always use the underground to make a comeback?
Is it fair to the hardcore niggaz that rap?
That don't give a fuck about the radio

Plus the next bitch at that?
And being hardcore and mad about wearing high-tech boots
And black skelly hats?
And making fake-ass frowns because your best buddy packs?
Think about it, sip on a chocolate thai
And let your brain fall out of focus
This is another episode, coming live
From the Funkadelic man himself, yeah, ahh, huh

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