

# Jam 4 U

## Redman

Yo, this is for motherfuckers  
That talk that sellout shit I just want to jam 4 you  
I just want to jam 4 you, everybody get up  
I just want to jam 4 you  
I just want to jam 4 you, get on up "Get down, get down, on down", like James Brown plus I get down  
But for now I, "Get on up", rhythm and funk  
Makes you hump like Technotronic, I'll make the Jam Pump  
Strong to the finish when I freak the fly gimmick like "Du na da du duh", without eating my damn spinach  
'Cause when I'm on a roll, that's when Redman start  
To chill, round off backflip cartwheel  
"Ahh, you guessed it", I know When my afro grow that mean more rhymes to flow  
But I continue, on the menu, and send you  
On a jam that earthquakes the whole damn venue  
It's like this, it's like that, I won't slack I pack more steel than the cops pack blackjacks  
Word is bond, the quiet storm broke your arm  
When I sound off from here all the way to Hong Kong  
Drop pound for pound to throw down and strut  
Yo E what's that funk mode? "Get on up" I just want to jam 4 you  
I just want to jam 4 you, everybody get up  
I just want to jam 4 you  
I just want to jam 4 you, get on up Check this out here, let the rough cut cut your ear  
Hit Squad's the crew, I'm twenty-two and Beck's the beer  
Float like Muhammad, roll-on like Secret  
Me rip, the crowd in half on the sneak tip 'Til they crumble, too humble for you to stumble  
I sting like a bu-bee while the others bum-bumble  
Don-dan-dan, do-do-dan-ding  
Extremely wild, like the hair on Don King 'Cause I kick the mode to make your brain explode  
It's the huh, the funk, now I'm known around the globe  
So buckle up, hush up, while I freak the funk to get down  
With the sound, grab my bozack then I freeze now On your mark, get ready, get set, let's go  
With the flow to jet like Delta, or Jesse O.  
Whiz with the bends I clean my front lens  
With a system, that knocks harder than Rin-Tin-Tin Without question, I'm flexy when I'm sexin'  
Wicked when I Kick It like A Tribe Called Quest-in  
The rude Redman rip backbones and hips to bits  
Then split ya from your wrist to your armpits But true indeed, since pop's dropped the seed  
I knew I'd be, the funkiest brother that ever bleeds  
Rough and rugged, more nuggets in the bucket  
That's dum dum dollars and yes Redman love it Pound for pound, I throw down to make ya strut

Yo E what's that funk mode? "Get on up" I just want to jam 4 you  
I just want to jam 4 you, everybody get up  
I just want to jam 4 you  
I just want to jam 4 you, get on up

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