Da Journee

Redman

Switch
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
Come with us, come take the elevator
Shift six billion feet beneath
Where the Def Squad dwells
Where your dreams and imaginations is only
Loose change in a motherfucker's pockets
This is Dr. Trevis, coming to you live from WFDS
We're 'From the Dark Side' radio
Niggaz, better get your flashlights
'Cause it's pitch black
I travel the Milky Ways and the stars of the Gods
Then return six billion feet beneath to get cigars
My lyrical format sounds off like gun claps
Underground, where you need flashlights and hard hats
My mind is ten levels deeper than Jacob's Ladder
Batter the paragraph, after your gall bladder will shatter
Nymphomaniac on track when I Flex like Funkmaster
Flex, you can bet I'm not playing with a full deck
I go far beyond acting hard and pullin' triggers
I just wanna die and come back as the Nile on the river
Zone until I figured how to wake up in the morning
And the corners of my mouth be like foamin' when I'm open
Y'all neighborhood roughnecks, I cause a threat
My silhouette, who pack smacks niggaz just like Treach
Comin' through, comin' through, put your hands on your handgun
'Cause I'm crazy off that chronic from my man grandson
I shoot to kill, puff blunts in Hooter ville
I be murderin' MC's from up here to Urbantown
I sweat dark, when I get off my shit cock
Yo, yo, yo, that's, that's E and them
Yo, word up? Yo, what's going on?
Yo, chill, chill, chill, chill

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