

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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