

Gimmie One

Redman

Gilla House, take it from the top like this ***
Yo, Redman 'Back In Business' like EPM
D whips I drive, I gotta TV 'em
I tour New York down, so B.B. King 'em
Found my way back home like E.T. finger
I rock the arena, you know the drill
Get high, get drunk, grab a *** and chill
Eat a meal, then back to the hood for more action
Promotin' Red Gone Wild with no backin?
Doc get five on the mic like Joe Jackson
Foreign *** feelin' me for my accent
Talk like a boss, I can't complain
When I do it, it's big like Fulton in St. James
I got Brick City, even D.C. ***
They all steal for me outta P.C. Riches
I move like a pimp, but I'm far from one
Like Lil' Weez, I got army guns, gimmie 1, ***
1 and here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1
(Gimmie 1, ***)
And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1
(Gimmie 1, ***)
And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1
(Gimmie 1, ***)
And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4
Yo, if you don't like me, *** you, I flex one muscle
Doc got more effects than Kung Fu Hustle
I'm uptown, buyin' the perk
Lookin' cut clean, jeans, Moschino designer shirt
Redman fell off, what the talks about?
I wasn't lettin' y'all swim when the shark was out
Rollin red carpet out, it's Jersey
Me and ?em together is like Lil' Seymour and Big Percy
I knew women from high school that picked on me
Now I see ?em, they all wanna lick on me
I hood down homie, rock like Bon Jovi
I can work the nightshift like he, Brian Mobley

Brick City boy, my flow is on fire
Disagree, I go in your mouth like Botox
Pick up Pete Rock, ***, we all cool
Hit the highway and ask, is the CL smooth? ***
1 and here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1
(Gimmie 1, ***)
And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1
(Gimmie 1, ***)
And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1
(Gimmie 1, ***)
And here comes the 2 to the 3 and
Yo, your style might be Parkay, but mine butter
That *** can't break no bread, then why *** her?
I'm kinda cocky homeboy, did I stutter?
I pop the umbilical cord on my mother
I jumped out the womb, I became a whale
That's hard to harpoon, I need more room
The hood love me, so I keep it real gully
I got handsome, but my flow is still ugly
Turn the treble out the track and I'll jet
The lines in my rhyme is longer than Ikea
I stay on my grind, but when I come up with an Idea
The year, is party over here
It's 5 years I disappeared, but I'm back
And tell Nino Brown and ?em that I'm crack
Grab my bozack, middle finger is up
I got your grandma givin' it up, gimmie 1, ***
1 and here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1
(Gimmie 1, ***)
And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1
(Gimmie 1, ***)
And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1
(Gimmie 1, ***)
And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>