

# Soopaman Luva 5 (part II)

## Redman

Aiyyo yo fuck that  
Aiyyo I gotta find my motherfuckin' mojo  
Aiyyo Reggie Noble, aiyyo Reggie Noble c'mere nigga  
Aiyyo start it off while I tell you how it went down  
Yo, yo Put the drop down, get your smoke on  
Get your feel on, are you feeling?  
Get your girl on, get your squeeze on  
Get your bus on, are you chilling?  
Are you wheeling, are you feeling?  
How you feeling, and we gon' hooo-oooh-oooh  
Tell me what you doin'  
C'mon, yo yo-yo yo, yo yo I had to put the mash down, throw the cash around  
Stay focused, on the case put the hash down  
Jetted through the air about five miles per hour  
My mojo gone I can't fly like I wanna But this case is easy, find that motherfucker that  
Couldn't wait to be me, put his face on TV  
From the tec blow, I asked my ex-hoes  
Pass off some info for a pair of X.O.'s Write the check low, I don't do that  
I told you that shit before when I boned your back  
Now I'm back to square one, and everybody hatin'  
So I popped the flare gun, now they all escapin' Ran into Gator, for Jungle Fever  
He's my people and my neighbor, I said I need a favor  
He said for ten dollars, and for ten Whoppers  
From Burger King, I'll tell you the nigga who gotcha Gave him what he wanted plus the extra large fry  
He said blue eyes, blonde hair, a white guy  
I said what the fuck goin' on?  
A white guy interruptin' my fuck flowin' on? So I copped some new ammo, reloaded my flare gun  
Stalkin' like Rambo, mixed with Commando  
Gator pushed the ten-speed bike, I'm on the handle  
Crashed into somethin' 'cause he high off my man blow I jumped up and backtracked myself  
Who's the last hoe I fucked or throat I cut?  
I said wait a minute, yo, that bitch Jane on the prowl again  
I bet she up to no good, actin' foul again Yeah, yeah, it ain't nuttin', I get her if I want her  
Matter of fact I'm gonna 'cause she live around the corner  
I walked up scared with my hands on my flares and my armor  
'Cause she bring drama like Jeffrey Dahmer But I heard fuckin' all the way from the bottom  
I'm like, damn she yellin' kinda made me jealous  
Knocked on the door enraged  
Like a broke-ass rapper, at a label that ain't toured in days Do it clown, before I count to four now

'Cause if I hit five them flares'll blow your door down  
I heard the zipper zip up, and they was tryin' to run  
So I re-clipped the clip up, and blew it before one Freeze motherfuckers, I jumped on Jane back  
I want the cheese motherfuckers and my name back  
We tusslin', fightin', bitin' skin and rustlin'  
Slaps in the face, chokes with the belt buckle And her knees bucklin', I thought to myself  
Where's that motherfuckin' white guy she was fuckin', then  
Right out of the blue  
Who dat? Who dere?  
Jerry Springer, is that you?

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