

# Dopeman (feat. StressMatic)

## Redman

Hey mister Dopeman you're a star  
I like your gold chain and your fancy car, I said  
Hey mister Dopeman you're a star  
I like your gold chain and your fancy car, I said I said "Dopeman Dopeman" that's who I am  
I don't sell crack or sell coke bitch I'm a star  
You can wrap me in saran make sure that I'm fresh  
Put a stamp on your product right there on my chest

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My transporter KRS-One let's chop it up  
Cause this product killer nigga get you a tux  
I got crack baby rap fans after the drug  
The more they buy chi-ching the bigger my check stub  
Call me Mr. Pusherman it's dope in your ears  
More money I can cut it get DJ Premier  
You can fly me overseas and the dogs won't smell  
London and Paris (ooooow) - "you got mail!"  
I'm the American Gangster I carry the weight  
And when the Feds watching homie I put more on the plate  
Let's Go!

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I like your gold chain and your fancy car, I said  
I like your gold chain and your fancy car, I said It's like every hood waiting for my music to buy  
And when I'm done ears ringing like package arrived!  
Women strung out they copping 2 for 5  
They get a half a metaphor and a piece of a punchline!  
Now I'm off to Canada I'm high in demand  
My passport not working - try it again!  
I got drug dealers waiting like 5 in a van  
They unloading my shit getting high from their hands  
It's the raw, uncut Eddie Delirious  
The underground recognize, In Red We Trust  
Even your neighborhood saying "Red you're tough"  
Little kids idolize in' when I pull up!  
You can call a hot-line Reggie ready for work

1-800-FuckWitANigga; this New Jerz  
I'll take your credit, debit or Amex card  
To cop the gold chain nigga and fancy car!  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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