

I'm A Bad

Redman

I get mad wicked, and catch a bad one by the funkier
(Fuck around)
I puff the mad spliffs and roll blunts with Archie Bunker
'Cause my brain is twisted, so, I cock the biscuit
'Cause shit's thick, some say I'm a bastard of a swift bitch
Negro, funk'it with the style in your ear, bro
To make you 'Fear Me Like Cape' without Robert DeNiro
You big pussy, so funky that you have to douche me
You can't hear me, then my record label didn't push me
I know I'm sayin' fuck too many times in my rhymes
But if I wasn't bad, I wouldn't freak it in the line
But it don't seem to matter 'cause my shit get fatter and fatter
I'll do the funk in your face and it slaps ya
How does it feel with the face full of funk?
With the bass in your trunk, weed laced with the blunt?
I puff, I never got snuffed, bust while I dust
Your monkey ass off, then I just crush on the hush, hush
So, if you want a taste of the funk from the gutter
Ask the brothers, why? 'Cause I'm bad word to mothers
I'm a bad, yo, word to the mother
I'm a bad, yo, word to the mother
I'm a bad
(Bad, bad and a wicked in bed)
I'm a bad, yo, word to the mother
I'm a bad, yo, word to the mother
I'm a bad, yo, word to the mother
I'm a bad
(Bad, bad and a wicked in bed)
Yo yo, check this out
This is for y'all hokey-pokey punk pussy motherfuckers
Just to show y'all I do what the fuck I wanna do
I want y'all to check this on the real and yo, check this out
Shake it, c'mon shake it, c'mon shake it, c'mon shake it
Whassup now? Whassup now?
Whassup now? Whassup now?
Whassup now? Yo Red, c'mon, get back to the track man
I wanna get out of here
Yo kid chill
(Aight, aight, check it out)
Flexy, I'm sexy when I'm standin' in my drawers
If you can't check me when I'm rappin', put the tape on pause
And listen to the incredible shit that I kick, my man
Give me five on the backhand then stick
Your finger in a hole and chop the stick quick
'Cause my lip get to the point to still rock the fly shit
Since you're holding your breath, I hold my jewels
I swing hardcore, so I walk, holdin' my tools

The original P-Funk, takes no junk, from a chump, or punk G
I been this way every since nine monthsSo, get down while I rip the raps from my lips 'cause
My shit's more deep, than any tape from Enigma
The gettin' nice, thinkin' killer brother who pop trash
Basic instinct, I'm a shoot us and they got blastedMuch ass I kick, groove to the master mix
My song still pumps when it's not even mastered, bitch
My shit's very chronic, so rewind it
'Cause it's like eh-eh-eh-eh, beyond, bionic
'Cause I'm a wild and crazy guy, no lie
Last brother to battle me I started pissin' in his eyeI'm bad, word to mother, to the motherfuckin' Hubbard
Eatin' her curds and whey, puffin spliffs 'cause she doesn't
And if you still don't under fuckin' stand where I'm comin' from
Listen to my nine, understand where it's hummin' fromI'm a bad, yo, word to the mother
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