

Noorotic

Redman

Y'all motherfuckers buckle y'all motherfuckin seatbelts
If you need to get high there's a mask and shit in the overhead compartment
I can't tell y'all what the weather's like 'cause my radio's fucked up
And if we should experience any type of motor difficulty
Don't panic take one more hit off the oxygen mask
Calmly put your hands between your legs
And kiss your black ass goodbye!! When I send my vapors off like Halls menthalypus
I'm swift like a motherfuckin gift for Christmas
My verbs and nouns shatter walls of underground
Let me be blunt: I like crackin brews with bitches
The ninety-four era I cause terror, whatEVER
Rainin on you punks with the funk, so get your umbrellas
My guns cruise, tennis shoes, what's happenin
I got clappin on, now I'm the one doin the clappin
I'm Flexi Wit Da Tec like Artifacts make Memorex
blow tape decks when I'm more strapped than latex
Felt like menopause, I make niggaz act like beatches
Woo! I just don't give a FUCK
Yo yo that nigga Red be frontin -- with they ass full of stitches
I bite your whole nipple off, sick like sickle-cell anemia
I'm droppin 98.7 degrees down to Red Alert
Travel around my curse universe
Droppin the slang, I'll bust your brains with the real shit
Come hit my blunt so I can make y'all feel it
Abuse niggaz verbally so call Dyfus
I'm a warrior, to the heart, but I didn't kill Cyrus
I get as ill as chief of police on narcotic
Noorotic, my style format rocks the project
Give me a time and I'll free your mind and lick your
funky emotions, to blow your veins up with funk overdosing
Not with guns with funk when I rock tracks like Van Halen
Now who's that nigga that got your crew bellin?
I'm in the world, with Jacob's Ladder
I'm seein a lot of happy copycat rappers actin like they got asthma
They attackin me, they slowin they rhymes down actually
But it's no question my funk segment leave the whole atmosphere
They got factories with little dolls named after me
pressed-in, I take advantage of niggaz like I was molesterin
Newark New Jersey's what I represent

Iiiiiiyiiiihhhhh

My brain be zoned and I phoned home to ET's home
Whattup to Prince Street, Avon Ave I roll a spliff with
and to hook me up with stash spots to put my chrome in

So what the fuck I got clapped on for my truck
Fat to be passed through Bedrock and Diamond District
Then I laughed cause fuck the cash I just wanted my tape bag

Fantastic fabulous my shit is fat shit

The bomb like Elway throw bombs on John Madden

Fuck that, let's get to the point, my shit's the joint, I roast
Motherfuckers from the East coast to the West coast to your breakfast
voltage, I got funk for days by the buckets

PPP packs a bunch of wild motherfuckers Hold hold hold, wait wait wait

Let me school this bitch

Yo bitch my shit is tight, can any MC do this

sounds of sex

And come back on the mic?

Lyrics provided by

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