Wutchoogonnado

Redman

Yeah, Brick City
Yeah, Gilla, yo, gillaYo, Brick City, when it comes to grabbin' steel
You could post me down low like Shaq O'Neil
You'll be spittin' what I spit when the day is over
Tryin' to be me in the mirror, sayin' it overYeah, he's all right, but you not real
I'm a dog, s*** I eat the food I steal
Floors ain't dirty enough
My game is like carryin' shotguns and 21 roughDoctor, I'm like the war on drugs
I don't stop, I'm all night vampire blood
Underground chud, since a kid
I finger painted in the mud, with dirty work glovesI'm in yo' college campus corridor
You should call me Uno, the way I draw four
Brick City law, strip to your drawers
Boy now I can pick up two pair from the mallIt's time for Doc to check yo' a*** n***
It ain't hard, it's an easy pass n***
For the paper, I'm offendin' neighbors
Runnin' my label out an old Winnebago n***Ooh, shoulda knew that we gon' bring that funk to you
(Yeah, the Brick City dawgs, yeah, holla at your frogs)
Gilla House, is comin' through and Wutchoogonnado
(Uptown Jersey, Brooklyn)Shh, Gilla, Gilla, Gilla, Gilla
Yo, uh, oh, Redman back in your town
You'll get drug n*** like wedding gowns
After 12, whattup to Dogg PoundI roll out, like my earrings got ball bearings
Give me a Grammy to show my mammy
How I smash these Raggedy Ann and Andy's
I prove that I never left the streetI just knew I had to come back, with extra heat for y'all
B-More are ya ready? Colorado are ya ready?
I'm at your neck like a Doberman mouth
With like 40 m*** out the covenant house, ya heard?Gilla house in the circuit
And how we do it on purpose, only way to surface
Def Squad is the foundation
Three dawgs attached to 98 DalmatiansYeah, where them gilla niggaz out at night
You better run 'til you see the light, light
Yo, I know I had you waitin'
But death was chasin' me and my eight friends for Final DestinationOoh, shoulda knew that we gon' bring that funk to you
(Yeah, yeah, yo E-Dub, this is hot nigga)
Gilla house, is comin' through and Wutchoogonnado
(Yeah, Brick City, Milwaukee, California where ya at?)Okay now, take off your shirt and relax

Let all your tensions out, just relax, just relax, just relax
(Gilla, gilla, gilla, gilla, gilla, gilla, gilla, gilla)Yo, I keep my ears to the street 'cause that's my job
But even the streets can steer you wrong
I'm walkin' with one man above me
Nuttin' on my waist, but if it's on you hearin' the palmYou forgot I'm ten years deep and out them ten years
I got two weeks of sleep and caffeine free
Amazin' right? I got a street team
That'll get paid to snipeYeah, by any means, I'm behind the curtain
My Betty Shabazz, hope I make it home, I invade alone
Catch you in the truck, babblin' on the phone
I miss you, I stick up your chaperone'sIt's a dirty dog world, say it louder
Every Friday I'm bein' chased by Craig's father
That's why I'm on the low like pro
And my file is too hi tech to call nextI got a heart the size of John Q's son
And on the mic, I'm him times two of 'em
Y'all n*** get your s*** together
'Cause gilla house n***, prepare for whateverYou, you shoulda knew that we gon' bring
Got to bring that funk to you, to you
That gilla house is comin' through
And what you b*** a*** n*** gonna do, do, do, do, do, ohh, ohhYou and you and you, you shoulda knew
That we got to bring that funk to you, you, you
Gilla house is comin' through
And what your crew gonna do, do, do, do, do, do
Do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do

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