Time 4 Sum Aksion

Redman

(Let's get ready to rumble)
In this corner we have the funk body snatcher
P Funkadelic and I gotcha hard enough
That I can chew a whole bag of rocks
Chew an Avenue, chew an off street and off block
Then turn around and do the same damn thing to a soloist
'Cause Reggie Noble's pissed
I crush your whole brain frame
'Cause you couldn't maintain the funk
That have your rap style for lunch, chump
'Cause 92, I take a whole crew
Give them a punch of the funk, knock all of their gold tooth loose
(Poo pow)
To show you what type of stuff I'm on
You can't puff or sniff it
Because I was born with it
The Funkadelic Devil, hit you with the rap level of 10
Then 1, 2, 3 you're pinned
I get action, so everybody jump wit your rump
If you like the way it sounds punk, pump it in your back trunk
And let loose with the juice when I do rock
I'm too hot, some say I got more Juice then Tupac
(Straight outta Jersey)
You heard me, my brother
I'm laughing, time 4 sum action
Lights, camera, cock back the hammer
(Exposition)
Straight from the land of the lost
I'ma hit you with the funk force
That makes you run your rap style back to the crack vile brotha
Then strike a pose like Madonna
My mom's kicked me out because I did what I want to
The original P-Funk stroke a trunk of funk
Then you saw caps 'cause my jaw snaps with the raw raps
So color me bad, plus color me black
For the funk that I pack, Red freak it to the funk track
(The funky fly stuff)
Come on and let me kick
(The funky fly stuff)

Just to show you where the hell I come from
I get dumb with the 1, 1 2
Check my rep, I'm a hit when I have sex
(Like this)
Make you twist to the list
Of a funky brain cell when it's puffed on a spliff
And all that, the hi hat, go buy that
Listen, look, oops, brother where your eyes at?
There on the floor, pick 'em up
While I pour a lil' funk down your brain punk
Listen to my name chump
(Redman ready to rock)
I got a glock
Then, pow, your body is all over the block
Tryin' to step to the, the exorcist, kick it
I git mad wicked when the twin cocks the biscuit
And blow your head off, just for askin'
"Who's the one rappin'?"
(Poo pow)
Time 4 sum action
Yo, 1992, Redman gets paid, yeah, know what I'm sayin'
We not goin' for the Okee Doke, believe that
Hit Squad is definitely in the house
(In the house)
For the brothers who don't be knowin' what's up
Word is bond, I gotta show them the flava
Aah, back to the funk track, like Black Sheep
My man, he say, "Who's the Redman?"
"Where's the Redman?"
I kill, I smother, I get down with the
(Yo, yo, yo chill, G. chill la, it's over man)
(You ain't gotta say no more, it's over)

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