

Smash Sumthin'

Redman & Adam F

Here come the remaining beautiful people
And for all of you who survive, we hope you enjoyed the ride
2002 will see some new added features
Such as the Spinal Spinning Spiral Splitter
And the Corkscrew Cock Cruncher
Plus, the Fat Fuckin' Bitch Backslapper
And not forgetting The One Finger Ringer
So, until next time boys and girls, goodbye
Cunters journey home, toodahoo, ta, ta and fuck off
From the 'Rollercoaster Malpractice'
(Redman)
They done let me out
(Redman)
They done called my name
(Redman)
They done read the four chapters
Now I'm back, Brick City, I've been born again
Master, hit the switch, Igor, he's alive
Yo, set it off, set it off, yo, yo, yo
Let's start ridin', my flows bring the tide in
While John Cochran break your pride in
I shagged her before you married her
Took the ring, pawned it for an Acura
DOC, breakin' the sound barrier
Hardcore bullet, fo'-fo' pull it
Got your camp runnin', used it for footage
Brick City suspects couldn't [unverified]
Yo, watch me leap through trees
Attackin' sharks in the Deep Blue Sea
Aim lock on, Goldeneye
War in the snow storm, with double, oh on
U.K. blow your horns
Put you in, I.C.U., gettin' blood drawn
Doc did it off an Adam F bomb
I move like Robotron, turn the lights off
Girl she had a big fat ass, we smokin' weed tonight
We smokin' weed tonight, c'mon
What I want everybody to do right now
Is blow your motherfuckin' horns, louder, louder

Yo, if you want that shit
(That shit)
That hardcore rough shit
(Rough shit)
Motherfuckers, blow your horns
Then smash sumthin', crash sumthin'
If you want that shit
(That shit)
That smoke and fuck a bitch shit
Motherfuckers, blow your horns
Then smash sumthin', crash sumthin'
Yo, yo yo, from hunger, to hungry, to hungriest
Pack two cannons by the pancreas
Your whole camp enlists, abandon ship
Push your knuckles up and dance with it
I'll shut down cops, steal they badges
Off of 'Operation Kill Da Wabbit'
PPP niggaz be jackin' cabbage
Looked in the camera and pull the mask up
Laughin' at ya, yeah I x'd you out
Somebody help him out with mouth to mouth
You to me son, what you talkin' 'bout?
If your third eye look then I gorge it out
Bitches fuck me barely walkin' out
For a thievin' ass hoe fo' mark it out
It's one mo' body in the hall for now
Verbal assault killer, calm him down
I open fire, made you retire
Hung your shoes from a telephone wire
So when I ride by, I brag on it
Paragraphs fly wit toe tags on it
I plant a bomb where you pick your mail up
It's bricks, so y'all hit the fallout shelter
Doc, niggaz, bitches, jump up
Criminals, hustlers, hoes, jump up
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