We Run N.y.

Redman

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha
Watch out
Ge, yeah, as we take a journey to the dark side
Watch out
From hell and beyond the knotty headed nigga era has triumphed
Watch out
A new ever, if you don't know your bitch ass better
Watch out
Axe somebody, shoot 'em up
The Hurricane G is live and in color
Watch out
We run you motherfuckers
The Funk Doctor Spock coming live and in color
Watch out
We run you motherfuckers
Puffin' mad spliffs, so fuck a bitch
And a nigga, cause niggaz and bitches ain't shit
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Dr. Travis
Watch out
Is in the motherfuckin' house
With a couple of sick patients for your bitch ass
Watch out
Yeah
The Hurricane G is the ultimate funk, pop the trunk
(Hoo-ha, wild like Shaolin' monks)
Representin', comin' out of Brooklyn, Flat bush
You wuss, you can't push push in the bush
Well uh, let's take a journey to hell and beyond
Where the bomb grows on palms and bags labeled Cheech and Chong
The Jimi Hendrix of rap, I got an afro and bandanna
Then I rock jams like Santana, I move MC's like niggaz
Move keys uptown, red and Hurricane G, so how you like us now?
Watch out, we run N.Y., yeah
Watch out, we run N.Y., yeah
Watch out, we run N.Y., yeah
Watch out, we run N.Y., yeah
(Hurricane G hit 'em one time)
From the Brook, taught how to trick by the real gangsta crooks
So I holds back what you took, I take my funk and my religion serious

Sanctify y'all and leave y'all house niggaz delirious
(Ha, ha, ha, ha)
'Cause I'm furious
How dare you motherfuckers, forget about the ultimate funk,bitch nigga
I got your wicked witch with a switch motherfucker
Fuck you and your crew, so what nigga, is it you wanna do?
In ninety-fo' I kick the wicked for the bitches
For the real trick deez who can dig it
'Cause after pop thought all that, Hurricane stay fat
Word to mom, big dick boricuas in the back
The queen of the East coast, funk gangsta pack Buddha
On the rhyme since eighty-nine
It's all in your mind but what's yours is mine
Your dough and your hoes Bump N Grind to my rhymes
Now it ain't a nigga who could hang
Or pop yang, about a motherfuckin' thang
And uh, fuck any bitch who can't hang
I'm representin' bitches universal, it go, one for the biz, on the bizness
Which y'all blesses with God's blessings, do you see?
Hurricane and Redman original steel, Latin Queens in the house
So nigga swing it over here on these big fat tits
(Titties, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha)
The Funk Doctor Spock, blast up on your block
I'm walkin' through the sewer with manure on my socks
Your style, I freaked it when I was a child
So you talkin' that baby talk like, who's talkin' now?
Verbally I crush, brains erupt
Blow your focus, like you sniffin' angel dust
Run of the mill I'm not, watch me kill a cock sucker
And 'cause ruckus, like them L.O.D. motherfuckers
Every verse every word I preach
Represents the East, long as the human eyes can see
Gimme that funk, funk, funk, funk, funk, funk, funk, funk beat
I light a blunt for niggaz up in sing sing
I do it to death, style is funk that's fresh
Remove your vest, you just won the wet t-shirt contest
And I'm hotter, than the Globetrotters in the Bahamas
I got a pair of pajamas made out of ganjah and almonds
And I'm as eager, as nigga wantin' my shit to dub
'Cause my shit be bangin' like the Crips and Bloods
Troop, I flew the coop like Big Bird in Timb boots
I sky walk the planet like my code name was Luke
From the dark side, I'm from the dark side Pahsky walk
I'm above the law like Steven Segall
Motherfucker

Watch out
Ha, ha, ha, ha, we take you to the dark side
Come travel
Watch out
On our metaphoric futuristic type shit
As we blow your brains like spliffs
Watch out
Dr. Travis is outta here
For the nine-fo' you stank bitch
Watch out
Yeah
Watch out

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