

# 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 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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