

Rockafella (R.I.P.)

Redman

Aiyyo-yo-yo-yo you better pass it
Aiyyo check this out
We coming to you live from that BOMB Chocolate City my man
Where the knotty-headed niggaz and the Brick City brigade dwell
And if you don't know your fool better ask
Aiyyo-yo you better pass that blunt
And yo E, we comin' to you live with the Cosmic type stuff Well, it's that brother coming six billion feet from
beneath
And you should be peep-in how I get smoked-out on the weekend
I swing it to my crew or down to my fans
Schoolin' Hell of stackas like final exams
'Cause, it's the, funkadelic, hit you with the irrelevant
Elements, and it's coming through your block
Can't you smell it trick? Wanna copy-cat my whole format
So you get funk tracks, punch lines and skull hats Got a little Redman in town
Who's that effin clown soundin' wack with the frown?
I don't know man, but you better wonder what I would do
While loud on this staff like birds one and two
My crew runs thicka than syrup from the burough
You get hurt up, word up, jam-med like pearl
Knock off from blood clot puff on the rough block
Or I peep my man, Rockafella, it don't stop On and on, and it don't quit
Redman rockin' on to the funky shit, c'mon
On and on, and it don't quit
Redman rockin on to the funky shit
I said Jersey's in the house, Jersey's in the house
I said Brooklyn's in the house, Brooklyn's in the house
I said Uptown's in the house, Uptown's in the house
I said The Bronx in the hidouse, The Bronx in the hidouse Newark, New Jersey, rock rock on, word is bond
I'm comin' in swarms, so turn your flashlights on
Due to difficulty, my style flows while it travels across the planet
In 48 Hours like Nick Nolte
Droppin' the flavor, stay sky high like Pager
I'm magical like Fantasia on paper
I saw the Light like Kraftwerk, of course
When the T-L-A rock shock the stuff, it's yours To your drawers, your record label got your staff gassed
Thinkin' you gonna sell two mil' cakes real fast
But you're blocked, and your earrings choke like a tec
Now, who freakin' style your ass gonna steal next?

Are there any more imitators in the house? There are no
 Bust like NBA Jams, and you can have Chicago
 Catch the cargo, funky like a bag of Bravos
 Way back, when I used to pump 92 KTU and Carlos I just stay funky like that
 Make you wanna my style like a junkie on crack
 Trick, you better back the freak up, for real now
 When I break it down from Newark NJ to Ill Town On and on, and it don't quit
 Redman rockin' on to the funky shit, c'mon
 On and on, and it don't quit
 Redman rockin' on to the funky shit
 I said Virginia's in the house, Virginia's in the house
 I said Cali's in the house, Cali's in the house
 I said Atlanta's in the house, Atlanta's in the house
 North Carolina's in the house, Carolina's in the house Yoo-hoo watch the birdie, while Red wreck your brains
 early
 If rap was B-Ball, I'd have assists like James Worthy
 Dribble the rock if you got the hots to get your knot rocked
 Twice my device, Run-D.MC's from my rock box
 Hey you, better come clean like Jeru
 Before I take phase two and do another pay-per-view
 To your crew, I give a boom bip to Q-tip
 Standin' tall like Shaq, honey I'm back, this ain't Blue Chips The new stuff, creamin' brotha like Breyer's
 He's heating up, nah, brotha, I'm on fire
 Dribble dribble shootin' three pointers to the drum trick
 Try to take my style? Blaow, and one
 DJ Twinz in the house for the nine-square
 My man Shaft, you don't know you better ask That bomb Chocolate City coming to you live from the ninety-fo'
 era
 Aiiyyo you better pass that blunt, aiiyyo check this out
 We gonna take it to you live
 Where Newark New Jersey drops that chocolate funk for ya
 Everyday and all day, how we do it word is bond, word is day
 Def Squad's in the house for the nine-fo', word is bond, word is day
 The sad Hawthorne Ave. got the good smoke, word is bond, word is day Knotty-head niggaz in the house for
 nine-fo', word is bond, word is day
 Brick City brigade in the house for nine-fo', word is bond, word is day
 Redman rocks on and on for the nine-fo', word is bond, word is day
 Word is bond word is bond in the house I'm in the house
 Word is bond, word is day
 You can suck my balls and lick my butt, word bond, word d
 Word bond, word day, word is bond, word is day
 Check it out, check it out We comin' to you live with the Cosmic Slop
 On the fuckin' block and we got the glocks
 To your knot, who's the funk nigga and I'm comin' to ya hot

It's that, Cosmic Slop, hit you with the irrelevant, ele, yeah

Songwriters

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