

Down Wit Us

Redman

My man Keith Murray, is down wit' us
My nigga Erick Sermon, is down wit' us
My man Lil' Jamal, is down wit' us
My Def Squad click, is down wit' us
The Pack Pistol Posse is down wit' us yo
My L.O.D. click, is down wit' us
We're number one
Ha ha ha, ha ha, yo yo, yo well yo
It's the Red Moolie, yellin' for the villain in the movie
I'm like Kentucky, I pack a biscuit and a two-piece
Ya nod thorough, blows like the tri-borough
I die thorough with a metal on my chest sayin' Def
Check out the rhythm that I cook up
You too scared to look up, you're merkin'
I Set it Off like La in that big-ass Suburban
Bumrush your villa then I'm closin' all the curtains, lights out
Who's next to get stomped? I smash hardcore from Jerz
To the South South Bronx, the bizarre rap non-superstar
Of course, my Actions Affirmative like Nas Escobar
Flip a quarter, heads or tails you're gettin' slaughtered
I blow the S-L boy out of order
My mental disorder is pure water
I hit your wifey doggystyle in the Land
While the CD program's on 'Whatever Man'
My peoples up in Jersey, is down wit' us, uhh
My peoples locked down, down wit' us, uhh
My peoples in New York, is down wit' us
The housing projects, is down wit' us
My people who be hustlin' is down wit' us
'Cause makin' funky music is a must
I'm number one
Ha ha, check it, check, check, check, here we go, huh huh
Aiiyo, throw yo' hands up in the motherfuckin' air
And wave 'em, until y'all cash flows hit the pavement
Fuck the B-X, I roll on fours like G-S
Signed truly yours, Funk Doctor Spock, P.S.

Rumble in the Jungle, I bumped into Fugees
On the humble, on the one-deuce, my bundles

Be raw diggy, surprise you like you saw titties
On that, milk chick, watch me damage your acoustics
The Muddy Waters be blowin' your tape recorders
Pull out the four niggaz steppin' like they on a Nordic track
Cool out black got no time for scratch
You wanna battle, here's a lyric with a bomb attached
These your peoples, you better call 'em back before
I beat through his windpipe, with the cordless mic and the cerebral
Hah, look up in the motharfuckin' sky, it's a widow
Pushin' a fifteen zero zero
With tinted windows, so it's hard to look through
Chickenhead shotgun, pumpin' Erykah Badu
Don't snooze, you'll be like damn, is it the shoes?
The way I maneuv I could slip a Uzi in school
I been a raw dog since I brought me an eighth
And can't nobody hold me down like I'm Puffy and Mase
Aiyyo aiyyo, Fox Boogie Brown, is down wit' us
My nigga Meth-Tical, is down wit' us
Yo, Thuggish Ruggish Flesh, is down wit' us, yo
Yo, my homie Richie Rich, is down wit' us, yo
That nigga LL Cool, is down wit' us, yo
My dog Warren G, is down wit' us
We're number one
Ha hah, ha hah, ya-ha-ha, yo yo
Trigger the Gambler, down wit' us, yo
My peeps West coast, is down wit' us, yo
My peeps who pack toast, is down wit' us, yo
Atlanta, G-A, is down wit' us, yo
My peeps in Virginia, is down wit' us, yo
North Carolina, is down wit' us, yo
My peeps in D.C., is down wit' us, yo
My peeps in

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