

Dopeman (feat. StresMatic)

Redman

Hey mister Dopeman you're a star
I like your gold chain and your fancy car, I said
Hey mister Dopeman you're a star
I like your gold chain and your fancy car, I said I said "Dopeman Dopeman" that's who I am
I don't sell crack or sell coke bitch I'm a star
You can wrap me in saran make sure that I'm fresh
Put a stamp on your product right there on my chest

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My transporter KRS-One let's chop it up
Cause this product killer nigga get you a tux
I got crack baby rap fans after the drug
The more they buy chi-ching the bigger my check stub
Call me Mr. Pusherman it's dope in your ears
More money I can cut it get DJ Premier
You can fly me overseas and the dogs won't smell
London and Paris (ooooow) - "you got mail!"
I'm the American Gangster I carry the weight
And when the Feds watching homie I put more on the plate
Let's Go!

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I like your gold chain and your fancy car, I said
It's like every hood waiting for my music to buy
And when I'm done ears ringing like package arrived!
Women strung out they copping 2 for 5
They get a half a metaphor and a piece of a punchline!
Now I'm off to Canada I'm high in demand
My passport not working - try it again!
I got drug dealers waiting like 5 in a van
They unloading my shit getting high from their hands
It's the raw, uncut Eddie Delirious
The underground recognize, In Red We Trust
Even your neighborhood saying "Red you're tough"
Little kids idolizein' when I pull up!
You can call a hot-line Reggie ready for work

1-800-FuckWitANigga; this New Jerz
I'll take your credit, debit or Amex card
To cop the gold chain nigga and fancy car!
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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