

Da Ill Out

Redman

Yo Reggie, I'm out

T-ree F Squad

Muddy Waters

Don't get it twisted, niggaAiyyo everybody in this motherfucker will get touched

Fuck such and such, I roll tight like handcuffs

Rock that ass to sleep with discrete techniques

I beez that, freak of the week like I made knee deepHold up, rotate around the solar, badder than cobra

Composure never sleeps, my stream pumps folgers

I'm sauteein MC's with fried rice up in the wok

Without the MSG and chopped celerySee, I made it, my flavor situated

From the nickel plated mic that's hot, to leave your brain inflated

Plus, I'm thick like quakers on papers

Bodacious MC's get turned to lower casesLetterin' and the medicine, that I'm swallowin'

Get you hollerin', like Marvin Gaye when his father shot him

In the chest, I roll with two stacks of tees

And mad niggaz and sess that I roll up in your restMister fantastic's crafted, with no 52nd ass kick

When I'm blasted, my method magics get drastic

That you can't see with bifocals

Watchin' MC's go up and down like stock brokersI leave your brains on tilt, with ill skills that's milk

That's rougher than jeans that Gloria Vander-bilt

I'm poppin' mad shit, plus I can back it

Your man'll be like, yo, get that dust off yo' jacketIt ain't a test or quiz that my squad can't win

Those who know the biz, know we wreck kids get biz

Y'all digest multiple stab wounds to the chest

And I copycat kill the rest, with no method to my madnessPlus the apparatus with the baddest

Determined to be the last man, standin' on the planet

Y'all get attached, like a blood-suckin' leech

When you fall into my rhythm of speechYour hands get embraced with a touch of the bass

Head get wrapped up neck get throwin' in a neck brace

Rough rhyme mechanical, lyrical at it who?

Will ironically, chronically murder you and your crewMy directive, through where I live, is kinda primitive

See I get to the bottom of the problem and make shit give

Step in the jam, hooded and high, plastered the master

Cast to the masses grabs the mic

Ten dollar rappers is what L.O.D. goes afterTo my squad, there's no matches, we bashes

Do photo flashes on all flavor s-classes

Bomb attack on wax, lyrical mini mac to your back

Tie you up, throw you in the act

A public figure, who walks around with a gin of jigger

'Cause I gives a fuck about another nigga, word up Muddy waters, yo this is the way that my intro should go
Drunk slow funk flow for Reggie Noble
Fuck with me doe, Mally G doe it's not logic
Playin' that big shit get broke down microscopic Freak it back keep the track ringin', with the bassline
It's major when you savor my flavor, can you taste mine
Face the nine I lace your spine with short fat pace
Around and round, avoidin' the time to put it down Now's the time here yeah, clown where, pick a spot
Neutral grounds or not, we give a fuck, lick a shot
Gangsta, so called killin', cap peelin'
Playalistic, I mean is all that shit realistic Play your cards God, black keep your hand held tight
Night fall might call your life, shit is trife
On these evil streets after dark
Niggaz gettin' sparked left and outlined in chalk New day, this whole shit's twisted is it man
It's me bombin' on these niggaz shitlist and Mally G
Open your eyes to see, recognize who be a G
Hopin' to ride in the, industry with E The villain's had it cause ahead, word up yeah
Killin my psychosomatic pattern mad, yeah
Y'all know, uhh, yeah, muddy waters
We out for nine-seven, word up, peace

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