Da Ill Out

Redman

Yo Reggie, I'm out
T-ree F Squad
Muddy Waters
Don't get it twisted, nigga
Aiyyo 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 deep
Hold 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 celery
See, 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 cases
Letterin' 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 tecs
And mad niggaz and sess that I roll up in your rest
Mister 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 brokers
I 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' jacket
It 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 madness
Plus 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 speech
Your 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 crew
My 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 after
To 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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