Blow Your Mind

Styles P

AHHHHLook out, it's the Funkadelic Funk for chumps
Who don't be knowin my name, I tear the frame out ya punks
I make ya slide, make ya slip, make ya wanna backflip
I get biz with the skit, I DJ like Quik
The topnotch of the block, cause I carry a glock
Only hot rocks I'm hot, so give up the props
My style is HUMMIN CUMMIN ATCHA, duck or get backed up
Dispatcher 'Red, get freaky to the rapture'
So come on light the buddha check your honey while I scoop her
The Soopafly, Jimmy fly Snooka rips the roof off
Then hook off on your crew, to the check of one to two
It's you, who? (AGA-AHHH! WWAAAAAH!) Redman with the Kung-Fu
Come on and get down and boogie oogie with the ruffneck
Hit women like Madonna all the way down to Smurfette
But first get your tables I roast your whole record label kids
Yo E (Whassup G?) Briiiiiidge
'Press rewind if I haven't blown your mind'
'Press rewind if I haven't blown your mind'
I do the hustle like Russell, Rush the stage with Simmons
Deadly venom, makes me Poison like Michael Bivins
Or a cobra, pop more pop, than Coca-Cola
Next to Yoda I'm a Star at War, plus roller coaster
I got my mind made up GURRRRL, come on and get it if you widdit troop
Krush Groovin smooth as the lightning loops
The kind of loops I sample from a James Brown group
I give credit, cause I'm cautious, about lawsuits
PsychoBetaP-Funk, got styles hard as tree trunks
For real punk, you got a blunt, light it cause I need one
And get down with the irrelevant funk to make ya jump
With the fly human being, watch me freak it in Korean
Chu ri ka pi kyura mulla kara
Nu gu nya nada na na nun Redman
Na bo da challan nom hana do upda
Nah Duke, forget it
I rip shop in hip-hop I get props my lip rocks
The rap stuff's more spooky than movies from Hitchcock
Sit back relax let me rip to the funk track
And press rewind if I haven't blown your mind ('REE-WIND' --KRS-One)
'Press rewind if I haven't blown your mind'

'Press rewind if I '
HA-UHH, let me get busy with the funky fly stuff
Cause I cut your freakin eyes, f**k Bruce Willis because I die rough
It's the Funkadelic Redman and I hit ya with the
Funkadelic level, the P-Funk, the devil
The spectular, Blackula, bust holes like Dracula
Loaded of course, more Legend than Acura
I'm swift, I like big spliffs so I tisk tisk a tasket
Plus keep the glock in my basket
I cough up a lung cause I freak it with the tongue
Cause I can 'Wax on! Wax off!' like Daniel-son
Do the yea yea, boogey say up jump the boogey
To the boogey to the boogey thanks to E cause he hooked me
So f**k what ya heard, word to herb, cause I mack
Framalama, plus I kick the grammar, straight from -- NEW JERZ
It's the renegade rap Redman, really who rip rhymes in rough mode
Yo, hold your breath while I explode
'Press rewind if I haven't blown your mind'
'Press rewind if I haven't blown your mind'

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