

# A Million and 1 Buddah Spots

## Redman

Still walkin down the streets with my hand on my black tec  
My brain is high like Newark New Jersey do car thefts  
I'm high when I sag my 2 Black Guys  
I would be brief but my Karl Kani's didn't dry  
I smoke the blunt for all you underground chumps  
My smoke bangs like it's freshly picked from the swamps  
So nigga how you roll a blunt? Aiiyo how you roll a blunt  
Flip the script on some other shit like how you roll a cunt  
Now, I smoke the Maui, wow-wee  
Then I'll be back for me, I'm Sure, like Al B.  
Go Uptown, smoke quarter-pounds at the Dungeon  
Keith Murray meets me at the spot with the Bom-Ba  
Go back to Jerz and smoke with Diezel Don  
Huh, pick up a bag from my block, two-oh's the number  
Who can get swift with the microphone mist  
Plus I'm crisp like CD's on LP's in 3D  
My funk respect it, cosmic injected  
That cause me to Set It Off just like that club record  
Hit it from the back, stay strapped like two packs of lubricants  
It's gonna hurt, no it's not a gat experience  
The funk dweller, creeps through your cellar  
And if your moms don't know your ass better tell her, like this y'all  
There's a million and one blunt spots all  
over the world  
That got good herb for all you boys and girls  
Which one do you go to? \*many shouts\*  
Which one do you go to? \*many shouts\*  
I'm packin buddha by the pounds and pull my Phillies from knapsacks  
Hey yo I didn't know your nickel bags come that fat  
Yo check it, my lyrics strip the track butt-naked  
Catch the Local to the A to the buddha to my vocals  
And I, set the world on fire  
Get a billion people higher, from just one blunt in my cypher  
You swore to God you was mixed in bom-ba-zee  
The rhymer Bombs Squads and MC's like Hank Shocklee  
I spend a knot at all the buddha spots  
From fifteen to fifty-fifth I ran all through the blocks  
I set it off jock, I light a blunt for my nigga D  
That's doin three pack, now where I get the hash at  
You can't fuck with my funk cause my funk is kinda abstract

Past that, I'm rough like McGruff on dust  
There's a million and one blunt spots in America  
Yeah I'm tellin ya Now just throw your blunts up in the motherfuckin air  
Smoked out with niggaz from North Newark to Montclair  
I rip the nouns from antonyms to synonyms  
'Cause I got soul like James Brown and rock M&M  
One of the America's Most Blunted  
Smoked out with MC Eiht and Compton Most Wanted  
Ninety degrees, smoke with L.O.D. on the Island  
Then back to Stat, to smoke more packs with the Shaolin  
I showed the women how to roll a blunt stronger  
But it didn't work, because they Lee nails got longer  
But the weed is good for when you're mackin  
And girls can front it off like they don't know shit that happened  
I know what happened, I told her, BACK, NICK that motherfucker  
So check!  
My stamina, your ass couldn't snap with cameras  
Leave you on your back like Godzill did Gamera  
Props on blocks smokin the choc and what-nots  
I might catch a nickel bag sale from bus stops

Songwriters

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