

# Rockafella

## Redman

Aiyyo-yo-yo-yo you better pass it  
Aiyyo check this out  
We coming to you live from that BOMB Chocolate City my man  
Where the knotty-headed niggaz and the Brick City brigade dwell  
And if you don't know your fool better ask  
Aiyyo-yo you better pass that blunt  
And yo E, we comin' to you live with the Cosmic type stuff Well, it's that brother coming six billion feet from  
beneath  
And you should be peep-in how I get smoked-out on the weekend  
I swing it to my crew or down to my fans  
Schoolin' Hell of stackas like final exams  
'Cause, it's the, funkadelic, hit you with the irrelevant  
Elements, and it's coming through your block  
Can't you smell it trick? Wanna copy-cat my whole format  
So you get funk tracks, punch lines and skull hats Got a little Redman in town  
Who's that effin clown soundin' wack with the frown?  
I don't know man, but you better wonder what I would do  
While loud on this staff like birds one and two  
My crew runs thicka than syrup from the burough  
You get hurt up, word up, jam-med like pearl  
Knock off from blood clot puff on the rough block  
Or I peep my man, Rockafella, it don't stop On and on, and it don't quit  
Redman rockin' on to the funky shit, c'mon  
On and on, and it don't quit  
Redman rockin on to the funky shit  
I said Jersey's in the house, Jersey's in the house  
I said Brooklyn's in the house, Brooklyn's in the house  
I said Uptown's in the house, Uptown's in the house  
I said The Bronx in the hidouse, The Bronx in the hidouse Newark, New Jersey, rock rock on, word is bond  
I'm comin' in swarms, so turn your flashlights on  
Due to difficulty, my style flows while it travels across the planet  
In 48 Hours like Nick Nolte  
Droppin' the flavor, stay sky high like Pager  
I'm magical like Fantasia on paper  
I saw the Light like Kraftwerk, of course  
When the T-L-A rock shock the stuff, it's yours To your drawers, your record label got your staff gassed  
Thinkin' you gonna sell two mil' cakes real fast  
But you're blocked, and your earrings choke like a tec  
Now, who freakin' style your ass gonna steal next?

Are there any more imitators in the house? There are no  
 Bust like NBA Jams, and you can have Chicago  
 Catch the cargo, funky like a bag of Bravos  
 Way back, when I used to pump 92 KTU and Carlos I just stay funky like that  
 Make you wanna my style like a junkie on crack  
 Trick, you better back the freak up, for real now  
 When I break it down from Newark NJ to Ill Town On and on, and it don't quit  
 Redman rockin' on to the funky shit, c'mon  
 On and on, and it don't quit  
 Redman rockin' on to the funky shit  
 I said Virginia's in the house, Virginia's in the house  
 I said Cali's in the house, Cali's in the house  
 I said Atlanta's in the house, Atlanta's in the house  
 North Carolina's in the house, Carolina's in the house Yoo-hoo watch the birdie, while Red wreck your brains  
 early  
 If rap was B-Ball, I'd have assists like James Worthy  
 Dribble the rock if you got the hots to get your knot rocked  
 Twice my device, Run-D.MC's from my rock box  
 Hey you, better come clean like Jeru  
 Before I take phase two and do another pay-per-view  
 To your crew, I give a boom bip to Q-tip  
 Standin' tall like Shaq, honey I'm back, this ain't Blue Chips The new stuff, creamin' brotha's like Breyer's  
 He's heating up, nah, brotha, I'm on fire  
 Dribble dribble shootin' three pointers to the drum trick  
 Try to take my style? Blaow, and one  
 DJ Twinz in the house for the nine-square  
 My man Shaft, you don't know you better ask That bomb Chocolate City coming to you live from the ninety-fo'  
 era  
 Aiiyyo you better pass that blunt, aiiyyo check this out  
 We gonna take it to you live  
 Where Newark New Jersey drops that chocolate funk for ya  
 Everyday and all day, how we do it word is bond, word is day  
 Def Squad's in the house for the nine-fo', word is bond, word is day  
 The sad Hawthorne Ave. got the good smoke, word is bond, word is day Knotty-head niggaz in the house for  
 nine-fo', word is bond, word is day  
 Brick City brigade in the house for nine-fo', word is bond, word is day  
 Redman rocks on and on for the nine-fo', word is bond, word is day  
 Word is bond word is bond in the house I'm in the house  
 Word is bond, word is day  
 You can suck my balls and lick my butt, word bond, word d  
 Word bond, word day, word is bond, word is day  
 Check it out, check it out We comin' to you live with the Cosmic Slop  
 On the fuckin' block and we got the glocks  
 To your knot, who's the funk nigga and I'm comin' to ya hot  
 It's that, Cosmic Slop, hit you with the irrelevant, ele, yeah

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