

Da Bullshit (feat. Icadon)

Redman

Da bullshit, IC-Don motherfucker, da bullshit
Funk Doc, motherfucker, push whips, motherfucker
Na, na, chill out, who got the weed in this motherfucker, yo
Brick City, Jersey, I got the weed, homie
Na, na, na chill, chill, chill, na, na chill, where the weed at
It's da bullshit, bullshit, yo where the weed at fellas, what you lightin'Yo, yo, you motherfuckers gon' learn
When it come to this shit, I ain't about takin' turns
'Cause Doc's in the place, the cold nigga, I'm too late to thaw
Doc unfold niggas 'til they ribs is rawWhether you up the ball or ride the bitch
My pens write with a vengeance and Viagra in
Stay hard like the biceps when it's stacked
I'm gritty, I wouldn't love in a tennis matchI don't like to sign autographs half the time
I scribble my name and draw a jackass design
Calvin Kleins spilled on the floor, you just got
Dogged on the tour, so, send some new whores, H OI got a food table to warm, a new neighbor to warn
And people at the label I'm on
Crunch time, what you think the forty-four is for
When I grub, I want the whole smorgas boardGotta clean my act up and, get my thoughts straight
Stop smashin' the five and appear in the court dates
I won't ride the bike unless it's see be are
With no tricks but a bitch it'll be on nextI'm still wheel handlin, you die in a ambulance
Block prime scramblin', glock nine handlin'
Duckin' the flows of mind travelin'
You heard it before, you ain't Sunshine AndersonGot a bomb plantin' and I'm ready for more
Bitches gettin' in my party givin' head at the do
All my niggas and my shorty's and get high in the audience
I carry a gaudy gun, you'll die in the audienceThat's the bullshit, the bullshit
We walk up in the club we on the bullshit
That's the bullshit, the bullshit
Fondling your bitch ass off the bullshitThat's the bullshit, the bullshit
Brick City, Brook-non off the bullshit
That's the bullshit, that's the bullshit
That's the- nah, nah, nah, nah, chill nigga
That's the bullshitYo, I put the pressure on a man without a gun in my hand
His limpin' lenny turn around and then I pump from the pants
One nine in each arm, I get hot as I squeeze from it
Now he's a cheap ornament, died in a street tournamentPeep the clues, not deep with dudes
My Benz don't carry shoes 'cause I'm cheap as Jews
But I let off this cannon bet your fleet would move

After that I tell you and what the beat to do
Fuck the Visine, duck when I lean out the window
With a shottie with me and myself and Irene and my team
Fuck your mainstream dry off feet
I'm explosive as Simon in Die Hard 3
Now you wavin' six flags like you at GA
'Cause my gun on standby like a flight delay
Sprayin' water on all those whoever's hot
Take they mic, take they jewels, then them Bezell, Doc
Stop IC-Don, get gone, nigga I'm here
Sippin' a beer, 5th with the clip in the rear
That'll lift him off his feet, make him flip in the air
I pull big guns out, like I'm hittin' a deer
You don't really know when trouble come
When you open your door and somebody
In yo, house chewin' bubble gum
With double guns, cocked in each hand
Nigga, you about to be buried in beach sand
I don't care if you broke or not
I don't care if you sell weed, dope, coke or not
Nigga, I still smoke the glock
Give your face polka dots, y'all better hope I stop
Man doom, I kidnap a classroom
Hide 'em in the left wing of my bathroom
Do you think you could survive all that we bring, ya
Bullets, comin' at ya just as long as your finger
And every, morning I linger on the corner just drinkin'
Borin' and thinkin', how I'm 'bout to score with this ink pen
You better hope we blow on this rappin' shit
You don't want us to go under the mattresses
Shorty lookin' at me funny like I don't get bank
My house is hot bitch, I swim in my fish tank
Every car got a bar, the whole clique drink
I'm a dirty nigga, nuts sweaty, dick stink
After we fuck, I'm takin' you to S and D's
That's a lie bitch I am on ecstasy
I won't remember none of this when the X in me
So if you want sex for free, check for me, IC-Don

Songwriters

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