Down South Funk

Redman

All the way to motherfuckin' Georgia
[Incomprehensible] upto Tennessee
To motherfuckin' Texas
To North motherfuckin' Carolina
Yeah, South fuckin' Carolina
Yeah, deep down, gritty Alabama
Funk for your funkin' ass, nigga
Ha ha, barefoot walkin' motherfuckers
Yo, guess who's 'bout to stomp tonight?
Three seniors, rockin' the mic, catchin' misdemeanors
So charge us with what whatever you feel
Balls of steel, clappin' those with rap deals
Fuck hot, I'm lukewarm and still perform like a champ
Battle 'bout, airing your ass out
So who's dropping shit on what day? My click's the greatest
Chill or feel the effect of hiatus
Shit shuts down when the squad's around
It gets thinner, it's hexed like white man from town
Three the hard way can't be touched
My style's too faraway, to capture, even with help from N.A.S.A.
I'm what they call, a living legend, sha pow
That's what they call, a Mac-11, sha pow
There's two on the way down, blaow blaow
Here's two more, blaow blaow nigga
Is y'all niggaz down to ride?
(Man listen)
Would you kill for your life?
(Man listen)
Can you get busy all night?
(Man listen)
(Man listen)
I got the down south funk when I clown out punk ass
Police wanna call dogs and sound off pumps
I short your Blaupunkt's if you thump my tape
Yo dial funk if you're mo' stiff than Riker's Isle bunks
Get out your seat, E, spit out the beat
The tracks plow underground concrete out the streets
From baldies to fades, when I rock M.C.'s
Wave more flags than Puerto Rican Day parade

And give up, I got the rare footage, of fiends walkin' barefooted
Off my rhyme don't dare cook it
You might fall in to intervene and New Jacks
And they girl become pookie and that, prom queen
That body bag won't fit you tonight
You wanna blow up? Drop the mic, stick to the pipe
Hand to hand my crew'll cripple your click in a fight
Take my tapes way down south and triple the price
Step up on the scene like, "Whazzup? Hey sugah"
Before you cock-tease Doc, how that cash put up?
And only way I stop til your click say when
They had enough, 'cause I could bump to six A.M.
Is y'all niggaz down to ride?
(Man listen)
Would you kill for your life?
(Man listen)
Can you get busy all night?
(Man listen)
(Man listen)
My life is a rap, each song is a flashback
Of antagonizing anxiety attacks
The beat hits the ground and the earth cracks
Niggaz be like, "Oh no not them!", yeah we back
With rhythmatic articulation, godforsaken
Sick manifestations, pump pump in your face then
The lyrical force that I put in a rhyme
Will hit you with more power than a molecule enzyme
No matter who, what, when, where, how, I'll lay you down
With a sick illed out fictitious style
Yo, we all represent the hood, the only difference
Between us is that we make this shit look good
Programmable annual slammable
You light as a rock and I cram to understand you
So for niggaz on a mission kissin' ass and dissin'
We get even like an ambidextrous, man listen
Is y'all niggaz down to ride?
(Man listen)
Would you kill for your life?
(Man listen)
Can you get busy all night?
(Man listen)
(Man listen)
Is y'all niggaz down to ride?
(Man listen)
Would you kill for your life?

(Man listen)
Can you get busy all night?
(Man listen)
(Man listen)

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