

# 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 rhythmic 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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