Do What Ya Feel

Redman

Who wanna flip with the acrobatic
From ground zero all the way to attic, what we be smokin, Tical
The resevoir is now open
I swim the English Channel backstrokin, you don't know me or my style
We hold court and blow trial
You catch 'cal when you browse through my X-Files, who be next now
Man's down, hands down
Hold ground by yo' side when it go down, I dedicate this next dart
To my fucking heart
Little Meth he the best part, now walk with that one, word
Time Time 4 Sum Aksion
Dreamin bout Toni Braxton, blowin her back out like Bob Backlund
I'm throwin wrestlin holds
Tag team with Funk Doc, we in funk mode, take yo' best shot
If it don't hip it don't hop
If it don't quit it don't stop, that's the lifeI be the super-lyrical individual I be splittin through
That Teflon material to knock Big Ben off of schedule
Better move with a set of tools
I be doin it to mics when I'm a, heterosexual
I load the mic then cock, drop it like three-quarters
When I slaughter don't get, caught in the water
Cause the Brick's got it's own World Order
Leave your bitch in shock like the third rail caught her
Styles stay deeper than orca, I float the seven seas with ease
Did more drugs than pharmacies
So call me that lyrical Genovese, you can't compare
Get you steppin like stairs, frats, sororities
Don't make me bring it on back I fuck up the majority
Of niggas lookin hard at me, I Port 'em like Authority
And when my nigga Meth shine
Out the inner How High mobile rollin three dimes at a time
(Redman and Method Man still... "hiiiigh hiiiiiiiiigh")
It's that Jersey representer
Get hit from the bottom to your head when you enterWordJust do what ya feel and never follow (repeat 3X)
Funk Doc break it downHah, yo, suck my dick out of animosity
The velocity will fly that head and freeze yo' camps like pottery
To give lobotomies to all you rap colonies
And shunt your million dollar investment, to economy
Impossibly might be the one in black leather

Name tag sayin "Caution when wet by the track wetter"
The hash spreader, I love the grimy shit
Even my girl did grimy shit to me and I went back with her
Three years for carrying a loaded handgun
But it's forever when a nigga [chik-chik BLAAAOW] and he lands one
To your cranium
That red dot on your forehead it's not cause you Arabian
(Yo watch you say to him!)
You caught up in a tight situation
I should start erasin your whole organization for makin
Wack tunes while my whole platoon rock the basement
You couldn't come close if I gave you my bookin agent
Or producer, royalty points twelve shot loaded Luger
Even a crowd to get you souped up - you're still wack
I peel caps, on the regular
Destroy MC's et cetera, creep like The Predator
Fuck you, your label moms and yo' editor
Give you two to the jugular, blood be spreadin
All on my shirt, the king of the flirt shittin
Bitches hit me off more than New Edition
(Tweet-tweet-tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet-tweet-tweet)
I make them pigs heart skip a beat from the steel physique
So Iron Lung (one me gun done)
Get on the mic and break em off with sumthin sumthinWe moonshine and grow crops
Purchasin the handhelds with the sho' shots, it got me spittin
These slugs at my competition, in rap sessions
U-A-P ain't got no weapon, you lip professin
Next in, line, parental discretion advised
These explicit, street linguistics
Better than yo' momma biscuits, we bomb shellin
I might know but ain't tellin, too bad you missed it
Johnny, Dangerously Blaze another enemy made another due paid
Color-safe bleach so I don't fade
Scar your mental with my double edged blade, razor sharp
Get yo' bandaids hold that
Like E said, Get the Bozack
Show them wack niggas where the do's at
On the case like I'm Kojak
Kissin the grits on that Flo bitch
Flip scripts take LOOONG shits - Raider Ruckus
One, I come with premeditated redrum
Gingivitis to your filthy ass gums
Bottom line either get down or get done
Motherfucker

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