

# It's Like That (My Big Brother)

## Redman

Due to technical difficulties beyond our control  
Reggie Noble's stinkin ass will not be performing with us  
Erick Sermon, keep keep it on  
Def Squad, Erick Sermon, Redman keep keep it on  
K to M Keith Murray keep keep it on  
Keep keep on, ya don't stop  
Keep keep it on, and ya don't stop  
Keep keep it on, and ya don't stop  
K-Solo, Redman, ya don't stop  
Erick Sermon, Keith Murray ya don't stop I X'd ya amateur, damage ya, have fools jumpin off  
Cliffs grabbin their ass cheeks yellin Geronimo  
It ain't a problem at all when K solve  
Three-hundred and sixty degrees rhymes or boulevards  
Are charged, by my entourage, who put the Ram in Dodge  
Bas cla in bumba claat  
Maintain, few remain in the game  
So I remain focused and pop's the main aim Well it's the Funk Doctor Spock, the pon cock lyricist  
My mentality's so def yo I ain't even hearin this shit  
Biscuits be cockin back when I be coming  
I guess they heard how I be takin MC's out by the hundreds  
Wanted, for two million and a body alone  
And use the microphone as my accomplice  
Scientist still trippin, thinkin  
What the fuck is this funky fungus that grewed amongst us Sprayed a few, shank a few, rap crews say they  
shamed too  
But can't hang two, like we do  
Fuck them, they better bow slow  
This rhyme'll cold hit em, real quick cause I'm K-Solo  
Battle any dude, this retifuge I'm in cruise  
See what the better vet, could do, to you undouche  
You three groups, four punkses at a time  
I box two and knock em out at the drop of a dime The long faced murderer  
Servin over two billion motherfuckers a day like Mickey D's circular  
Workin a shifty hour like a burgular  
My crew herbin ya like we never even heard of ya  
Odds are evens, that I'mma be the one creepin  
My new niggas check the flows of the major deacon  
The bazaar, the rap non-superstar  
When I step up I pump volume like rah My afro blows in three-hundred sixty degrees

So this makes me, the light skinned Richard Roundtree  
Vocabularies very, loquacious  
And gregarious, pump that too, go grab the dictionary  
Fly word that we flip on the M-I-K-E mike  
My crew be like, this style's hype  
Wrong's the opposite forget the bullshhhh  
To rhyme like the K-Solo, you need more than a soul kid  
Come closer, while I lock it down like I'm supposed ta  
You battle me, you won? You might of, but then you woke up  
My turbulence will make peanut butter choke up  
Call me tha Brick City, Stock Cock Broker  
Y'all niggas is fools, playin with hood moves  
You couldn't total my amount if you sung I Missed You  
Dissed you dismissed you yeah I fixed you  
Let your girl suck on the shit that I piss through

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