It's Like That (My Big Brother)

Redman

Due to technical dificulties 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 stopI 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 aimWell 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 growed amongst usSprayed 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 dimeThe 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 rahMy 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 kidCome 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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