Rated "r"

Redman

I'm rated 'R', this is a warning
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Nah nah nah, fuck that
Don't hold me back, the Funkadelic Devil just snapped
With a rap, that's shittin' on the story of Jack Sprat
So put your money where your mouth is, watch Redman house shit
And if it's beef I'll punch you in your mouth kid
I got a heart but my heart is made out of nails
Word to Jamel, my heart pumps nails in my blood rails
I'm not a warrior or Bavarian type of nigga
I'm just quick to smoke your family then fuck your sister
That's what type of shit I'm on, word is bond
Been thinkin' about playin' that nice guy role [Incomprehensible]
'Cause every since I was an infant, I was different
Paid no attention to my moms when she ripped it
I was a hardheaded mother-eff, but had to step
'Cause she hit me with a left, then another left
That's why my brain is out of order
Because it just a quarter to manslaughter your little daughter
And do a driveby, fuck that, I walk by and I spray shit
Then carve my name in your pavement
I was rated 'X' but I flexed
I beat up the devil with a shovel so he dropped me a level
Ain't that ill? That I could just stand and watch a bloodspill
From a known rapper, but now the rapper's no frill
Just because I made a record I'm a star, that's bullshit
What's the flavor Tim? Fuck what you heard, this rated 'R'
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Back to part two of the segment, the Red bend
Mics of all types, pour beer out for my dead friends
And if I didn't know ya, to hell witcha punk
And tell the devil I'll be in town for lunch
Got Naughty in my Nature plus I'm down with O.P.P.
The best part about it, I got AIDS, bitch
Psych, I'm only kiddin', only do it to ugly women
'Cause the pretty one's puss smell like they went fishin'
I grab my dick with a tight grip, 'cause I might flip
Yo Red, kick that hype shit on who you had a fight with
I had a fight with Chuck, the punk motherfuck
Tried to stab me in the gut, so I dazed him with a uppercut
Snapped the neck on Michael Myers then I freaked it
'Cause it was August and he was talkin' this 'Trick or Treat' shit
Jason my man slangs rocks like up the block
143rd and Amsterdam by the smoke shop
Norman Bates work the night shift late
Since he dresses like his momma, I pimp him and his hoecake
Bust a maneuver Freddy Kruger, dreamed about
Me havin' him scooped, he woke up with his zooks up
That caused me to cut the hands off the man with the chainsaw
Plus I got his brain pickled in a jar
So let's get down with the funk break, 'cause they tailgate
My rap style, so to cut 'em off I truncate
And rough 'em up, tough 'em up, like bust 'em up
With the one-two punch, like servin' a customer
And if you hear a man that sounds like me smack him
Then ask him where the fuck did he get his damn raps from
I know, from me, the original P-Funk, see ya next LP chump
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