

# Pick It Up

## Redman

Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up  
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up  
If you see a bag of weed on the floor motherfucker  
What the fuck you gon' do?  
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up  
Pick it up, pick it up  
While I crack a cold Beck's and keep the hoes in check  
The double-S vest nigga, wreck the discotheque  
Sit back relax, while my Squad kick tacks  
Then tap your man back and be like, "Did you see that?"  
Yes, coming from the North, South, East, West  
Hold your nose and take a deep breath, recess  
We bless, mics, three times a day  
Three times a night, it all equals subliminal sequels  
Strictly laughing at MC's, lyrics for years that run more  
Than ten deep, niggaz be like, "Ahh, he changed his style up"  
Shut the fuck up, ya still a dick-ridah  
It's nine-six so get with it, peep that back-in-the-day shit  
When that other Squad was Hit-tin  
Listen, must we forget, I originated  
All that wild shit, that rah raow shit  
That jump up and ready to fuck shit up, now shit  
Brick City, is where we get down kid  
Peace to all my buddah smokers on Prince  
Fuck what ya heard, Brick City runs shit  
PPP got the glocks and tecs  
And Def Squad always got some fly shit on deck  
Say how yeah? Got some fly shit on deck  
Say how yeah? Got some fly shit on deck  
PPP got the glocks and tecs  
And Def Squad always got some fly shit on deck  
Say how yeah? [Incomprehensible]  
Say how yeah? [Incomprehensible]

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