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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