Do What Ya Feel

Redman

Ha ha ha ha ha
Follow just do what ya feel and I'm a follow
I'm a follow just do what ya feel and we gon' follow
Just do what ya feel and I'm a follow
Just do what ya feel and I'm a follow
Haha, Meth-Tical
Who wanna flip with the acrobatic
From ground zero all the way to attic
What we be smokin', Tical
The reservoir is now open
I swim the English Channel backstrokin'
You don't know me or my style
We hold court and blow trial
You catch 'cal when you browse through my X-Files
Who be next now, man's down, hands down
Foreground by your side when it go down
I dedicate this next dart to my fucking heart
Little Meth he the best part, now walk with that one word
Time, time 4 Sum Aksion, dreamin' 'bout Toni Braxton
Blowin' her back out like Bob Baglin
I'm throwin' wrestling holds
Tag team with Funk Doc, we in funk mode, take yo' best shot
If it don't hip it don't hop
If it don't quit it don't stop, that's the life
I be the super-lyrical individual I be splittin' through
That Teflon material to knock Big Ben off of schedule
Better move with a set of tools
I be doin' it to mics when I'm a, heterosexual
I load the mic then cock, drop it like three quarters
When I slaughter don't get caught in the water
'Cause the Brick's got it's own World Order
Leave your bitch in shock like the third rail caught her
Styles stay deeper than orca, I float the seven seas with ease
Did more drugs than pharmacies
So call me that lyrical Genovera, you can't compare
Get you steppin' like stairs, frats, sororities
Don't make me bring it on back I fuck up the majority
Of niggaz lookin' hard at me, I Port 'em like Authority
And when my nigga Meth shine

Out the inner how high mobile rollin' three dimes at a time
Redman and Method Man still
(High, high)
It's that Jersey representer
Get hit from the bottom to your head when you enter
Word, just do what ya feel and I'm a follow
Just do what ya feel and I'm a follow
Just do what ya feel and I'm a follow
Funk Doc break it down
Yo, suck my dick out of animosity
The velocity will fly that head and freeze your camps like pottery
To give lobotomies to all you rap colonies
And shunt your million dollar investment, to economy
Impossibly might be the one in black leather
Name tag sayin' caution when wet by the track wetter'
The hash spreader, I love the grimy shit
Even my girl did grimy shit to me and I went back with her
Three years for carrying a loaded handgun
But it's forever when a nigga and he lands one to your cranium
(Chik-chik blaow)
That red dot on your forehead it's not 'cause you Arabian
(Yo watch you say to him)
You caught up in a tight situation
I should start erasin' your whole organization for makin'
Wack tunes while my whole platoon rock the basement
You couldn't come close if I gave you my bookin' agent
Or producer, royalty points twelve shot loaded Luger
Even a crowd to get you souped up, you're still wack
I peel caps, on the regular
Destroy MC's et cetera, creep like the Predator
Fuck you, your label moms and your editor
Give you two to the jugular, blood be spreadin'
All on my shirt, the king of the flirt shittin'
Bitches hit me off more than New Edition
(Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet)
I make them pigs heart skip a beat from the steel physique
So Iron Lung
(One me gun done)
Get on the mic and break em off a sumthin' sumthin'
We moonshine and grow crops
Purchasin' the handhelds with the sure shots, it got me spittin'
These slugs at my competition, in rap sessions
U A P ain't got no weapon, you lip professin'
Next in, line, parental discretion advised
These explicit, street linguistics

Better than yo' momma biscuits, we bomb shellin'
I might know but ain't tellin', too bad you missed it
Johnny, Dangerously Blaze another enemy made another due paid
Color safe bleach so I don't fade
Scar your mental with my double edged blade, razor sharp
Get yo' band aids hold that
Like E said, ?Get the Bozack?
Show them wack niggaz where the do's at
On the case like I'm Kojak
Kissin' the grits on that Flo' bitch, flip scripts take long shits
Raider Ruckus one, I come with premeditated red rum
Gingivitis to your filthy ass gums
Bottom line either get down or get done, motherfucker

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