Pick It Up (Skit)

Redman

(Get on down)
Pick it up, pick it up
Pick it up, pick it up
(Get on down)
Pick it up, pick it up
Pick it up, pick it up
If you find a bag of weed on the floor motherfucker
What the fuck you gon' do?
(Get on down)
Pick it up, pick it up
Pick it up, pick it up
(Get on down)
Pick it up, pick it upWhile I crack a cold Beck's and keep the hoes in check
The double-S vest nigga wreck the discotheque
Sit back relax and while my Squad kick tacks
Then tap your man back and be like "Did you see that??"
Ahh yes, comin 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
Niggas be like "Ahh he changed his style up"
Shut the fuck up, ya still a dick-ridah
It's nine-six so get wit' 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 rrraahh rrraaoowww shit
That jump up and ready to fuck shit up now shit
Brick City!! Is where I get down kid
Peace to all my buddah smokers on Prince
Fuck what ya heard, Brick City runs shit(Get on down)
P.P.P. got the Glocks and tecs
And Def Squad always got some fly shit on deck
(Get on down)
Say what? Got some fly shit on deck
(Get on down)
Say WHAT? Got some fly shit on deck
P.P.P. got the Glocks and tecs

And Def Squad always got some fly shit on deck
(Get down)First of all, MC's be on my balls, straight up
Pubic hairs and everything, lick the whole plate up
Bay Area, roll up your Las Vegas
To all MC's, I love it that you hate us
Drop skills that might send wind chill factors
Back through Patterson, J.C
And Hacken-sack
Step uncorrect and get blackened
The assassin, find da MC's by the jazz men
I don't tote guns I tote funds
While you still puzzled how my antidote runs
Your whole vocabulary's played out, admit it
Still wack if it came out my mouth and I spit it (Get on down)
You remind me of school on a Sunday
No class, beatin all King's down
Doin over seventy, in a Hyundai, blast
Give em a good reason to open Alcatraz
Back, nobody got the Red shook
Been a weirdo ever since the doctor said PUSH
Def Squad skills make it hard to overlook me
That's why the hardcore promoters still book me
You shook G, word up, hah hah(Get on down)
If you see a bag of weed on the floor motherfucker
What the fuck you gon do
Pick it up, pick it up
(Get on down)
If you see a bitch passed out on the fuckin' ground
What the fuck you gon do
Pick her up, pick her up
(Get on down)
I keep it fly y'all
Fly fly y'all (5X)
(Get on down)Aiyyo, don't ride the dick of these real MC's
We pull Joints like Spike and blow crews to degrees
Then we buy G's with a half a pound of dope MC's
We bag for cheese just to get weed
Smoke indoneez I'm milky like Magnese
Oh-seven-one-oh-three, rest them car thieves
Guzzlin quart for sports of all sorts
Nonchalant spark buddah on the front porch
At courts, F-U-N-K-D-O-C
S-P-O-T, feel the Solo type remedy
Then freeze.... (Get on down) hah, ha-hah
Where was I? Oh yes

Sippin on Cristal with fingers up your bitch dress
Don't play close cause jealousy make folks act loc
Another nigga smoked from impression
Second guessin my verbal weapon, you're lettin
Spit, sixteen bits, come equipped
And I still walk around with the hooked up
Motorola flip on my hip, fuck the government
Drop shit, it's a microscopic topic
How I stay mo' bent than McDonald arches
And uptown got the la-la spots
And bad ass hoes with 54-11 Reeboks
But still, I walk around with the grill
Cause niggas be blinded by this hip-hop shit for real
I ain't havin that, I'm clappin shit
Fuck this rappin shit, I cause accidents
To any, MC who wonder what got in me
To get busy, it's simply Ginger and Remi
It don't stop, Def Squad crew is hot
Fillin up your brain with supreme octane, and it's on
(Get on down)

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