

Jam 4 U

Redman

Yo, this is for motherfuckers
That talk that sellout shit
I just want to jam 4 you
I just want to jam 4 you, everybody get up
I just want to jam 4 you
I just want to jam 4 you, get on up
"Get down, get down, on down", like James Brown plus I get down
But for now I, "Get on up", rhythm and funk
Makes you hump like Technotronic, I'll make the Jam Pump
Strong to the finish when I freak the fly gimmick like
"Du na da du duh", without eating my damn spinach
'Cause when I'm on a roll, that's when Redman start
To chill, round off backflip cartwheel
"Ahh, you guessed it", I know
When my afro grow that mean more rhymes to flow
But I continue, on the menu, and send you
On a jam that earthquakes the whole damn venue
It's like this, it's like that, I won't slack
I pack more steel than the cops pack blackjacks
Word is bond, the quiet storm broke your arm
When I sound off from here all the way to Hong Kong
Drop pound for pound to throw down and strut
Yo E what's that funk mode? "Get on up"
I just want to jam 4 you
I just want to jam 4 you, everybody get up
I just want to jam 4 you
I just want to jam 4 you, get on up
Check this out here, let the rough cut cut your ear
Hit Squad's the crew, I'm twenty-two and Beck's the beer
Float like Muhammad, roll-on like Secret
Me rip, the crowd in half on the sneak tip
'Til they crumble, too humble for you to stumble
I sting like a bu-bee while the others bum-bumble
Don-dan-dan, do-do-dan-ding
Extremely wild, like the hair on Don King
'Cause I kick the mode to make your brain explode
It's the huh, the funk, now I'm known around the globe
So buckle up, hush up, while I freak the funk to get down
With the sound, grab my bozack then I freeze now

On your mark, get ready, get set, let's go
With the flow to jet like Delta, or Jesse O.
Whiz with the bends I clean my front lens
With a system, that knocks harder than Rin-Tin-Tin
Without question, I'm flexy when I'm sexin'
Wicked when I Kick It like A Tribe Called Quest-in
The rude Redman rip backbones and hips to bits
Then split ya from your wrist to your armpits
But true indeed, since pop's dropped the seed
I knew I'd be, the funkier brother that ever bleeds
Rough and rugged, more nuggets in the bucket
That's dum dum dollars and yes Redman love it
Pound for pound, I throw down to make ya strut
Yo E what's that funk mode? "Get on up"
I just want to jam 4 you
I just want to jam 4 you, everybody get up
I just want to jam 4 you
I just want to jam 4 you, get on up

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