

Yesh Yesh Ya'll

Redman

"This is for the real niggas"Yo, hard beats like this keep my mentality raw
I G off C 4 lyrics to blow off them Lex door
My tex-ture be the kind that explore
MC's, I blow 'em out, metaphor after metaphor
I'm more wetter than your boy bigger
So how you figure you can fuck with this rap unemployed nigga
I should own a fly bitch house and a Benz
But I got chickenheads criminals and broke friends
That love to get ends, keep the seventeens spinnin'
Pull out from my jaw linin', commence to splittin'
Brains and body parts that motion couldn't picture
Cause when I'm shittin' niggas hit more decks than a skipper
Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Mary-Anne and Ginger
Gilligan, you need the Professor to take the rigor-
Mortis out, I got orders to kill em softly
I wouldn't leave a trace if I died and police chalked me
Who's the Boss G? You better radio the walkie talkie
For these Fatal Attract MC's that stalk me
Got a big dick in your bitch clit
When I flip this I got more work than a Olympic gymnast
Bust it, I cut the mustard, on any track
Milkier than Similac when I'm next up to bat
"Redman is on the mic and I'ma"
"Dope motherfucker, yeah, you best ask somebody""Yes, yes, y'all, and you don't stop"Fuck the talk I walk
whatever I claim to do
Knock a mule on her ass and turn the pussy black and blue
You couldn't run up if your Fighter was Virtua
I'm a round-the-clock lyricist, I sleep in my work boots
It's a Thin Line Between Love and Hate
It's a thin line between the trigger and the finger of a thirty-eight
Dust by far, my rap repertoire
Be the art of murderin' makin' it hard for you to spar
We can chill and puff the ganja, but don't be mad when the
Funk Doctor Spock smoke it with your baby mama
Get off my dick and tell your bitch to come here
Male groupies gettin' shaky when I come from the rear
Hah, that get on your nerve neighbour that play the
Music loud as fuck three in the mornin' off a paper
With mad Zul in the L-S-C

In the downtown area, scannin' the perimeter
All my boos with the open toed shoes
If you ain't gettin' that pussy eaten right, let me show you
Then let you taste these, this Brown Fox said
"Ain't No Nigga like the" -- Funk Doctor Spock G "Yes, yes, y'all, and you don't stop" As I dive into the crowd
I wanna see who the fuck gettin' loud
Who the fuck runnin' off at their mouth?
I let my nigga 50 Cent knock that ass out
Word bond, bitches talkin' bout pourin out Cristal
And Dom P they better stick to Chandon
Blackin' out wildin', smackin' out weaves
Breakin' niggas cheap ass chains and medallions
You're just a part time sucker in the game
Shit is real motherfucker start namin' names
And if you name my name I whoop ass like Steven Seagal
Give you Under Siege 2 without the fuckin' train
Let your brains hang from the 808 bang
And if I wrecked your cipher then my Squad is to blame "Yes, yes, y'all, and you don't stop" We'll be right back
with some more funk shit
For all you stankin' asses after we pay these bills

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