

Whateva Man

Redman

Microphone check one two
Aye yo, you ready to get down man?
Yo, whateva' man
You ready to get drunk as fuck?
Whateva' man
You, you sayin' somethin'?
Whateva man
Aye yo
Whateva man
Check it, Kool V(I keeps it bangin', keep it swangin'
Mike type of sangin')
Oh-la-la-la!
(So what cha sayin')Yo, I'm smokin' herbals till it hurts you
I keep your daughter way out past her curfew
Hard far from commercial
(So what cha mean nigga)
We don't give a fuck when we smoked out
In the land that's doped out [it's like that?] no doubt
From this bomb weed, I cock from the streets
Get you open like butt cheeks, from girls who be freaks
Aye yo, can I be S.W.V.?
You the One nigga
Rap Shogun, yes E the one
Yo, I'm rollin' with a forty pack of niggas
Get my weed from Branson cause his sack's bigger
Yo give me dap nigga
What I clap lyrically tap call back
Ferocious causin comatoses to collapse
So chinky eyed I see people wavin on a map
I make it hotter than your thermostats (beep beep beep beep)
Bomb MC's with rough megahertz so call me
Funk Doctor verbal Starburst, lyrical expert
Your boombox better form a union
Cause I leave your circus overworked, word bond
Niggaz front like they want it
But I be in the five hundred with E steadily gettin' blunted
Damn nigga you cool at what you spittin'
So why you holdin' the blunt so long politickin'
Huh, I ace them blunts with the technician

Of electrician, I don't got a pot to piss in
But still spend my last on hydroglycerin'
I keep it live no jive rollin' Dutches
That's Masters like the Furious Five
I, keep your crew chinky eyed, for bitches actin' dog
(Can you hit it from the back?)
Why not, while we toke on this(Oh daddy, aye)Yo, you ready to roll this weed up?
Whateva man
You ready to knock this nigga out?
Whateva man
Yo, you ready to get this chedda?
Whateva man
You ready to start this shit off?
Whateva manI smoked with a lot of college, students
Most of em, wasn't graduatin' and they knew it
You know the weed slang? Yeah boy I speak it fluent
I light your college dorm with my entourage from Newark
Bigger they come, harder they fall
That goes for, knuckleheads, MC's, pussy walls and all
I lit my first L before I started to crawl
I got my ass whapped when I had my first brawl
But things changed since I was twelve years old
I specialize in wreckin' mics and area codes
Now, P.P.P. the kinda niggas that'll bug witcha
Smoke bud witcha, later on stick a sluginya
Everything that's like green ain't the bomb bitch
I got different forms to make you lose your calm bitch
Read my lips, you ain't hittin' unless you got
Ten on it, get on it, or get the fuck out my cypherYou ready to roll this weed up?
Whateva man
You ready to rob this nigga?
Whateva man
You ready to fuck bitch?
Whateva man
You ready to guzzle this liquor?
Whateva man

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