

# Rated R

## Redman

Nah nah nah, fuck that!  
Don't hold me back, the Funkadelic Devil just snapped  
With a rap, that's shittin on the story of Jack Sprat  
So put your money where your mouth is, watch Redman house shit  
And if it's beef I'll punch you in your mouth kid ('Damn!')  
I got a heart but my heart is made out of nails  
Word to ?Jamel?, my heart pumps nails in my blood rails  
I'm not a warrior or barbarian type of nigga  
I'm just quick to smoke your family then fuck your sister  
That's what type of shit I'm on, word is bond  
Been thinkin about playin that nice guy role  
Cause every since I was an infrant I was different  
Paid no attention to my moms when she ripped it  
I was a hardheaded mother-eff, but had to step  
Cause she hit me with a left, then another left  
That's why my brain is out of order  
Because it takes just a quarter to manslaughter your little daughter  
And do a driveby, fuck that, I walk by and I spray shit  
Then carve my name in your pavement  
I was Rated 'X' but I flexed  
I beat up the devil with a shovel so he dropped me a level  
Ain't that ill? That I could just stand and watch a bloodspill  
From a known rapper, but now the rapper's no frill  
Just because I made a record I'm a star, that's bullshit  
What's the flavor ?Tim? (Fuck what you heard, this rated R) Back to part two of the segment, the Red bend  
Mics of all types, pour beer out for my dead friends  
And if I didn't know ya, to hell witcha punk  
And tell the devil I'll be in town for lunch (heh heh heh heh)  
Got Naughty in my Nature plus I'm down with O.P.P  
The best part about it, I got AIDS, bitch!  
Psych, I'm only kiddin, only do it to ugly women  
Cause the pretty one's puss smell like they went fishin  
I grab my dick with a tight grip, cause I might flip  
(Yo Red, kick that hype shit on who you had a fight with!)  
I had a fight with Chuck, the punk motherfuck  
Tried to stab me in the gut, so I dazed him with a uppercut (BING!)  
Snapped the neck on Michael Myers then I freaked it; cause it was August  
And he was talkin this trick or treat shit (Trick or treat!)  
Jason my man slangs rocks like up the block

143rd and Amsterdam by the smoke shop  
Norman Bates work the night shift late  
Since he dresses like his momma, I pimp him and his hoe cake  
Bust a maneuver Freddy Kruger, dreamed about  
Me havin' him scooped up, he woke up with his dukes up  
That caused me to cut the hands off the man with the chainsaw  
Plus I got his brain pickled in a jar  
So let's get down with the funk break, cause they tailgate  
My rap style, so to cut em off I truncate  
And rough em up, tough em up, like bust em up  
With the one-two punch, like servin a customer  
And if you hear a man that sounds like me smack him  
Then ask him where the fuck did he get his damn raps from  
I know, from me, THE original P-Funk  
See ya next LP chump!

Songwriters

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