Case Closed

Redman

Amazing grace how sweet the sound is of the fo' pound
To blast all these sound men that got the po' sound
Yippee-ki-yay, motherfuckers here's the show down
But since we're broke now with dope sounds now here we go now
Check the motion while I be puffin the potent
Blow spots and urban networks with other experts
Plus this thing between my ear thinks clear
And the only thing it fears is the man upstairs
So fuck your bulletproof gear
If I decide to get your ass you better believe it's more than a blast
(boo-ya) More like rough paragraphs out Alcatraz
And ash, your staff, let the grime our your ass
Everybody's hustling with sons toting guns
Where Reggie Noble's from we stick nuns that got funds
Bomb niggas like they did in Oklahoma
Freez, you're froze, Def Squad UHH, case closedI be the, sneaky, second dimension, seeping through your sector
Have nectar, leaking out you wack rhyme stressers
Extra deez disease leave rashes on rappers
Makin MC's so feel the breeze of the Grandmaster
Packed with swift solid style structure
Simonizing MC's with the degree of street ruckus
Aiyyo who got guns? I split precise, spleen splitter
Return my physical presence to the borough of the hard hitters
I devour, night sun shower, minutes last hour, weak man's last power
Body, the six four mind shotty
The one you handle, second dimension mind vandal
Lacerating your retina for tryin to see this
As I'm flowin through the prism of the X-3-D
See at forty belows I freak flows that burn your nose
When you inhale the verbal blows, case closedAiyyo, why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?
(Aiyyo, why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?)
Yo, don't you know, who I am motherfucker?
Redman's the name fool
(That's my nigga!)
Why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?
(Aiyyo, why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?)
Yo, don't you know, who they are motherfucker?
(Crossbreed's the crew fool)

Them my niggas!Things ain't easy, cuz we be, strugglin day to day
A bunch of stressed black men with not really much to say
Twistin up some brown paper that we struggle just to get
All the deaf dumb and blind become mentally equipped
As I extend my pen to wreak havoc on paper
I execute and burn MC's like Absolut with no chaser
Strong as chemical the general with props
Past wreckin mics, I make the Earth shatter like the 7th sign
My drama bring about a new aura
I'm sending a plague through your town like God did Sodom and Gomorrah
The deepest, my vocals actions got you speechless
Make gangsta niggas wanna go home and talk to Jesus
No man alive could figure we, beating rappers literally
X-3-D get up on this three dimensional trilogy
Got no love for foes, no respect for grimy hoes
Nuff said, X-3-D blowing up, case closed

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