Cosmic Slop

Redman

Yeah, 'bout to fly that knot
Redman, Keith Murray, Erick Sermon with the, Cosmic Slop
And we all pack glocks
Word is Bond, word is bond, fuck around and get shotAs I flip, skip to the beat, on wax, and tax
I react with tons of macs, a ball, and some jumping jacks
Flyin' expert, puttin' in work
No question, cosmic funk and weed sessionLike GangStarr, step up, it's Hard to Earn
But I change up the mode, and blow up the globe
The bandit, spittin' dialect, umm
Catchin' wreck umm, one, two, microphone checkAttention passenger's
We're on a non-central journey
To Hell and beyond
Funkadelic drop the bombI'm that type of nigga to give it to ya
My Cosmic Slop rules all blocks with funk maneuvers
My flow freeze the Nile, The Funk Child splits the river
Then I crush, like the bom-ba-zee was rushed, through my verbal lustI'm spaced out, I lost my mind on Cloud 19
Visine for eyes, when I blow Alpines
Dial 9, 0 0, for the hero of the weirdos
I hope my brain don't bust, transform into a 7-11 Slurpie SlushIt's the fly, my music will burn eyes, twice the chemical of Clorox
Then I do an autopse on four cops
When my jaws drop, ock, I fidget my nuts alot
Got the two glocks, with oowops then bodies trace the chalkI'm like an eclipse on a Friday, the 13th
With black cats and Haley's Comet, blazin' blunts in my driveway
Nostradamus predicted, for you funk fiends
That Def Squad will get the fuckin' cream like Noxem, yeahFor those that remember pics and afros
Platform shoes and bell-bottoms some got 'em
Spaced out, way out, is what I'm talkin' about
In the Cosmic Slop of the GhettoWith amazing manifestations, I dictate to nations
More Cosmic Funk innovations in my creation
This Cosmic sick mic cylcicyst
Mega segments, be Sega, like GenesisI orbits the solar system, listenin'
Guzzlin', never sippin', or slippin' and sympin' when the track is rippin'
I gotcha brain cells bendin' and twistin'
Man listen, I give your whole crew a ass drenchin'Just for mentionin', goin' that route, runnin' yo mouth
You get your head smacked off towards down South
And your crew too will be spaced out, way out, no doubt
Y'all niggaz need to stop and get with this Cosmic Slop
Cosmic Slop, Cosmic SlopAnd now, we program, we program

Pop in the disk and who the hell is this?

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