

# Yesh Yesh Ya'll

## Redman

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 then blow em out, metaphor after metaphor  
I'm more wetter than your boy bigger  
So how you figure you can fuck with this rap unemploy nigga  
I should own a fly bitch house and a Benz  
But I got chickenheads criminals and broke friends  
that love to get in, keep the seventeen spinnin  
Pull out from my jaw linin, commence to split end  
Brains and body parts that motion couldn't picture  
Cause when I'm shittin niggaz hit mo decks than a skipper  
Mr and Mrs Howe, MaryAnne and Ginger  
Gilligan, you need the Professor to take the rigger  
waters 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 the Fatal Attract MC's that stalk me  
Got a big dick and your bitch click  
When I flip this I got more work than a olympic gymnast  
Bust it, I cut the mustard, on any track  
Milkier than Similak when I'm next up to bat  
("Redman is on the mic and I'ma..."  
"Dope motherfucker, yeah, you best ax somebody" -- Snoop)  
(Yesh yesh y'all, and you don't stop -- Sermon 8X)  
Fuck the talk I walk whatever I claim to do  
Knock a mule on her ass and turn her 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  
Deaths by far, my rap repatoire  
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 neighbor 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  
(Yesh yesh y'all, and you don't stop -- Sermon 4X)  
As I dive into the crowd  
I wanna see who the fuck gettin loud  
Who da fuck runnin off at dey mouf?  
I let my nigga Fifty Cent knock that ass out  
Word bond, bitches talkin bout pourin out Cristal  
and Dom P they better stick to Sade  
Blackin out whylin, smackin out weaves  
Break niggaz 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  
(Yesh yesh y'all, and you don't stop -- Erick Sermon 12X then fades)  
We'll be right back with some more funk shit  
for all you stankin asses after we pay these bills

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