

# 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 shot  
As 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 session  
Like Gang Starr, 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 check  
Attention passenger's  
We're on a non-central journey  
To Hell and beyond  
Funkadelic drop the bomb  
I'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 lust  
I'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 Slush  
It's the fly, my music will burn eyes, twice the  
chemical of Clorox  
Then I do an autopsy on four cops  
When my jaws drop, ock, I fidget my nuts alot  
Got the two glocks, with oowops then bodies trace the chalk  
I'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, yeah  
For 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 Ghetto  
With amazing manifestations, I dictate to nations  
More Cosmic Funk innovations in my creation  
This Cosmic sick mic cylecyst  
Mega segments, be Sega, like Genesis  
I 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 Slop  
And now, we program, we program

Pop in the disk and who the hell is this?

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