Boodah Break

Redman

Yo, yo, yo, hah
If you got your motherfuckin' lighters
Light 'em up, light 'em up, light 'em up, light 'em up
(D, that's me)
We're gonna take this time out to smoke a blunt, ha hah
All your Buddha smokers roll it up, roll it up
(D, that's me)
If y'all really like to rock the funky beats
Somebody in the house say, ?Hell yeah?
(Hell yeah)
Yo, I like that from the people up top
Check this out
Yo, check the newsflash
Grab the mic, buck until my neck gets whiplash
My lethal weapon tongue need a gun permit badge
Mastermind any flow that can shine
Doc walk the blocks like either yo' ass or mine
Jersey style for dead presidents I'll whoop your ass
With one leg, Kirby style, for thirty miles
Shut the Fawcett to Farah
Drain the Panama Canal up, that'll run like mascara
I pour the Dom like friends at Don Pooh party
Before Mr. T my jewels was too gaudy
My foul mouth turn a New York crowd out
Reach out and touch and use nine to dial out
So Brick City are ya ready, ready?
So D.C. are ya ready, ready?
Yo. cheers to the undaground, Doc's Da Name
Rap is like the NBA, I love this game
Yo yo, to all my niggaz and bitches
Across the ghetto United States
If you high as hell ridin' in your car
Honk your horns, yeah and light it up
Light it up, light it up, yo, light it up
Ha hah, signin' off, truly yours
Funk Doctor Spock, rocks da world motherfuckers

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