

# Red Hot Riplets

Murphy Lee

[Incomprehensible]Got shit 'coz I dare too much  
Gimme, gimme, got shit 'coz I dare too much  
Gimme, gimme, got shit 'coz I dare too much  
Gimme, gimme  
Uh, uh, uh, uh  
I'm automatical, infatical, radical even  
I wanna clear all the misconceptions and shit ya believe in  
I'm leavin' nothin' to the imagination  
I won't stop on my emanicipation, proclamation  
Through the radio stations  
Facin' me, ain't that hard but it ain't that easy  
Like I don't know when to play hard and when to play easy  
Believe me, George and Weezy couldn't move up this fast  
I'm lappin' everybody can't tell if I'm first or last  
It won't hurt ya ass, but it might hurt yo ass  
To come trippin', find dirty got the perfect stash  
The perfect gat, left in ya ass thought I would run  
Laughin' at them niggaz who thought derry was done  
I'm a son of a G, I'm not a son of bitch  
I'm makin' sure that my son and my sons gon' be rich  
Daughters and my daughters in no particular order  
I leave 'em layin' up out the water wit straps to protect they ball up  
'Coz I call it  
I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?  
Wit my red hot riplets  
Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man  
You all that and a bag of chips  
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip  
That's all  
I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?  
Wit my red hot riplets  
Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man  
You all that and a bag of chips  
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip  
That's all  
Baby girl, you sweeter than Kool-Aid, the red flavor  
"Ooh that's my favorite", yeah I know my game is major  
She gave me her card, she said I can page her  
I was gon' wait a couple of days but I did her a favor

Call her now, invite myself awake the neighbors  
    Beatin' loud, swoopin' like a caped crusader  
        Without the cape, without the tights  
Her baby daddy was the type to have a truck like mine  
    No beach rims, no door pipes  
Of course that, I love her apple bottom short set  
She got upset, I said she couldn't fire up a cigarette  
    Small brat, ain't used to cats wit short stacks  
If you ask me for summin', drop her off where the porch at  
    I'm on a mission, turn the keys in the ignition  
    Beat steady, beatin' Tweeter steady whistlin'  
        She's seen my glisten, started to trip  
    Murph, she's all that and a bag of chips  
        I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?  
        Wit my red hot riplets  
    Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man  
        You all that and a bag of chips  
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip  
    That's all  
        I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?  
        Wit my red hot riplets  
    Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man  
        You all that and a bag of chips  
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip  
    That's all  
Look, I want some mushu whether I'm in Cali or Cancun  
    No goin' out, I like to stay in my damn room, damn  
    She got a donkey-o, this must be a damn zoo, ooh  
    Look at the monkey yo, she must be a baboon!  
    Please don't feed me mama, I'm like an animal  
    Especially after 12, can you handle my stamina?  
    You won't believe the things I say when you walk by  
My game cool but when it's on but it's hot when I talk high  
    Now ought I take you home but am I wrong  
    I'm a kid ma, you know I don't wanna be Home Alone  
Plus I felt summin' therre when we was dancin' on that song  
    I like togetherness, can we all get along?  
    Can we all, get in my car and talk about it in the morn'  
    And make decisions when wake up and yawn  
    Come on, you can tell me if you like it or not  
    'Coz I'ma have my Kool-Aid and my riplets red hot  
        I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?  
        Wit my red hot riplets  
    Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man  
        You all that and a bag of chips

And I just wanna know if me and you can dip  
That's all  
I need some Kool-Aid, whaa?  
Wit my red hot riplets  
Tell 'em what ya, tell 'em what mean man  
You all that and a bag of chips  
And I just wanna know if me and you can dip  
That's all  
Yo, yo, them muthafuckas just too damn hot  
Nigga like the pie in the window  
Cross the gun line and even get shot to find the indo  
Eatin' red hot, riplets promotin' passin' out snippets  
Seen you walkin' wit the triplets, I'm clubbin' lookin' terrific  
I need some Kool-Aid, shit I got to get it wit it  
Put my spoon up in ya pitcher see if it fit up in it  
And smoke for a second, and told her I'll wreck it  
Told her groupie connection, got in the room and told her get naked  
Told the Lunatics, told her how I reflect it  
Lemme show you from the Show-Me, no talk fo sho respect it  
And ya red hot butt and now ya say ya hearin' not  
It's the rap Fred Flintstone, I makin' the Bed Rock  
I give it to ya never failin' ya, handlin' business I'm tellin' ya  
You ever need me again I'ma be through in on my celluar  
And I'ma store y'all never on the red hot riplets and Kool-Aid  
I need my money nigga

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>