

# Gimmie One

## Redman

Gilla House, take it from the top like this \*\*\*Yo, Redman 'Back In Business' like EPM

D whips I drive, I gotta TV 'em

I tour New York down, so B.B. King 'em

Found my way back home like E.T. finger I rock the arena, you know the drill

Get high, get drunk, grab a \*\*\* and chill

Eat a meal, then back to the hood for more action

Promotin' Red Gone Wild with no backin Doc get five on the mic like Joe Jackson

Foreign \*\*\* feelin me for my accent

Talk like a boss, I can't complain

When I do it, it's big like Fulton in St. James I got Brick City, even D.C. \*\*\*

They all steal for me outta P.C. Riches

I move like a pimp, but I'm far from one

Like Lil' Weez, I got army guns, gimmie 1, \*\*\*1 and here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4

And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1

(Gimmie 1, \*\*\*) And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4

And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1

(Gimmie 1, \*\*\*) And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4

And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1

(Gimmie 1, \*\*\*)

And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4 Yo, if you don't like me, \*\*\* you, I flex one muscle

Doc got more effects than Kung Fu Hustle

I'm uptown, buyin the perk

Lookin cut clean, jeans, Moschino designer shirt Redman fell off, what the talks about?

I wasn't lettin y'all swim when the shark was out

Rollin red carpet out, it's Jersey

Me and em together is like Lil' Seymour and Big Percy I knew women from high school that picked on me

Now I see em, they all wanna lick on me

I hood down homie, rock like Bon Jovi

I can work the nightshift like he, Brian Mobley Brick City boy, my flow is on fire

Disagree, I go in your mouth like Botox

Pick up Pete Rock, \*\*\*, we all cool

Hit the highway and ask, is the CL smooth? \*\*\*1 and here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4

And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1

(Gimmie 1, \*\*\*) And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4

And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1

(Gimmie 1, \*\*\*) And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4

And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1

(Gimmie 1, \*\*\*)

And here comes the 2 to the 3 and Yo, your style might be Parkay, but mine butter

That \*\*\* can't break no bread, then why \*\*\* her?  
I'm kinda cocky homeboy, did I stutter?  
I pop the umbilical cord on my mother I jumped out the womb, I became a whale  
That's hard to harpoon, I need more room  
The hood love me, so I keep it real gully  
I got handsome, but my flow is still ugly Turn the treble out the track and I'll jet  
The lines in my rhyme is longer than Ikea  
I stay on my grind, but when I come up with an Idea  
The year, is party over here It's 5 years I disappeared, but I'm back  
And tell Nino Brown and em that I'm crack  
Grab my bozack, middle finger is up  
I got your grandma givin it up, gimmie 1, \*\*\*1 and here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4  
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1  
(Gimmie 1, \*\*\*) And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4  
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