

Can't Wait (Wun Two Remix)

Redman

I'm like row row like I have cerebral palsy
My flows be's wet like all you girls drawers be
Crack the dill's spread the Buddha in the hid-ouse
Roll it up and Diddas, who tipped in for the 10 bag
Etcetera, I roll my blunts with two textures
Pick up 50 bags and then I smoke all the extras
It's the truth like funk 180 proof
Don't drop your drawers I'll fuck through your daisy dukes, true
Put your fingers up in the air if your high
I walk by, so f-in' dry
I swing up in it 'bout an average as half as
Good as Reggie Jackson's that's why you talk backwards
And touch bills and Bogart shit like Humphrey
You couldn't beat me if you ran with 21 Jumpstreet
Or 90210 fuck it yo, in the movies
I'm the Nigga puffin' Buddha in the back row[Chorus:]
I can't wait to get it on [Repeat 8x]I'm just a smoky boy, I'm from the land of the lost
You can't see me like Charlie Angel's boss
I'm often coolin' round the Bliddocks
I rock round the Cliddock
My Gliddock cocked from here to 16 for Liddocks
I tried to Thomas if I'm gettin' scopic
I was built like two tits but now I'm butter like Blue Bonnet
Now who got the funk, we got the funk
A yo well, I got the weed, we got the blunt
I never sniff, I used to puff Buddha's in the jail
Back in 88 when it was 20 cent a gram
You couldn't read me in braille, hell
I write my names on walls in smoke spots when I'm buyin' L
The fly guy with force like Luke sky
Down for 8 ball see twa bitch if you fly
The funkadelic been rockin' mic's since the fourth grade
I terminate like X and I terminate like Schwarzenegge'
Dum di dum, rock like Buju Banton
Soup like won ton, fuck by the ton
Please, my whole crew's makin' cheese
Tonight's the night baby so suck up on these
And it's on[Chorus]I said, I catch the A-train to the left, smoke the junk
I set shit off like Boba Fett.

Big up to all my Nigga's in the housing projects
I'm Runnin' up in your contingents and split your guts, round and round
If you get scared of my lines when I rock well
Got wits like Pernell, shits the bomb like Akinyele
Rickety rock it, mind be best to knock this
Waste Nigga's like toxic, wet like galoshes
Can I handle my biz? Yes you can
I 'cause chaos and bring a lot of def to jams
Yes I can, now ask to get out
Pop the trunk, clu-clunk and now give me a ba-bump ba-bump
Oh, cool, smooth like two blue suede shoes
Y'all faggot's stepped on my Huffman and Co's
Word to Dan, tan, pillow and cool be
Switchin' speeds like Bruce Lee ridin' a Fuji in a movie
I drop on the one, fuck the two three
Funky like a box of Coochies on looseleaf Yo yo I said
Switchin' up speeds, like Bruce Lee
Ridin a Fuji, in a movie
I've been sayin' some shit
Now, if you didn't get it
Laugh now... And figure that shit out when you get home

Songwriters

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