Wrong 4 Dat

Redman

This is WKYA, We Kickin' Yo' Ass radio
All you motherfuckers out there that wanna get down with the pound
Put your motherfuckin' pounds up, and start bustin' the motherfuckers
Am I too loud for this motherfucker? Turn me down a little bit
Yeah forget
Yeah yeah yeah
Yo, first of all I'm a grown-ass man, pay my own bills
Stated own real, haters gon' feel direct syndrome
Mouth with cold tongue, you bounty hunters be on the chase
For Joe Young, I won't slip keep pink slips to my car
I'm raw like sushi bars on boogie broads, I retrieve the money
Dawg Labrador, Ray Charles can see it, and Stacy Lattisaw
You get mashed out, 'cause your bird is peckin',
Don't be the next vinyl cut to 'Urban Legend', I can feel where you at
When I pound you up, you out of town coke rhymes
Oh you clowns is up my crew stay in the truck, can't fit in the Porsche
If you bitches ain't happy, then get a divorce, I'ma do what I want
'Cause my time is now, grab the whole rap game, and divide it down
If I wanna roll a Jeep with a seat out the back
Bitch feet out the back, system beat out the track
Am I wrong for dat? Dawg, am I wrong for dat?
Yo yo, if I walk into the club with my hand on my snub
Beatin' down security 'cause I don't give a fuck
Am I wrong for dat? Dawg, am I wrong for dat?
Yo Keith, yo yo Keith
I copped the whole box, went half with Reginald, hollow tips
Infrareds and clips came free and you ain't gotta believe me
Fuck bein' nervous far as I'm concerned they're at your funeral service
What do we have here? Snitch in despair, shoot off his ear
Have his whole body shakin' in fear storm trooper fires throwin'
Lashin' out flames a few ashes, when they analyze your remains
I live in the streets, reside with the toolie, I kill you like it's part
Of my religious duty, street sweeper thug keeper sweepin' thugs
Under the rug even females who think they thugs trigger the release
Of adrenaline, when I'm gangsta-trippin' like the bloods 'n' crips 'n' 'em
Unleash the matter of energy, killin' 'em, why'd you do it?
Because I wasn't feelin' 'em
If I ride through the hood, smokin' a ounce of haze
With a shabby haircut, pants I wore for days

Am I wrong for dat? C'mon bitch, am I wrong for dat?
Yo, if I want a fat chick that keep her toes done
When they playin' my song ass spill out the thong
Am I wrong for dat? Am I wrong for dat?
I gotta, bang the boogie to that bang bang pussy
To that bang to the pussy the beat, beat, and if yo'
Bitch ain't sippin' that Cristal shit then she might be leavin' with D. D
I got a hairy-ass chest, like Austin Powers, that bitch
That "Stan" drowned, I fucked around with her, act like a man
Stand on your own two, doc takin' it all, fuck who it belong to

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