

# Whateva Man (feat. Erick Sermon)

## Redman

Microphone check one two  
Aye yo, you ready to get down man?  
Yo, whateva' man  
You ready to get drunk as fuck?  
Whateva' man  
You, you sayin' somethin'?  
Whateva man  
Aye yo  
Whateva man  
Check it, Kool V(I keeps it bangin', keep it swangin'  
Mike type of sangin')  
Oh-la-la-la!  
(So what cha sayin')Yo, I'm smokin' herbals till it hurts you  
I keep your daughter way out past her curfew  
Hard far from commercial  
(So what cha mean nigga)  
We don't give a fuck when we smoked out  
In the land that's doped out [it's like that?] no doubt  
From this bomb weed, I cock from the streets  
Get you open like butt cheeks, from girls who be freaks  
Aye yo, can I be S.W.V.?  
You the One nigga  
Rap Shogun, yes E the one  
Yo, I'm rollin' with a forty pack of niggas  
Get my weed from Branson cause his sack's bigger  
Yo give me dap nigga  
What I clap lyrically tap call back  
Ferocious causin comatoses to collapse  
So chinky eyed I see people wavin on a map  
I make it hotter than your thermostats (beep beep beep beep)  
Bomb MC's with rough megahertz so call me  
Funk Doctor verbal Starburst, lyrical expert  
Your boombox better form a union  
Cause I leave your circus overworked, word bond  
Niggaz front like they want it  
But I be in the five hundred with E steadily gettin' blunted  
Damn nigga you cool at what you spittin'  
So why you holdin' the blunt so long politickin'  
Huh, I ace them blunts with the technician

Of electrician, I don't got a pot to piss in  
But still spend my last on hydroglycerin'  
I keep it live no jive rollin' Dutches  
That's Masters like the Furious Five  
I, keep your crew chinky eyed, for bitches actin' dog  
(Can you hit it from the back?)  
Why not, while we toke on this(Oh daddy, aye)Yo, you ready to roll this weed up?  
Whateva man  
You ready to knock this nigga out?  
Whateva man  
Yo, you ready to get this chedda?  
Whateva man  
You ready to start this shit off?  
Whateva manI smoked with a lot of college, students  
Most of em, wasn't graduatin' and they knew it  
You know the weed slang? Yeah boy I speak it fluent  
I light your college dorm with my entourage from Newark  
Bigger they come, harder they fall  
That goes for, knuckleheads, MC's, pussy walls and all  
I lit my first L before I started to crawl  
I got my ass whapped when I had my first brawl  
But things changed since I was twelve years old  
I specialize in wreckin' mics and area codes  
Now, P.P.P. the kinda niggas that'll bug witcha  
Smoke bud witcha, later on stick a sluginya  
Everything that's like green ain't the bomb bitch  
I got different forms to make you lose your calm bitch  
Read my lips, you ain't hittin' unless you got  
Ten on it, get on it, or get the fuck out my cypherYou ready to roll this weed up?  
Whateva man  
You ready to rob this nigga?  
Whateva man  
You ready to fuck bitch?  
Whateva man  
You ready to guzzle this liquor?  
Whateva man

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