Iz He 4 Real

Redman

Somebody light the fuse so I can bring bad news
To all these crews who can't NBA Jam with the shoes
That double shot Hennessy got my mind trippin'
Drunk enough to start a campaign on ass kickin'
With my nigga Keith who give assists like Scott Pippen
For MC derelict whippin, cap or cock twistin
Drop your money in the slot if your block don't got
A real representer cocked for action like my block got
Rhyme skills three and a quarter for them drop tops
Your caliber, straight up pussy who pop Glocks
While I kick facts react on funky tracks
Give me room like the Hyatt while I run this jungle habitat
And if I snap get that monkey off my back
Me and mic's together roll tighter than Slick and Vance Wright
Toast to the real MCs that can feel me
And if your bitch ain't jumpin now then later on she will be
All these weak punk MC's kill me
They don't thrill me, come to Jerz and get Jacked like Jill GHoo, ha ("Iz he for real he can't be")

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