Cosmic Slop (feat. Erick Sermon & Keith Murray)

Redman

Yeah, bout to fly that knot
Redman, Keith Murray, Erick Sermon with the, cosmic slop
And we all pack glocks
Word is bond, word is bond
Fuck around and get shotAs I flip, skip to the beat, on wax, and tax
I react with tons of macs, a ball, and some jumping jacks
Flyin expert, puttin in work
No question, cosmic funk and weed session
Like Gangstarr, step up, it's hard to earn
But I change up the mode, and blow up the globe
The bandit, spittin dialect umm (ummm)
Catchin wreck umm (ummm)
One two micraphone check (ummm)attention passenger's we're on a non-central journey to hell and beyond
Funkadelic drop the bomb!!Boo-yaa!
I'm that type of nigga to give it to ya
My cosmic slop rules all blocks with funk maneuvers
My flow freeze the Nile, the funk child splits the river
Then I crush, like the bom-ba-zee was rushed, through my verbal lust
I'm spaced out, I lost my mind on cloud nineteen
Visine for eyes, when I blow alpines
Dial 9, 0-0, for the hero of the weirdos
I hope my brain don't bust
Transform into a 7-11 Slurpie slush
It's the fly, my music will burn eyes
Twice the chemical of Clorox
Then I do an autopse on four cops
When my jaws drop, ock, I fidget my nuts a lot
Got the two glocks, with oowops then bodies trace the chalk
I'm like an eclipse on a Friday, the 13th
With black cats and Haley's comet, blazin blunts in my driveway
Nostradamus predicted, for you funk fiends
That def squad will get the fuckin cream like noxem...geyeahfor those that remember pics and afros (it's on like that)
platform shoes and bell-bottoms some got em
spaced out, way out, is what I'm talkin about
in the cosmic slop of the ghetto
Zuzuzuzuzu, zuzuzu, zuzu zuzu zuzu
Zu zuzu, zuzu zuzu zuzu zuzu zuzu zuzuWith amazing manifestations, I dictate to nations

More cosmic funk innovations in my creation
This cosmic sick mic cylcicyst
Mega segments, be sega, like genesis
I orbits the solar system, listenin
Guzzlin, never sippin, or slippin and sympin when the track is rippin
I gotcha brain cells bendin and twistin
Man listen, I give your whole crew a ass drenchin
Just for mentionin, goin that route, runnin yo mouth
You get your head smacked off towards down south
And your crew too will be spaced out
Way out, no doubt, y'all niggaz need to stop
And get with this cosmic slop(Cosmic slop, cosmic slop)And now, we program, we program
Pop in the disk and who the hell is this?

Songwriters
RALPH MIDDLEBROOKS, MARVIN PIERCE, WALTER MORRISON, LEROY BONNER, GREGORY WEBSTER, KEITH MURRAY, ERICK SERMON, MARSHALL JONES, ANDREW NOLAND, NORMAN NAPIER, REGGIE NOBLEPublished by
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