

# 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 autopsy 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  
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