What U Lookin' 4

Redman

It goes one for the mind and two for the money
Who dat wit skull tattooes and his nose runny
It's me, that funky M C, the rrr-ah E
Indubitably, I'm jersey down to mitentry
Officer, you're hawkin' the, ninety-three landcruise
When it's real criminals, you should be watchin' for
Get off my dick for what you don't got
Plus you probably never licked a shot on your block
Walkin' to my car witcha nine out the holster
Put your hands on the steering wheel like ya supposed ta
I cooperate don't give the redneck no hassle
Because too many mistakes be happening to black folk
I said, "What the fuck are you lookin 4?"
Can't a young man make money anymore?
Hah hah, leave ya butt naked
I said, "What the fuck are you lookin 4?"
Can't a young man make money anymore?
Aiyyo stash that weed up while me and the cop is riffin'
Damn I knew I shoulda got that stash box built-in
But it's alright 'cause me and my niggaz roll tight
We all think alike, we jump out whoever packin' pipe
Don't they know who's the freak from the east?
I get faded like chong and cheech without bleach
And started spittin' game 'fore these cops start to reach
On these creeps, showin' mentality from the streets
Even though we had a half a pound by the seats
My peeps never tweek, we handle shit when there's heat
Since one cop was white the otha was a brotha
I pulled out my tape and front page of the cover
Of the source, told him me and Janet's on tour
Broke it down to who's my boss and who I rap for
Plus them niggaz, E P M D
Put me D, now I'm runnin' with the green eyed B
A N D I T, and def squad camp
Here's your def jam tickets and your autograph
Now haul ass, I got a meetin' 'bout seven
Basically I'm saying bye bye like guy
I said, "What the fuck are you lookin 4?"
Can't a young man make money anymore?

Hah hah, leave ya butt naked
I said, "What the fuck are you lookin 4?"
Can't a young man make money anymore?
My license, been suspended, for about five years
The system got my ass in the jam
Can't even ride to see my fam in Alabam'
I get petrified everytime I see the man throw the lights on
The mic's on so I stress it
Shit I'm haulin' ass before I start undressin'
Niggaz on they knees with they hands on the top of the
Heads while the feds crack jokes with the glock in ya
Don't get me wrong, I know a lot of cool cops
That'd let me go if I had two glocks and oowops
But, I don't, so, I keeps it, real
The five hundred series with deep dish peels
Quick, my bitch, stash
Two clips, between two her tits
Bfeore the cops fuck with the rrr-ah
I'm a nigga of today a nigga of tomorrow, beyotch
I said, "What the fuck are you lookin 4?"
Can't a young man make money anymore?
Hah hah, leave ya butt naked
I said, "What the fuck are you lookin 4?"
Can't a young man make money anymore?
To my people in Kentucky, rock rock on word is bond
New York, New Jersey, rock rock on word is bond
Atlanta, Georgia, rock rock on word is bond
Connecticut, rock rock on word is bond
To my people up in Queens, rock rock on word is bond
Bronx in the house, rock rock on word is bond
Virginia's in this bitch, rock rock on word is bond
San Francisco, rock rock on word is bond
Yeah, bitch ass niggaz rock this

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