Whateva Man

Redman

Microphone check one two
Aiyyo, you ready to get down man?
Yo, whateva man
You ready to get drunk as fuck?
Whateva manYou, you sayin' somethin'?
Whateva man
Aiyyo, whateva man
Check it, Kool VI keeps it bangin'
Keep it swangin'
Mike type of sangin'
Ohh-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 doubtFrom this bomb weed, I cock from the streets
Get you open like butt cheeks, from girls who be freaks
Aiyyo, can I be SWV? You the one nigga
Rap Shogun, yes E the one
Yo, I'm rollin' with a forty pack of niggaz
Get my weed from Branson cause his sack's biggerYo give me dap nigga, hat 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 thermostatsBomb MC's with rough megahertz so call me
Funk Doctor verbal star burst, lyrical expert
Your boom box better form a union
'Cause I leave your circus overworked, word bondNiggaz 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 hyrdroglycerin
I keep it live no jive rollin' DutchesThat'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 thisYo, you ready to roll this weed up?
Whateva man
You ready to knock this nigga out?
Whateva manYo, 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 NewarkBigger 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 whupped when I had my first brawlBut things changed since I was twelve years old
I specialize in wreckin' mics and area codes
Now, PPP the kinda niggaz that'll bug witcha
Smoke bud witcha, later on stick a slugin' yaEverything 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 manYou ready to fuck bitch?
Whateva man
You ready to guzzle this liquor?
Whateva manWhateva man
Whateva man
Whateva man

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