

Soopaman Luva 5, Part I

Redman

Aiyyo yo f*** that
Aiyyo I gotta find my motherf***in' mojo
Aiyyo Reggie Noble, aiyyo Reggie Noble come here n****
Aiyyo start it off while I tell you how it went down
Yo, yoPut the drop down, get your smoke on
Get your feel on, are you feeling?
Get your girl on, get your squeeze on
Get your bus on, are you chilling?
Are you wheeling, are you feeling?
How you feeling, and we gon' hooo-oooh-oo
Tell me what you doin'
C'mon, yo yo-yo yo, yo yoI had to put the mash down, throw the cash around
Stay focused, on the case put the hash down
Jettied through the air about five miles per hour
My mojo gone I can't fly like I wannaBut this case is easy, find that motherf***er that
Couldn't wait to be me, put his face on TV
From the tec blow, I asked my ex-hoes
Pa** off some info for a pair of X.O.'sWrite the check low, I don't do that
I told you that s*** before when I boned your back
Now I'm back to square one, and everybody hatin'
So I popped the flare gun, now they all escapin'Ran into Gator, for Jungle Fever
He's my people and my neighbor, I said I need a favor
He said for ten dollars, and for ten Whoppers
From Burger King, I'll tell you the n**** who gotchaGave him what he wanted plus the extra large fry
He said blue eyes, blonde hair, a white guy
I said what the f*** goin' on?
A white guy interruptin' my f*** flowin' on?So I copped some new ammo, reloaded my flare gun
Stalkin' like Rambo, mixed with Commando
Gator pushed the ten-speed bike, I'm on the handle
Crashed into somethin' 'cause he high off my man blowI jumped up and backtracked myself
Who's the last hoe I f***ed or throat I cut?
I said wait a minute, yo, that b**** Jane on the prowl again
I bet she up to no good, actin' foul againYeah, yeah, it ain't nuttin', I get her if I want her
Matter of fact I'm gonna 'cause she live around the corner
I walked up scared with my hands on my flares and my armor
'Cause she bring drama like Jeffrey DahmerBut I heard f***in' all the way from the bottom
I'm like, damn she yellin' kinda made me jealous
Knocked on the door enraged
Like a broke-a** rapper, at a label that ain't toured in daysDo it clown, before I count to four now

'Cause if I hit five them flares'll blow your door down
I heard the zipper zip up, and they was tryin' to run
So I re-clipped the clip up, and blew it before one Freeze motherf***ers, I jumped on Jane back
I want the cheese motherf***ers and my name back
We tusslin', fightin', bitin' skin and rustlin'
Slaps in the face, chokes with the belt buckle And her knees bucklin', I thought to myself
Where's that motherf***in' white guy she was f***in', then
Right out of the blue
Who dat? Who dere?
Jerry Springer, is that you?

Songwriters

NOBLE, REGGIE Published by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>