

# Bobyahed2dis

## Redman

And I say... right about now you are rockin with the best!  
Can I get a hit? \*inhale\* \*coughing\* Thank you \*coughing\*  
What you're about to experience is a walk on the Funkadelic side  
Who knows better than the Funkadelic devil himself  
To all knotty head niggaz, bob to this  
Come walk with Def Squad on the darkside  
Coming to you live and direct without further adieu  
I bring to you Redman one more time  
This is Jeff Stewart and you know how I do it... god DAYAM!  
(Redman)  
So who's that funky nigga that's known to kick the fat shit?  
The mirror said "You are, you conceited bastard"  
\*cutting and scratching of bastard\*  
Done by the dogcatcher, dogcatcher, it's the dogfetcher, I betcha  
Aahhhhhhhhhhh, with the slang  
Get you coughed up from the weed it'll bust your brain  
The top notch of hip-hop and I'm on the charts  
I'm catchin applause when I rock the micraphone from the heart  
My style's foul, so look into the eyes of Lorimars  
As you can see, I drop funk bars from here to Mars  
Still rollin down the highway wit my forty between my lap bitch  
Crossin DTW, coming into my lap and  
Boy my skills are stacks, I love to do it from the back  
My style swarms over ghettoes like crack  
Blow in any hood and puff a blunt with any nigga  
As long as we both got, it don't matter who's gun bigger  
But I bet you you can't do that, cause the multiplatinums  
can't save your ass on the block, and you're fucked if it ain't pop  
The funk is blowin wattage out your fuckin trunks  
Like peak Puma, I known to give a whole lots of lumps  
Props I got, coming through your block nine cocked  
My socks, even got three-eighty-nine shots  
Don't press it, I hang em like them niggaz do in Texas  
You don't have no heart you chestless, cuz your heart's on my necklace  
I give props to real MC's like KRS-One  
Kool G Rap, Buckshot, Busta me and I'm from  
The East coast! Where a nigga like you get that fat?  
And since you came out gassed, well I'm closin your gas cap  
The creature, from the deeper, ultimate funk freaker  
Represent New Jersey, keep your eyes up on the bleacher  
A menace like Dennis, I got game like Ennis  
I can french-kiss my lyrics, then I run trains with sentence

Lord have mercy! It's too much funk to cope with  
Droppin dope shit after dope shit, we're atrocious  
That's from the lungs, that rings from here to kingdom come  
And I don't have to be a Special Ed to get dumb!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>