

# Redbull (feat. Redman)

## Wu-Tang Clan

RZA came and got me, this what I came to do, come on  
Ring the bell so it's time to eat  
Brick Dog stash weed into AMI-seats, bomb inside the palm  
Doc rock a wife beater with me beatin' my wife ass ironed on  
The front, my pump built like the Klumps  
To carry it I take the spare out the trunk  
I stay hungry, I ain't worked for days  
That's why you see the pump when the curtains raise Blast, don't panic  
Do I gotta explain how I tame and lock  
The rap game single-handed? Hell nah  
I won't tell you son, if I find a wack ID, I sell you one  
Doc and Hot Nick, Inspectah  
My lecture's like Hannibal Lector's  
Where's the ketchup? Don't speak on it, shut ya trap  
I see ya whole crew yellow like mustard packs  
Ah woo, Doc in my own zone  
You say you got the rap games sewn  
But it's sewn wrong  
I ride through ya hood in a Mr. Softee truck  
Then pull a mac out a box of snow cones  
Yeah, ya little fucks  
Gimme ya fuckin' money [Incomprehensible] Uhuh, check it  
I'm hotter than a hundred degrees with my coat on  
Playing with a dynamite stick, where did I go wrong?  
Somebody pull the fire along when Jonny stomp  
If ya lukewarm leavin' ya clothes and boots torn  
Pro's and con's, megabomb's and so-on's  
By arid actions try MC's to get their roll on  
First issue, got issues  
What is hip-hop to hot nickels?  
It's like Funk Doc to snot tissues, word  
Look at my hand and get the third  
Finger out ya ear hole like "Fuck what you heard"  
Now, that's what I call hardcore, let's act fool  
Mr. Fix-It like Handyman I pack tool  
I been shitty, I'm from the veils of the city  
And just because my outfit match don't make me pretty Baggy Dun Gurees, dick need room to  
breathe  
In a room full of crackers I might cut the cheese  
Ain't no rules to the game  
If it is we ain't playin'  
In your business like EPMD, "So whatcha sayin'?"

You co-designin' that bullshit yo man tryin'  
Chaka chaka cha-ta tatat  
Slugs flyin'[Incomprehensible]Yo, ya  
Check, the code echoes from magazines to the big screen  
Fo' wheel machines like ya wits scream, kids fiend  
From the urban to sub-urban  
Roll upon me thirstin' like "Hey, hey, Mister Dream-Merchant"  
We roll longer than dice in a casino  
Cee-lo in the 4, 5 or 6 with double 0  
Behind the tinted windows I lie low  
On some hydro tryin' to slide from the 5-0But now, get wild similar to Ol' Dirty  
On third time felon just hit with over 30  
No worries, style have 'em so thirsty  
First degree heats are quittin' on me  
Cold turkey, no mercy  
I bring the pain of a hundred migraines  
But a thousand shoutin' my name that's why I came  
But first bring the cash burst, then the outburst  
My surround sound pound ya ear like Jevon Kearsel flex muscle outside I find a next hustle  
Trouble with ya here and face the tec-muscle  
Even the best buckle win, I take it to the extreme  
It gets ugly, but it's what a nigga do to get cream  
This life[Incomprehensible]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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