

# Whateva Man (feat. Erick Sermon)

## Redman

\*woman moans\*

(E Dub) Microphone check one two  
Aiiyo, you ready to get down man?

(Red) Yo, whateva man

(E Dub) You ready to get drunk as fuck?

(Red) Whateva man

(E Dub) You, you sayin somethin'?

(Red) Whateva man

(E Dub) Aiiyo

(Red) Whateva man

(E Dub) Check it, Kool V(I keeps it bangin, keep it swangin  
Mike type of sangin) Ohh-la-la-la! (So what cha sayin) Verse One: Redman, Sermon

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 doubt

From this bomb weed, I cock from the streets

Get you open like buttcheeks, from girls who be freaks

Aiiyo, 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 bigger

Yo give me dap nigga

What 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 thermostats (beep beep beep beep)

Bomb MC's with rough megahertz so call me

Funk Doctor verbal starburst, lyrical expert

Your boombox better form a union

Cause I leave your circus overworked, word bond

Niggaz 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 hydroglycerin

I keep it live no jive rollin Dutches

that'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 this  
 \*woman moaning\* (ohhh daddy... aiyeee)  
 (Sermon and Red harmonizing)(Red) Yo, you ready to roll this weed up?  
 (E Dub) Whateva man  
 (Red) You ready to knock this nigga out?  
 (E Dub) Whateva man  
 (Red) Yo, you ready to get this chedda?  
 (E Dub) Whateva man  
 (Red) You ready to start this shit off?  
 (E Dub) Whateva man Verse Two: Redman I 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 Newark  
 Bigger 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 brawl  
 But 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 sluginya  
 Everything 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 cypher (Red) You ready to roll this weed up?  
 (E Dub) Whateva man  
 (Red) You ready to rob this niga?  
 (E Dub) Whateva man  
 (Red) You ready to fuck bitch?  
 (E Dub) Whateva man  
 (Red) You ready to guzzle this liquor?  
 (E Dub) Whateva man (E Dub harmonizing again)  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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