

# Rockafella

## Redman

Intro: Aiiyo-yo-yo-yo you better pass it  
Aiiyo check this out  
We coming to you live from that BOMB Chocolate City my man  
Where the knotty-headed niggaz and the Brick City brigade dwell  
And if you don't know your fool better ask  
Aiiyo-yo you better pass that blunt  
And yo E, we comin to you live with the Cosmic type stuff  
Verse One: Redman  
Well it's that brother coming six billion feet from beneath  
And you should be peep-in how I get smoked-out on the weekend  
I swing it to my crew or down to my fans  
Schoolin hell of stackas like final exams  
Cause, it's the Funkadelic, hit you with the irrelevant  
elements, and it's coming through your block  
Can't you smell it trick?  
Wanna copy-cat my whole format  
So you get funk tracks, punch lines and skull hats  
Hoooo! Got a little Redman in town  
Who's that effin clown soundin wack with the frown?  
I don't know man, but you better wonder what I would do  
While loud on this staff like birds one and two  
My crew runs thicka than syrup from the burrow  
You get hurt up, word up, Jam-med like Pearl  
Knock off from blood clot puff on the rough block  
Or I peep my man, Rockafella, it don't stop  
Chorus: On and on, and it don't quit  
Redman rockin on to the funky shit, c'mon  
On and on, and it don't quit  
Redman rockin on to the funky shit  
I said Jersey's in the house Jersey's in the house  
I said Brooklyn's in the house Brooklyn's in the house  
I said Uptown's in the house Uptown's in the house  
I said the Bronx in the hidouse The Bronx in the hidouse  
Verse Two: Newark, New Jersey, rock  
rock on, word is bond  
I'm comin in swarms, so turn your flashlights on  
Due to dificulty, my style flows while it tracrossed the planet  
in 48 Hours like Nick Nolte  
Droppin the flavor, stay Sky high like Pager  
I'm magical like Fantasia on paper  
I Saw the Light like Kraftwerk, of course  
When the T-L-A Rock shock the stuff, It's Yours!  
To your drawers, your record label got your staff gassed  
Thinkin you gonna sell two mil cakes real fast

But you're blocked, and your earrings choke like a tec  
 Now, who freakin style your ass gonna steal next?  
 Are there any more imitators in the house? There are no  
 Bust like NBA Jams, and you can have Chicago  
 Catch the cargo, funky like a bag of Bravos  
 Way back, with a pump 92 K-T-U in car loads  
 Huuh! I just stay funky like that  
 Make you wanna (sssss) my style like a junkie on crack  
 Trick, you better back the freak up, for real now  
 When I break it down from Newark NJ to IllTownChorus:On and on, and it don't quit  
 Redman rockin on to the funky shit, c'mon  
 On and on, and it don't quit  
 Redman rockin on to the funky shit  
 I said Virginia's in the house Virginia's in the house  
 I said Cali's in the house Cali's in the house  
 I said Atlanta's in the house Atlanta's in the house  
 North Carolina's in the house Carolina's in the house  
 Verse Three:Yoo-hoo watch the birdie! While Red wreck your brains early  
 If rap was B-Ball, I'd have assists like James Worthy  
 Dribble the rock if you got the hots to get your knot rocked  
 Twice my device, Run-D.MC's from my Rock Box  
 Hey you, better Come Clean like Jeru  
 Before I take phase two and do another pay-per-view  
 to your crew, I give a boom bip to Q-tip  
 Standin tall like Shaq, honey I'm back, this ain't Blue Chips  
 The new stuff, creamin brothas like Breyer's  
 He's heating up -- nah, brotha, I'm on fire!  
 Dribble dribble shootin three pointers to the drum trick  
 Try to take my style, BLAOW, end one  
 DJ Twinz in the house for the nine-square  
 My man Shaft, you don't know you better askOutro:That bomb Chocolate City coming to you  
 live  
 from the ninety-fo' era  
 Aiyyo you better pass that blunt, aiyyo check this out  
 We gonna take it to you live  
 where Newark New Jersey drops that chocolate funk for ya  
 Everyday and all day, how we do it word is bond, word is day  
 Def Squad's in the house for the nine-fo', word is bond, word is day  
 The sad Hawthorne Ave. got the good smoke, word is bond, word is day  
 Knotty-head niggaz in the house for nine-fo', word is bond, word is day  
 Brick City brigade in the house for nine-fo', word is bond, word is day  
 Redman rocks on and on for the nine-fo', word is bond, word is day  
 Word is bond word is bond in the house I'm in the house  
 Word is bond, word is day  
 You can suck my balls and lick my butt, word bond, word d, ehehehehehe  
 Word bond, word day  
 Hehehehehe, word is bond, word is day  
 Check it out, check it out  
 We comin to you live with the Cosmic Slop

On the fuckin block and we got the glocks  
To your knot, who's the funk nigga and I'm comin to ya hot  
It's that, Cosmic Slop, hit you with the irrelevant, ele, yeah

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