

# Blow Your Mind

Redman

A-hem.. hit me  
This is goin down  
What's goin down?  
Yo yo yo Reggie Noble, drop that beat in, hah!  
Yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh  
Give it to me, give it to me

AHHHH!! Look out, it's the Funkadelic Funk for chumps  
who don't be knowin my name, I tear the frame out ya punks  
I make ya slide, make ya slip, make ya wanna backflip  
I get biz with the skit, I DJ like Quik  
The topnotch of the block, cause I carry a glock  
Only hot rocks I'm hot, so give up the props  
My style is HUMMIN CUMMIN ATCHA, duck or get backed up  
Dispatcher: 'Red, get freaky to the rapture'  
So come on light the buddha check your honey while I scoop her  
The Soopafly, Jimmy fly Snooka rips the roof off  
Then hook off on your crew, to the check of one to two  
It's you! AHHHHHHHHHHH! Funky fresh in the flesh trail  
Come on and get down and boogie oogie with the ruffneck  
Hit women like Madonna all the way down to Smurfette  
But first get your tables I roast your whole record label kids  
Yo Red! (Whassup G?) Briiiiiidge!

Look out.. AHHHHH!

Can I tear the roof off this mother? It's the Funkdafied brother  
Then I laugh, because I burn ya like \_Backdraft\_  
So call the fire engine cause I'm flamin up your buildin  
\_One Life to Live\_ so the funk is in \_All My Children\_  
Cause I can get wicked like the witches from Eastwick  
And freak the type of funk to make all y'all teeth grit  
and crumble, my style is more flyer than ? Brundle ?  
Fly from the fly part one to fly part two  
PsychoBetaP-Funk, got styles hard as tree trunks  
For real punk, you got a blunt, light it cause I need one  
And get down with the irrelevant funk to make ya jump  
with the fly human being, watch me freak it in Korean

Chu ri ka pi kyura mulla kara  
Nu gu nya nada na na nun Redman  
Na bo da challan nom hana do upda  
Yi sae sang cheil eu na nun Redman, my man

(Get away, get off me, get lost)  
(Who am I, I am, I'm Redman)  
(There's no one better than me)  
(The world's BEST is REDMAN, my man)

I rip shop in hip-hop I get props my lip rocks  
The rap stuff's more spooky than movies from Hitchcock  
Sit back relax let me rip to the funk track  
And press rewind if I haven't blown your mind

ERRRK! Let me get busy with the funky fly stuff  
cause I cut your freakin eyes out, fuck Bruce Willis because I die rough  
It's the Funkadelic Redman and I hit ya with the

Funkadelic level, the P-Funk, the devil  
The spectacular, Blackula, bust holes like Dracula  
Loaded of course, more Legend than Acura  
I'm swift, I like big spliffs so I tisk tisk a tasket  
Plus keep the glock in my basket  
I cough up a lung cause I freak it with the tongue  
cause I can 'Wax on! Wax off!' like Daniel-son  
Do the yea yea, boogey say up jump the boogey  
to the boogey to the boogey thanks to E cause he hooked me  
So fuck what ya heard, word to herb, cause I mack  
Framalama, plus I kick the grammar, straight from - NEW JERZ  
It's the renegade rap Redman, really who rip rhymes in rough mode  
Yo, hold your breath while I explode!

[EXPLOSION]