

Case Closed

Redman

Hah

(huh, hah, hah, hah, HAHHAH, hah)

Nineteen ninety-six

(hah, come on!)

Coming with the sickedest motherfuckers
in the perimeter

(huh, whooo! nineteen) You hit em with a newwww

(ninety-six, nine six) tree, dick be fly, in your ass

(Dick! Di-dick, check)

Yo! Amazing grace how sweet the sound is of the fo' pound

To blast all these sound men that got the po' sound

Yippie-yi-yay, motherfuckers here's the show down

But since we're broke now with dope sounds now here we go now

Check the motion while I be puffin the pot-enent

Blow spots and urban networks with other experts

Plus this thing between my ear thinks clear

And the only thing it fears is the man upstairs

So fuck your bulletproof gear

If I decide to get your ass you better believe it's more than a blast

(boo-ya) More like rough paragraphs out Alcatraz

And ash, your staff, let the grime our your ass

Everybody's hustling with sons toting guns

When Reggie Noble's sprung we stick nuns that got funds

Bomb niggaz like they did in Oklahoma

Freez, you're froze, Def Squad UHH, case closed

I be the, sneaky, second dimension, creepin through your sector

Have nectar, leaking out you wack rhyme stressers

Extra deez disease leave rashes on rappers

Makin MC's so feel the breeze of the Grandmaster

Packed with swift solid style structure

Simonizing MC's with the degree of street ruckus

Aiyyo who got guns? I split precise, spleen splitter

Return my physical presence to the borough of the hard hitters

I devour, night sun shower, menace last hour, weak man's last power

Body, the six four mind shotty

The one you handle, second dimension mind vandal

Laceratin your retina for tryin to see this

As I'm flowin through the prism of the X-3-D

See at forty belows I freak flows that burn your nose

When you inhale the verbal blows, case closed

Aiyyo, why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?

Aiyyo, why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?

Yo, don't you know, who I am motherfucker?

That's my nigga!

Why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?

Aiyyo, why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?

Yo, don't you know, who they are motherfucker?

They're my niggaz!

Things ain't easy, cuz we be, strugglin day to day

A bunch of stressed black men with not really much to say

Twistin up some brown paper that we struggle just to get

With the deaf dumb and blind become mentally equipped

As I extend my pen to wreak havoc on paper
I execute and burn MC's like Absolut with no chaser
Strong as chemical the general with rhymes
Past wreckin mics, I make the earth shatter like the 7th sign
My drama bringer bring about a new order
I'm sending a plague through your town like God to Sodom and Gomorrah
Your deacon, my vocals actions got you speechless
Make gangsta niggaz wanna go home and talk to Jesus
No man alive could bend on we, beatin on rappers literally
X3D beez up on the streets dimensional trilogy
Got no love for foes, no respect for grimy hoes
Nuff said, X-3-D blowin up, case closed