

# Da Da DaHHH

Redman

Cut, cut, cut, cut  
Yo, I gotta backache, stomach ache, diarrhea, vomitin'  
Cold feet, runny nose, headache, insomnia  
Cranky, moody, burpin' while I'm cursin'  
Baby chair tied in a suburban drinkin' burpin'  
I'm only three and gotta chip Motorola  
A hoochie babysitter with snitches by the stroller  
Lyin, cryin, whinin', teasin'  
Suckin' titties like I had years of breast feedin'  
In the beginin' I was sinnin'  
Kept my Mama back and forth  
To the hospital for the constant kickin'  
Kept them ass whippin', I'm gettin' them all  
Show off like Fodolo, so fuck all y'all  
Do you get your ass whipped wish your mom's bad luck?  
Like ahuh you, you get hit by a truck  
Playin' catch a girl, fuck a girl, put 'em in a sandwich  
Just a young boy doin' grown man shit

Just a young boy doin' grown man shit  
I'm just a young boy doin' grown man shit  
Like kickin' your ass  
Yo, I'm just a young boy doin' grown man shit  
Smokin' weed  
I'm just a young boy doin' grown man shit  
All day, all night

Yo, I'm only thirteen puttin' in work  
Rockin' Chinese shoes with high top converse but first  
We was all gas watchin' 'Game Of Death' with Bruce  
Walkin' home from the movies  
Yo, I thought about the sex often  
I even kept a heartland for the white girls on magic garden  
Light skin, chubby and shit  
Ran my Mama phone bill for callin' Biggs, Biggs, Biggs  
The old hands used to make them little niggaz fight  
The lead patch was the shit if you snitch it right  
And everybody knew the pattern of Pac Man  
Rams was fifteen and that then was happenin'  
Niggaz used to get robbed at twin city  
I was cuttin' on S L's glue with a penny  
When E P M D dropped its my thing  
I said, "Damn, I gotta get up in this rap game"

I'm just a young boy doin' grown man shit  
Yo yo, I'm just a young boy doin' grown man shit  
Like touchin' your titties  
Yo, I'm just a young boy doin' grown man shit  
I'm just a young boy doin' grown man shit  
Like stealin' my Mama's car

I used to tell my sis' I'm gonna make it bitch  
So close to gettin' on I could taste the shit  
In a hot ass room cuttin' smooth operator  
In my last year at west side high I barely made it  
Flippin' eight balls, going to Montclair state  
I passed one class and still owe their ass cake

For quick cash, doc hit up thirteenth ave  
Sell white boys oregano dash then we laughed  
That was the days now the times switched up  
Son either walk them dogs, snuff it or get snuffed  
Them ho's got triflin' but much thicker  
My weed got better so easily I fucked shit up  
I test y'all with my def squad cam  
And I don't stage show dive unless y'all amp  
To all my fans, "Yo! Arrivederci to you"  
And any ho that didn't blow doc, I never knew you

Now I'm a grown man doin' grown man's shit  
Yo yo, now I'm a grown man doin' grown man's shit  
Like still sqeezin' your titties  
I'm just a grown man doin' grown man's shit  
With a big ass car  
Yo, I'm a grown man doin' grown man's shit  
Rollin' better credit  
Yo yo, I'm a grown man doin' grown man's shit  
Yo yo, shit is crazy  
I'm a grown man doin' grown man's shit  
Like smackin' your ass  
Yo, I'm a grown man doin' grown man's shit  
Like shavin' my beard  
Yo, I'm a grown man doin' grown man's shit  
I got hair on my chest look at it

You can fuck my heart, you can plough my balls  
You can ...  
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