

Da Goodness

Redman

Yo, bless the steel, step out dressed to kill,
spark the L (what up doc) what the deal,
clock the squeal, the Mc overkill,
certafied silla? dust thirty five mill,
jumpin out planes, doc's tha name,
cop the flame, back to relief the pain,
(hater) itched before, though piscapoll,
hit the safe case should have switched to coal,
(nigga) sneaked a pound, through custom drug hounds,
down to rob your neighborhood war bounds,
me and my man jumpin' out sedans,
tappin your jaws like sugar ray did to ran,
(ahh)execute like wars in Beirut,
22 inch rims to parachute out the lex coupe,
the rythum hit em with out the vitamin,
and pin em skin em with the shit i pull out the John Lennon,
(ahh) the dark style you girls smoke it alot,
i been had a demo before (ride it high),
buy whips straight up cash, out the car lot,
rocks your fort knox til you all call swat,
bite off your ear for a souvenior,
switch from red to boy give you primal fear,
if you don't know the clique then you smoke you wet
funk doc def squad from the jersey set. HA!

Chorus:

wow the fuck out, smoke the fuck out, drink the fuck out, freak the fuck out
, bug the fuck out, scream the fuck out, black the fuck out, act the fuck out.

do you feel it in your body (shake ya stinkin'ass)

do you feel it in your body (shake ya stinkin'ass)

do you wanna rock a party (shake ya stinkin'ass)

do you wanna get naughty (shake ya stinkin'ass)

ooohhhh weeeeeee

i think the heat is on '97 cheech and chong i'm reachin'yo

right on me palm just like the cape on spawn

act then frequency tripped the car alarm

(ribbet ribbet ribbet)

got moves to make choose to date today you haluscinate

smokin' me out without war torn ghettos

opposite of good fellas de niro,

or any brother who rock the mic thorough,

got your wife sayin' (not tonight ''hello'')

money talk bullshit walk ass cris

the baptist roll garcies with hashish,

you need classes for practice to tap this,

jurassic crap shaft nasty ass bitch

hot potata drop the data,

ganja emancipation proclamatator,

lock shit down copped a pound, (no doubt)

as a juvenile walked his ass off canal,

brick city be the pros of wilin out,

off at the mouth get dressed like thousand isle,

got a degree on the hash and the leaky,

crash in the V while we master the p,

i be's bout it bout it, cars and low mileage,

blacka make zsa zsa gabour cha cha,

spit somethin to ya that turn your eyes cocka,

down with the ounce (ah ha a ha hah hah)
your tremblin pickin em the pen again adrenalin,
got impact like dj through all benjamins,
cinnamon hit you with your thongs and your timberland,
fuck ya rob ya cops say (it's them again)
chill the fuck out, jump the fuck out,
sweat the fuck out, pass the fuck out,
black the fuck out, flip the fuck out,
drunk the fuck out, fuck the fuck out.
do you feel it in your body (shake your stinkin ass)
do you feel it in your body (shake your stinkin ass)
do you wanna rock a party (shake your stinkin ass)
do you wanna get naughty (shake your stinkin ass)
yo, peppy le pew, I ain't messin wit you,
or stressin your crew, your own niggas be testin your dewes,
fuckin wit you makin your bitch unbuckle her shoe,
watchin this bitch when she already know what she wanna do,
she followed me home, and on the way she swallowed me bone,
the don corleone, she wilin all on the side of my dome,
come on bitch let me freak you out, peepin you out,
sneakin you out over to my crib freakin you out,
ever ready now turn off the telly, turn off the celly,
the way i be hittin they got you sweatin, makin you smelly,
shit funky like your mother wit a stinkin ass,
type a shit that have you haggin ready to blast,
baby just hold a second and give me a chance,
let me go put my rubber on so that we really can dance,
now we huggin you know we fuckin until my nut bust out,
cardiac arrest in your pussy and pass the fuck out.
Chorus