

# Da Ill Out

Redman

Yo Reggie, I'mout

T-ree F Squad

Muddy Waters

Don't get it twisted... nigga

Aiyyo everybody in this motherfucker will get touched  
Fuck such and such, I roll tight like handcuffs  
Rock that ass to sleep with discrete techniques  
I beez that, freak of the week like I made Knee Deep  
Hold up! Rotate around the solar, badder than Cobra  
Composure never sleeps, my stream pumps Folgers  
I'm sauteein MC's with fried rice up in the wok  
without the MSG and chopped celery  
See, I made it, my flavor situated  
from the nickel plated mic that's hot, to leave your brain inflated  
Plus, I'm thick like Quakers on papers  
Bodacious MC's get turned to lower cases  
lettering, and the medicine, that I'm swallowin  
Get you hollerin, like Marvin Gaye when his father shot him  
in the chest, I roll with two stacks of Tecs  
And mad niggaz and sess that I roll up in your rest  
UHH! Mister Fantastic's crafted, with no 52nd ass kick  
When I'm blasted, my Method magics get drastic  
That you can't see with bifocals  
Watchin MC's go up and down like stock brokers  
I leave your brains on tilt, with ill skills that's milk  
That's rougher than jeans that Gloria Vander-bilt  
I'm poppin mad shit, plus I can back it  
Your man'll be like "Yo, get that dust off yo' jacket"

It ain't a test or quiz that my Squad can't win  
Those who know the biz, know we wreck kids get biz  
Y'all digest, multiple stab wounds to the chest  
And I copycat kill the rest, with no Method to my madness  
Plus the apparatus with the baddest  
Determined to be the last man, standin on the planet  
Y'all get attached, like a blood-suckin leech  
When you fall into my rhythm of speech  
Your hands get embraced with a touch of the bass  
Head get wrapped up neck get thrown in a neck brace  
Rough rhyme mechanical, lyrical at it who?  
Will ironically chronically murder you and your crew  
My directive, through where I live, is kinda primitive  
See I get to the bottom of the problem, and make shit give  
Step in the jam, hooded and high, plastered the master  
cast to the masses grabs the mic  
Ten dollar rappers, is what L.O.D. goes after  
To my Squad, there's no matches, we bashes  
Do photo flashes on all flavor S-classes  
Bomb attack on wax, lyrical mini mac to your back  
Tie you up, throw you in the act  
A public figure, who walks around with a gin of jigger  
Cause I gives a fuck about another nigga, word up

Muddy Waters, yo this is the way that my intro should go  
Drunk slow funk flow for Reggie Noble

Fuck with me doe, Mally G doe it's not logic  
Playin that big shit get broke down microscopic  
Freak it back keep the track ringin, with the bassline  
It's major when you savor my flavor, can you taste mine  
Face the nine I lace your spine with short fat pace  
Around and round, avoidin the time to put it down  
Now's the time here yeah

Clown where, pick a spot  
Neutral grounds or not, we give a fuck, lick a shot

Gangsta, so called killin, cap peelin  
Playalistic, I mean is all that shit realistic  
Play your cards God, black keep your hand held tight  
Night fall might call your life, shit is trife  
on these evil streets after dark  
Niggaz gettin sparked left and outlined in chalk  
New day, this whole shit's twisted (is it man)  
It's me bombin on these niggaz shitlist and Mally G  
open your eyes to see, recognize who be a G  
Hopin to ride in the, industry with E  
The villain's had it cause ahead (word up yeah)  
Killin my psychosomatic pattern mad (yeah)

Y'all know, uhh, yeah, Muddy Waters  
We out for nine-seven, word up, peace