

# Dis Iz Brick City

Redman

This is WKYA Radio, you motherfuckers!  
We got our next caller on the air!  
Bitch, you on the line!  
(Yo, this is Big Tracy)  
(I don't give a fuck, nigga!)  
(Give me some of that shit straight out of The BRICK CITY!)  
THE BRICK CITY!

For my nigga Guts  
We was thinkin' about you on this one, Guts  
Hold your head up, baby  
We got you on this one!  
This is for everybody from the block  
Everybody from the crews  
You know who you are  
No newcomers  
(Let 'em know, son!)  
(Let 'em know, son!)  
This is how we do it, baby!  
(Let 'em know!)  
Open up on 'em!  
Go ahead!

Yo, When I D-I-P, I V-I-P  
I'm Doctor, I rush niggas to emergency  
Open heart, filled with darts  
(99 Agents), know they (Get Smart)  
When I throw it in park  
Pop the trunk, sellin' CD's \$15's for chumps  
'Cause I'm like Noah's Ark from the slums  
Holla' at cha frog, I'm getting them (Bud)  
Like them frogs on the log  
I'm balls to the wall  
When I do anything, nothing's hard  
I make it easy and talk greasy to broads  
GILLA! Say my name 5 times in the mirror!  
I'm jumpin' out - whoa!  
You can hear the  
Sounds of the motherfuckin' men  
Tryin' to get your chain  
Tryin' to get cha chay-e-ain!  
Flush this down the drain  
I'm the new raw on the streets  
You can get 10 years per each song  
Catch a contact, what I write from the arm  
Now little white kids bring pipes to the prom  
I was supposed to quit, be an influence  
But, the weed is like (Nike) -- I JUST DO IT!  
I'm ET zooted, way out there  
You got weed?  
Then, roll with the Sonny and Cher  
Suffering succotash, I leave you suckers sufferin'  
Huffin' and puffin', at last!

[Chorus: Ready Roc]  
This is Brick City! [gun shots]  
Hear the gunshots, where they hate cops [sirens]

On every block, there's a weed spot  
This is Brick City! [gun jams]  
Hear the gun jam, if you don't run fam-i-ly with a suntan  
This is Brick City! [rapid-fire gunshots]  
Hear the gun spit, niggas jump ship  
Where we spit, 'cause we run shit  
Play pussy wit' us  
And get fucked quick  
Who got the duchess?

[Verse 2: Redman]

Yo, I keep the ghetto in me  
I love the sweet taste of revenge  
I'm focused, my soul's been cleansed  
Now I know who the enemy, and who to friend  
But still, with my eyes closed, they both blend  
I'm not a follower, I start the trend  
Y'all can follow that dummy  
I'mma follow this money  
Now I'm at the age, where I need to get paid  
If a nickel bag gets sold in the park - heyyyyyyyy!  
Did I stu-stutter?  
I got the guns and butter  
My craftwork be movin' the numbers  
I keep a (Roscoe) like Kurupt, brother  
Hang out my window - BLAOW!  
What up, fucker?  
Violence sells, but I ain't a violent male  
But if you violate, I'll play the violin well  
From Bricks to Park Hill  
Don't be like Zoolander, waitin' for that Blue Steel  
To be shown on your grill

[Chorus: Ready Roc]

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[Redman]

Yo, right here! Yeah!  
The Gilla House niggas in the motherfuckin buildin, mayne!  
Goddamn, nigga!  
Big Nuts, uptown  
512  
What it is, mayne?

[WKYA DJ]

WKYA  
Gilla House Radio