

# Down South Funk

Redman

All the way to motherfuckin Georgia  
To Tennessee  
To motherfuckin Texas  
To North motherfuckin Carolina  
Yeah, South fuckin Carolina  
Yeah, deep down, gritty Alabama  
Funk for your funk in ass, nigga  
Ha ha, barefoot walkin motherfuckers

Yo, guess who's bout to stomp tonight?  
Three seniors, rockin the mic, catchin misdemeanors  
So charge us with what-what-ever you feel  
Balls of Steel, clappin those with rap deals  
Fuck hot, I'm lukewarm and still perform like a champ  
battle bout, airing your ass out  
So who's dropping shit on what day? My click's the greatest  
Chill, or feel the effect of hi-atus  
Shit shuts down when the Squad's around  
It gets Thinner, it's hexed like white man from town  
Three the hard way can't be touched  
My style's too faraway, to capture, even with help from NASA  
I'm what they call, a living legend, sha-POW  
That's what they call, a Mac-11, sha-POW  
There's two on the way down, BLAOW BLAOW  
Here's two more, BLAOW BLAOW nigga!

Is y'all niggaz down to ride? (Man listen)  
Would you kill for your life? (Man listen)  
Can you get busy all night? (Man listen)  
(Hah hah..) (Man listen)

Yo-yo-yo yo, yo yo!  
I got the Down South Funk when I clown out punk-ass  
police wanna call dogs and sound off pumps  
I short your Blaupunkts if you thump my tape  
Yo dial funk if you're mo' stiff than Riker's Isle bunks  
Get out your seat, E, spit out the beat  
The tracks plow underground concrete out the streets  
From baldies to fades, when I rock MC's wave  
more flags than Puerto Rican Day parade  
and give up, I got the rare footage, of fiends walkin  
barefooted off my rhyme don't dare cook it  
You might fall in to intervene  
And New Jacks and they girl become Pookie and that, PROM QUEEN  
That bodybag won't fit you tonight  
You wanna blow up? Drop the mic, stick to the pipe  
Hand to hand my crew'll cripple your click in a fight  
Take my tapes way Down South and triple the price  
Step up on the scene like whazzup? Hey sugah  
Before you cock-tease Doc, how that cash put up?  
And only way I stop til your click say when  
They had enough, cause I could bump to six A.M.

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Would you kill for your life? (Man listen)  
Can you get busy all night? (Man listen)  
(Yo, yo-yo) (Man listen)

My life is a rap, each song is a flashback  
of antagonizing anxiety attacks  
The beat hits the ground and the earth cracks  
Niggaz be like, "OH NO NOT THEM!" Yeah we back  
With rhythmic articulation, God-forsaken  
sick manifestations, PUMP PUMP in your face then  
the lyrical force that I put in a rhyme  
will hit you with more power than a molecule enzyme  
No matter who what when where how I'll lay you down  
with a sick illed out fictitious style  
Yo, we all represent the hood - the only difference  
between us is that we make the shit look good!  
Programmable annual slammable  
You Lyte as a Rock and I Cram to Understand You  
So for niggaz on a mission kissin ass and dissin  
We get even like an ambixdeterous, man listen

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