## **Gimmie One**

Redman

Gilla House, take it from the top like this \*\*\*

Yo, Redman 'Back In Business' like EPM D whips I drive, I gotta TV 'em I tour New York down, so B.B. King 'em Found my way back home like E.T. finger

I rock the arena, you know the drill Get high, get drunk, grab a \*\*\* and chill Eat a meal, then back to the hood for more action Promotin' Red Gone Wild with no backin?

Doc get five on the mic like Joe Jackson Foreign \*\*\* feelin?me for my accent Talk like a boss, I can't complain When I do it, it's big like Fulton in St. James

I got Brick City, even D.C. \*\*\* They all steal for me outta P.C. Riches I move like a pimp, but I'm far from one Like Lil' Weez, I got army guns, gimmie 1, \*\*\*

1 and here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4 And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1 (Gimmie 1, \*\*\*)

And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4 And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1 (Gimmie 1, \*\*\*)

And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4 And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1 (Gimmie 1, \*\*\*) And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4

Yo, if you don't like me, \*\*\* you, I flex one muscle Doc got more effects than Kung Fu Hustle I'm uptown, buyin? the perk Lookin? cut clean, jeans, Moschino designer shirt

Redman fell off, what the talks about? I wasn't lettin? y'all swim when the shark was out Rollin red carpet out, it's Jersey Me and ?em together is like Lil' Seymour and Big Percy

I knew women from high school that picked on me Now I see ?em, they all wanna lick on me I hood down homie, rock like Bon Jovi I can work the nightshift like he, Brian Mobley

Brick City boy, my flow is on fire Disagree, I go in your mouth like Botox Pick up Pete Rock, \*\*\*, we all cool Hit the highway and ask, is the CL smooth? \*\*\*

1 and here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4 And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1  $\,$ 

(Gimmie 1, \*\*\*) And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4  $\,$ And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1 (Gimmie 1, \*\*\*) And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4 And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1  $\,$ (Gimmie 1, \*\*\*) And here comes the 2 to the 3 and Yo, your style might be Parkay, but mine butter That \*\*\* can't break no bread, then why \*\*\* her? I'm kinda cocky homeboy, did I stutter? I pop the umbilical cord on my mother I jumped out the womb, I became a whale That's hard to harpoon, I need more room The hood love me, so I keep it real gully I got handsome, but my flow is still ugly Turn the treble out the track and I'll jet The lines in my rhyme is longer than Ikea I stay on my grind, but when I come up with an Idea The year, is party over here It's 5 years I disappeared, but I'm back And tell Nino Brown and ?em that I'm crack Grab my bozack, middle finger is up I got your grandma givin? it up, gimmie 1, \*\*\* 1 and here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4 And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1 (Gimmie 1, \*\*\*) And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4 And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1  $\,$ (Gimmie 1, \*\*\*) And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4 And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1

(Gimmie 1, \*\*\*)

And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4  $\,$