

# 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, \*\*\*)

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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? \*\*\*

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(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, \*\*\*

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