

Rock da Spot

Redman

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I'm the bomb, ringin' off all types alarms
My palms, be swift with the pen like Lynn Swann's
Aggravated assault, against an MC
Beat him down with the mic and all types of pedigrees
It's mad real in Da Bricks, plus I roll thick
You can quote this, I'm the Moby Dick of dopeness
Bitch, walk the walk if you talk the talk
I DK New Jerz, and DK-New York

I don't push a lot of vehicles, but I push a used one
With a tape deck, if it's feasible
Tell the truth, I don't own a Lex Coupe
But I get you souped when I rock respect due
I'sa nice nigga that wanna get diced
Slice the mic device like the body of Christ twice
E Double if you feel me hit me once, a breaker one, a breaker two
'Cause trouble to you family and friends

Let me cut the bullshit, just hand me yo ends
Got caught out there 'cause you a Mack without 10
Punch you in your chin
The rucker, bringer, live from Hell, but stay cooler than a double L
Turn a felony to a misdemeanor
Now the court subpoenaed me to get my act cleaner
Fuck that, still walk out holdin' my strap
Blunt, grabbin' my weiner

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Now first of all I go for broke, check the third quarter note
I make you feel like your water broke
Can't tell whether male or female
I fucked up your frame well, the monogram can't tell
All aboard my balls, 'cause my dick don't got a lot of room
For the rest of y'all
Grab on my pubics, let my music take flight
Rock indo and out-do', dick run in and out yo'

Bitch, about nine inch up the clit
Can you feel me comin', yeah I usually make 'em shit
I shines MC's up for auction
So I can sell 'em on Saturday, Keith put the bat away
Let's lay in the cut, so we can break his whole anatomy down
And turn into an ass-kicking holiday

Word, I rolls with the Funklord
With more flavors than them motherfuckers on them Benetton billboards
He's bleeding get the gauze
He shoulda knew Def Squad crew is who I kill for
Push the clip in, slide the top back

Make sure it's off safety, in case he wanna counteract
Shit like that get me vexed
So I crack your ass like corn while your bitch crack my Beck's

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Aiyyo, catch this picture, of me in the mixture
So you won't forget the, black Jack the Ripper
Sorceror offin' y'all with techniques
A universal lingo, with the odd speaks
Control more blacks than Harlem week, freak
Smokin' that leak at full peak
Peace to Greg Street, and underground radio technique
College radio, no I mack shit like Maceo

Yeah, the East Coast West Coast dick giver
I oughta be an alkie, the way I hit liver
Deliver, the milk to your door, real raw
Shit you never seen before
So when you come inside, and do the front
Watch the double-pump shotgun and please don't run
Relax your minds, let your conscious be free
And get money, and G's and roll these trees

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This is DJ Saywhat, on this motherfucker
Comin' to you live from WFDS radio from da Brick City