Suicide

Redman

Gilla, yeah!
Man, fuck that, nigga!
(Yeah, yeah, yeah!)
Yes, sir!
Gilla House!
You already know the business, nigga!
Gilla House, nigga!

Yo, you ain't gotta' ask, dog - who am I?
I walk in the street, my middle finger in the sky
And ever since a young boy, I had the hunger in my eye
So when you cut the check, if you don't gimmie mine

It's a - suicide, it's a suicide
It's a - suicide, it's a suicide
It's do or die
If you want that GRIT
And you're about the DOUGH
Better do it like a G, baby!

They call me crazzzzzzzzzay
I walk around like I just don't care
Once you get a grip
If I have to, I'll grab my fifth
And throw shit up, put your hands in the air
I'm a liiiiiiiiiiiiive wiiiiiiiiiiire!
(Gilla goodie with the glamour)
(Now it's time to bust!)
(Know what it is, when you're fuckin' wit' us!)

[Chorus: Blam]
It's a - suicide, it's a suicide
It's a - suicide, it's a suicide
It's do or die
Suicide, it's a suicide
It's do or die -- suicide, it's a suicide
Suicide, it's a suicide
It's a - suicide, it's a suicide
It's do or die
If you want that GRIT
And you're about the DOUGH
Better do it like a G, baby!

[Verse 2: Redman]
Redman, (Bak Inda Buildin') -- YES!
I got strippers on the pole
They like "Aiiiiiyyyo!"
Nigga, I got flow
My jewels is drippin'
All on the nuts, 'cause I do shit different
Doc is chillin', Jerz is chillin'
What can I say - fuck your feelin's
Dog, if you broke, you got it wrong
I'm tryna be (Paid In Full) like Mitch's home, nigga!
Ring the alarm, Redman crack
And if you get sleepy, then go take a nap!
My boys in the 'Lac, I'm right there wit' 'em

They ask, "What's that?"
"This shit here, nigga?"
"This shit here, nigga?"
This shit called Def SQUAD, proceed to rock your project!
You far from a threat like "Who is you?"
Better relax and say "What's up, baby boo?"

[Bridge: Redman (Blam)]
They call me crazzzzzzzzzay
I walk around like I just don't care
Once you get a grip
If I have to, I'll grab my fifth
And throw shit up, put your hands in the air
I'm a liiiiiiiiiiiiive wiiiiiiiiiiire!
(Gilla goodie with the glamour)
(Now it's time to bust!)
(Know what it is, when you're fuckin' wit' us!)

[Chorus: Blam]
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[Verse 3: Redman]
Understand that Gilla House
(Bak Inda Buildin') -- YES!
If you can't get a job, I feel your stress!
You can smell the (Funk), when the (Master Flex)
It's underground, nigga - (Protect Ya Neck)
Yeah, Bricks is chillin', Staten chillin'
What can we say - fuck your feelings!
Big girls like "Redman the shit!"
I had dreams of fuckin' me a fat chick! (Bee-atch!)
Let's do this, (Red Gone Wild)
I'm like a warrior tryna get to Coney Isle
Boy, I'm hood down, so don't try to play me
For that (C.R.E.A.M.), I get a little
crazzzzzzzzzzzzay!
Yeah, my attitude is rude like "Fuck you, pay me!"
Stay on my grind
I'll show you how to make 100 thou' from a dime!
Fuckin' wit' mine
It's a - SUICIDE!

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