

## Time 4 Sum Aksion

Redman

(Let's get ready to rumble)  
In this corner we have the funk body snatcher  
P Funkadelic and I gotcha hard enough  
That I can chew a whole bag of rocks  
Chew an Avenue, chew an off street and off block

Then turn around and do the same damn thing to a soloist  
'Cause Reggie Noble's pissed  
I crush your whole brain frame  
'Cause you couldn't maintain the funk

That have your rap style for lunch, chump  
'Cause 92, I take a whole crew  
Give them a punch of the funk, knock all of their gold tooth loose  
(Poo pow)  
To show you what type of stuff I'm on

You can't puff or sniff it  
Because I was born with it  
The Funkadelic Devil, hit you with the rap level of 10  
Then 1, 2, 3 you're pinned

I get action, so everybody jump wit your rump  
If you like the way it sounds punk, pump it in your back trunk  
And let loose with the juice when I do rock  
I'm too hot, some say I got more Juice than Tupac  
(Straight outta Jersey)

You heard me, my brother  
I'm laughing, time 4 sum action

Lights, camera, cock back the hammer  
(Exposition)  
Straight from the land of the lost  
I'ma hit you with the funk force  
That makes you run your rap style back to the crack vile brotha

Then strike a pose like Madonna  
My mom's kicked me out because I did what I want to  
The original P-Funk stroke a trunk of funk  
Then you saw caps 'cause my jaw snaps with the raw raps

So color me bad, plus color me black  
For the funk that I pack, Red freak it to the funk track  
(The funky fly stuff)  
Come on and let me kick  
(The funky fly stuff)  
Just to show you where the hell I come from

I get dumb with the 1, 1 2  
Check my rep, I'm a hit when I have sex  
(Like this)  
Make you twist to the list  
Of a funky brain cell when it's puffed on a spliff

And all that, the hi hat, go buy that  
Listen, look, oops, brother where your eyes at?

There on the floor, pick 'em up  
While I pour a lil' funk down your brain punk

Listen to my name chump  
(Redman ready to rock)  
I got a glock  
Then, pow, your body is all over the block  
Tryin' to step to the, the exorcist, kick it

I git mad wicked when the twin cocks the biscuit  
And blow your head off, just for askin'  
"Who's the one rappin'?"  
(Poo pow)  
Time 4 sum action

Yo, 1992, Redman gets paid, yeah, know what I'm sayin'  
We not goin' for the Okee Doke, believe that  
Hit Squad is definitely in the house  
(In the house)  
For the brothers who don't be knowin' what's up  
Word is bond, I gotta show them the flava

Aah, back to the funk track, like Black Sheep  
My man, he say, "Who's the Redman?"  
"Where's the Redman?"  
I kill, I smother, I get down with the  
(Yo, yo, yo chill, G. chill la, it's over man)  
(You ain't gotta say no more, it's over)