

# Tonight's Da Night

Redman

Who wanna have a motherfuckin orgy?  
Word is bond, word is me  
Smokin mad blunts, and all the fronts and  
Check it out, whatcha want and  
Go on with slang, well get to bang, rockin my thang  
Funkadelic, hit you with irrelevant, heyyyy  
Micraphone check, I walk around the street with black Tecs and knapsacks  
I'm known for smokin ass-cracks til I get ass flashbacks  
So all my niggaz if you're fuckin damage let me hear ya you can  
\*bo bo bo bo bo bo bo\* now did you catch a victim? HELL NO  
Come back in to fatten to funky tracks  
Blast a motherfucker until you're peekin through his back  
Cause my brain is twisted, funky realistic on the ill shit  
I rock it til, bitches start givin up that punany  
Pajamies, up the coochie, pass the clit, pass the loose shit  
Then BOO-YAA, I gave you another shot of the good shit  
Don't believe me why your pussy breathin hard enough to pinch  
the clitoris, dangle it from my cock I don't feel shit  
So check me the original Joe Pesky freak the sexy  
I got more Gadgets than the Inspector, go-go jet-skis  
Then swoop through your troops knock the boots on your cutes  
Grab you for your loot, wrap my fuckin chain around your tooth  
Cause, that's the way it goes when Tonight's Da Nite  
The music feelin Funkadelic and the mood is right  
I stick the nine between your eyes and blast you outta sight  
Cause that's the way the knotty-headed nigga, rollin right  
Blunts by the boxes, I smuggle the chocolate thai to get me high when  
I ran through more niggaz, than any kid that was adopted  
Plus an ostrich couldn't swallow my cock, quick cause it's stopped which  
makes the Soopaman Luva get stockings by the flocks bitch, hrrrahhh  
So on and on and let me kick the rab  
That light skinned brother with mad shaft up your fuckin ass  
You wanna see me get cool, the original rude bwoy, fuck with the new toys  
Like pistols, I dismiss crews, so order some new boys  
Blast the funky buddha's lockin ash up in my body  
For Fozzy Patsi I bring Sad Days to niggaz constant...  
..ly! Freak Funkadelic phrases cause I'm true school  
I'm fuckin Madonna down to Smurfette down one down to M'bufu  
Funks formatic, the fat shit, the wicked basket from caskets  
Plus I'm rollin blunts with niggaz ashes  
Smoke on the choke, light a toke until it's proper  
I deserve an Oscar for pullin glocks out niggaz mouths cuz  
I kill like that, plus I roll like that  
I'm that guy with cerebral-palsy even Bo knows that  
BUT FUCK THAT, we drop the new runner to get some ganja  
Goin Uptown, we check Benny Red out, he pulls the smack out  
Then roll up the bills-nilz, or better yet the pute  
the loo-pay, rank near my nost to rock the block  
Hittin niggaz upside the head with rocks in socks, glock on cock  
Back, trigger-hap, P P P rockin that unity  
Motherfucker! Yeah yeah motherfuckers, it's on it's on it's on  
Throw your hands in the air, and wave em like you just don't care  
And if you haven't been fucked, by the Soopaman Luva  
Let me hear you say, oh yeahhyeah!  
Oh yeahhyeah! Funkadelic, hit you with the irrelevant  
facts and max, and on and on my crew pull gats  
Flick slaps em back, come on and fuckin up tracks

Kick the mad wicked, bricks to stick it  
Come on and, I get Wilson like Pickett then stick it  
She wanna check me when I'm lickin your ass  
And lickin ya down to your clitoris  
Do you remember this, bitch, I know you're kinda hearin this  
Style that I'm kickin, yes I'm mad wicked  
Funkadelic, runs the mad train up your anus!  
Baby, cause I'm famous!  
Nope, I didn't mean that  
The mean fat black fat tracks and old dreams at  
I'm all teen strapped, sports a bean hat  
Want to rhyme to be down, but homey ain't gonna bean that