

We Run N.Y.

Redman

Hahahahahahaaaaa

Watch out!

Geyeeah! As we take a journey to the darkside

Watch out!

from Hell and beyond, the knotty-headed nigga era has triumphed

Watch out!

a new ever! If you don't know, your bitch ass better

Watch out!

axe somebody! Shoot em up!

The Hurricane G is live and in color

Watch out!

We run you motherfuckers!

The Funk Doctor Spock coming live and in color

Watch out!

We run you motherfuckers!

Puffin mad spliffs, so fuck a bitch

and a nigga, cause niggaz, and bitches ain't shit!

Hahahahahahaaaa! Dr. Trevis

Watch out!

is in the motherfuckin house

With a couple of sick patients for your bitch ass

Watch out!

Yeahhh!

The Hurricane G is the ultimate funk, pop the trunk

(Hoo-hah!! Wild like Shaolin monks)

Representin, comin out of Brooklyn, Flatbush

you wuss, you can't push push in the bush

Well uh, let's take a journey to hell and beyond

Where the bomb grows on palms, and bags labelled Cheech and Chong

The Jimi Hendrix of rap, I got an afro and

bandanna, then I rock jams like Santana

I move MC's like niggaz move keys uptown

Red and Hurricane G, SO HOW YOU LIKE US NOW?!?!?

Watch out! We run New York

Yeah

(Hurricane G hit em one time)

From the Brook, taught how to trick by the real gangsta crooks

So I holds back what you took!

I take my funk and my religion serious

Sanctify y'all and leave y'all house niggaz delirious

(hahahahaa) cause I'm furious!

How dare you motherFUCKERS, forget about the ultimate

funk, BITTTTTCH nigga!

I got your wicked witch with a switch

Motherfucker, fuck you and your crew!

So what nigga, is it you wanna do?

In ninety-fo' I kick the wicked for the bitches

For the real trick deez who can dig it

Cause after pop thought all that, Hurricane stay fat

Word to mom, big dick boricuas in the back

The queen of the East coast, funk gangsta pack buddha

on the rhyme since eighty-nine

It's all in your mind, but what's yours is mine
Your dough and your hoes Bump N Grind to my rhymes
Now! It ain't a nigga who could hang
or pop yang, about a motherfuckin th-a-a-a-ang
And uh, fuck any bitch who can't hang
I'm representin bitches universal!
It go, one for the biz, on the bizness
Which y'all blesses with God's blessings, do you see?
Hurricane and Redman original steel
Latin Queens in the house!!
So nigga swing it over here on these big fat tits!!
(Titties, hahahahaha)

The Funk Doctor Spock, blast up on your block
I'm walkin through the sewer with manure on my socks
Your style, I freaked it when I was a child
So you talkin that baby talk like, Who's Talkin Now?
Verbally I crush, brains erupt
Blow your focus, like you sniffin angel dust
Run of the mill I'm not, watch me kill a cock-sucker
And cause ruckus, like them L.O.D. motherfuckers
Every verse every word I preach
Represents the East, long as the human eyes can see
Gimme that funk funk funk funk funk funk funk beat!
I light a blunt for niggaz up in Sing-Sing
I do it to death, style is funk that's fresh
Remove your vest, you just won the wet t-shirt contest
And I'm hotter, than the Globetrotters in the Bahamas
I got a pair of pajamas made out of ganjah and almonds and I'm as
eager, as nigga wantin my shit to dub
Cause my shit be BANGIN like the Crips and Bloods
Troop, I flew the coop like Big Bird in Timb boots
I Skywalk the planet like my code name was Luke
From the darkside, I'm from the darkside Pah
I'm Above the Law like Steven Segall
Motherfucker!!

Watch out!
Hahahaha, we take you to the darkside
Come travel
Watch out!
on our metaphoric futuristic type shit
As we blow your brains like spliffs
Watch out!
Dr. Trevis is outta here
For the nine-fo' you stank... bitch
Watch out!
Yeahh
Watch out!