

## Wrong 4 Dat

Redman

This is WKYA, We Kickin Yo' Ass radio  
All you motherfuckers out there that wanna get down with the pound  
put your motherfuckin pounds up, and start bustin the motherfuckers  
Am I too loud for this motherfucker? Turn me down a little bit  
Yeah yeah yeah

Yo, first of all I'm a grown-ass man, pay my own bills  
Stated own real, haters gon' feel  
Direct Syndrome, mouth with cold tongue  
You bounty hunters be on the chase for Joe Young  
I won't slip, keep pink slips to my car  
I'm raw like sushi bars on bougie broads  
I retrieve the money, dawg labrador  
Ray Charles can see it, and Stacy Lattisaw  
You get mashed out, cause your bird is peckin  
Don't be the next vinyl cut to (Urban Legend)  
I can feel where you at, when I pound you up  
You out of town coke rhymes, oh you clowns is up  
My crew stay in the truck, can't fit in the Porsche  
If you bitches ain't happy, then get a divorce  
I'ma do what I want, cause my time is now  
Grab the whole rap game, and divide it down

If I wanna roll a Jeep with a seat out the back  
Bitch feet out the back, system beat out the track  
Am I wrong for dat? (If that's what you like)  
Dawg, am I wrong for dat? (Hey, I guess not)  
Yo yo, if I walk into the club with my hand on my snub  
Beatin down security cause I don't give a fuck  
Am I wrong for dat? (Mmm mmm)  
Dawg, am I wrong for dat? (Say WHAAAAT?!)

Yo Keith, yo yo Keith

I copped the whole box, went half with Reginald  
Hollow tips infrareds and (?) clips came free  
And you ain't gotta believe me, fuck bein nervous  
Far as I'm concerned they're at your funeral service  
What do we have here? Snitch in despair, shoot off his ear  
Have his whole body shakin in fear  
Stormtrooper fires throwin lashin out flames  
A few ashes, when they analyze your remains  
I live in the streets, reside with the toolie  
I kill you like it's part of my religious duty  
Street sweeper thug keeper sweepin thugs under the rug  
Even females who think they thugs  
Trigger the release of adrenaline  
When I'm gangsta-trippin like the Bloods'n'Crips'n'them  
Unleash the matter of energy, killin 'em  
Why'd you do it? Because I wasn't feelin them!

If I ride through the hood, smokin a ounce of haze (uh-huh)  
with a shabby haircut, pants I wore for days  
Am I wrong for dat? (I don't think so)  
C'mon bitch, am I wrong for dat? (Say WHAAAAT?!)  
Yo, if I want a fat chick that keep her toes done (uh-huh)  
When they playin my song ass spill out the thong

Am I wrong for dat? (Got that big ass)

Am I wrong for dat? (Tchk, nooo)

I gotta, bang the boogie to that bang bang pussy

to that bang to the pussy the beat, beat

And if yo', bitch ain't sippin that Cristal shit

Then she might be leavin with D, D

I got a hairy-ass chest, like Austin Powers

That bitch that "Stan" drowned, I fucked around with her

Act like a man, stand on your own two

Doc takin it all, fuck who it belong to