

Redman, Case Closed

(feat. Crossbreed)

[Dr.Trevis like voice] Hah
(huh, hah, hah, hah, HAHHAH, hah)
Nineteen ninety-six
(hah, come on!) Coming with the sickedest motherfuckers
in the perimeter
(huh, whooo! nineteen) You hit em with a newwwwww
(ninety-six, nine six) tree, dick be fly, in your ass
(Dick! Di-dick, check)

[Redman]
Yo! Amazing grace how sweet the sound is of the fo' pound
To blast all these sound men that got the po' sound
Yippie-yi-yay, motherfuckers here's the show down
But since we're broke now with dope sounds now here we go now
Check the motion while I be puffin the pot-enent
Blow spots and urban networks with other experts
Plus this thing between my ear thinks clear
And the only thing it fears is the man upstairs
So fuck your bulletproof gear
If I decide to get your ass you better believe it's more than a blast
(boo-ya) More like rough paragraphs out Alcatraz
And ash, your staff, let the grime our your ass
Everybody's hustling with sons toting guns
When Reggie Noble's sprung we stick nuns that got funds
Bomb niggaz like they did in Oklahoma
Freez, you're froze, Def Squad UHH, case closed

[Crossbreed #1]
I be the, sneaky, second dimension, creepin through your sector
Have nectar, leaking out you wack rhyme stressers
Extra deez disease leave rashes on rappers
Makin MC's so feel the breeze of the Grandmaster
Packed with swift solid style structure
Simonizing MC's with the degree of street ruckus
Aiiyo who got guns? I split precise, spleen splitter
Return my physical presence to the borough of the hard hitters
I devour, night sun shower, menace last hour, weak man's last power
Body, the six four mind shotty
The one you handle, second dimension mind vandal
Laceratin your retina for tryin to see this
As I'm flowin through the prism of the X-3-D
See at forty belows I freak flows that burn your nose
When you inhale the verbal blows, case closed

[Chorus: Redman, Crossbreed]

Aiiyo, why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?
Aiiyo, why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?
Yo, don't you know, who I am motherfucker?
[Redman's the name fool]
That's my nigga!
Why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?
Aiiyo, why the fuck you tryin to get funky on me nigga?
Yo, don't you know, who they are motherfucker?
[Crossbreed's the crew fool]
They're my niggaz!

[Verse Three: Crossbreed #2]
Things ain't easy, cuz we be, strugglin day to day
A bunch of stressed black men with not really much to say
Twistin up some brown paper that we struggle just to get
With the deaf dumb and blind become mentally equipped

As I extend my pen to wreak havoc on paper
I execute and burn MC's like Absolut with no chaser
Strong as chemical the general with rhymes
Past wreckin mics, I make the earth shatter like the 7th sign
My drama bringer bring about a new order
I'm sending a plague through your town like God to Sodom and Gomorrah
Your deacon, my vocals actions got you speechless
Make gangsta niggaz wanna go home and talk the cheapest
No man alive could bend on we, beatin on rappers literally
X3D beez up on the streets dimensional trilogy
Got no love for foes, no respect for grimy hoes
Nuff said, X-3-D blowin up, case closed