

# Redman, Come And Get It

(feat. Lady Luck)

(Lady Luck)

Yo you could get rugged, rough, hard like Luck  
Bring your best rhymes and you niggas still suck  
I'm slumped in a truck, with the pumps up  
Comes to crazy dough, I never get enough  
Your money like old men, can't get it up  
I'm spittin up sicker stuff, middle fingers up  
Luck, I'll never give y'all respect  
Like no eye contact, pounds with the left  
If you get offended, I'm talkin to you  
Come get it, and there'll be a coffin for you  
You done did it, you messin wit Luck, you pressin your luck  
Got lots of jewels and I aint givin 'em up, sho nuff

HOOK: Redman & Lady Luck

Come get it, y'all niggas wanna fuck wit Jerz  
Come get it, the Bricks don't fuck with herbs  
Come get it, I represent Jerz til I die  
Smoke on the lah lah lah lah lah lah  
Come get it, y'all niggas don't want it with Jerz  
Come get it, Luck don't run with herbs  
Come get it, I represent Jerz til I die  
Smoke on the lah lah lah lah lah lah

(Redman)

Yo, Funk Doc smack y'all niggas, jack y'all niggas  
Have your thuggest thug come get it back for y'all niggas  
Laugh at y'all niggas, throw caps at y'all niggas  
Stick NBA for the basketball figures  
Jiggalo men wit two hoes, John Ritter  
Arm lit up, microphone tormenter  
I'm hungry as fuck and I came to eat  
If you came to shoot Doc can you aim at least  
Bricks, sucker MCs that stay hookin off  
You boogie hoes like, this what I'm lookin for  
Duke, your moms think I'ma helluva guy  
Pussy, you don't get it like American Pie  
I scar deep wounds, bubble teaspoons  
Powder is the rhyme, boggled is the mind  
When I spit y'all become fiends to me  
Crack cost money, but the D is free

HOOK

(Redman)

Ayo Luck, do you really know what pressure is?

(Lady Luck)

Nigga, I apply it  
The one stealing TVs at the Rodney King riot  
Guns on salas, whips no mileage  
At the bar three iced teas, Long Island  
I stay stylin, boots stay filled with weed  
In the V, lane three, switchin up speed  
I'ma be obnoxious until I can't breathe  
And until then, y'all can't win  
Luck's twelve on a scale from one to ten  
Influenced by hydro and lots of gin  
Nigga back up, damn I need oxygen  
Surrounded by lots of men that'll rock your chin and pop your limbs  
Handle like Iverson, or Marbury  
Flows extraordinary

How bout the gold Chevy, holdin the four steady  
Been runnin war, let me know when whore's ready

HOOK