

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