

# Redman, Gimmie One

[Redman:]

Gillahouse, take it from the top like this nigga

[Verse:]

Yo, Redman 'Back in Business' like EPM  
D whips I drive, I gotta TV'em  
I tour New York down, so B.B. King'em  
Found my way back home like E.T. finger  
I rock the arena, you know the drill  
Get high, get drunk, grab a hoe and chill  
Eat a meal, then back to the hood for more action  
Promotin' Red Gone Wild with no backin  
Doc get five on the mic like Joe Jackson  
Foreign bitches feelin me for my accent  
Talk like a boss, I can't complain  
When I do it, it's big like Fulton in St. James  
I got Brick City, even D.C. bitches  
They all steal for me outta P.C. Riches  
I move like a pimp, but I'm far from one  
Like Lil Weez, I got army guns  
gimmie one, nigga

[Hook:]

1, and here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4  
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1 (Gimmie one, nigga)  
And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4  
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1 (Gimmie one, nigga)  
And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4  
And here comes the 3 to the 2 and 1 (Gimmie one, nigga)  
And here comes the 2 to the 3 and 4

[Verse 2:]

Yo, If you don't like me, fuck you, I flex one muscle  
Doc got more effects than kung fu hustle  
I'm uptown, buyin the perk  
Lookin cut clean, jeans, [?] designer shirt  
Redman fell off, what the talks about?  
I wasn't lettin y'all swim when the shark was out  
Rollin red carpet out, it's Jersey  
Me and them together is like Lil' Seymour and Big Percy  
I knew women from high school that picked on me  
Now I see them, they all wanna lick on me  
I hood down homie, rock like Bon Jovi  
I can work the nightshift like he Brian Mobley  
Brick City, boy, my flow is on fire  
Disagree, I go in your mouth like botox  
Pick up Pete Rock, nigga, we all cool  
Hit the highway and ask, "Is the CL smooth?" nigga

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

Your style might be parkay, but mine butter  
That bitch can't break no bread, then why fuck her  
I'm kinda cocky, homeboy, did I stutter?  
I pop the umbilical cord on my mother  
I jumped out the womb, I became a whale  
That's hard to harpoon, I need more room  
The hood love me, so I keep it real gully  
I got handsome, but my flow is still ugly  
Turn the treble out the track and I'll jet  
I lines in my rhyme are longer than Ikea  
I stay on my grind, but when I come up with an Idea  
The year, is party over here

It's 5 years I disappeared, but I'm back  
And tell Nino Brown and them that I'm crack  
Grab my bozack, middle finger is up  
I got your grandma givin it up  
Gimmie one, nigga!

[Hook]