

Redman, Hold Dis Blaow!

Red's Gone Wild [gun cocks]

[ad libs for next 14 seconds]

[Redman:]

Yo, I'm hot, global warming ridin on two-six
I ain't thug nigga I don't, bullet-proof shit
Gilla nigga, and we abide by the blueprint
We ain't all loud, holla and whoopin
Blah blah blah, a whole lot of nuttin
You know the loud ones, they do a whole lot of duckin
I stay on the grind, my hustle real heavy
And even for that cake I'll fuck Lil' Debbie
Soldier boy, murder land's like Baltimore
Roll on stage, more deeper than a Commodore
Get shut down! Yeah, knock your mans off
Wouldn't trade places if you [?] or Randolph
Shorty shorty, give me that body
Start a riot 'til security on the walkie
Reggie Noble '07, keep all sort of hoes yellin
Nine-fo'-three-eleven, get it or fo'get it!

[Chorus:]

You could hold dis BLAOW! Real street (real street)
Real street niggaz ain't havin that shit
You could hold dis BLAOW! Real street (real street)
Real street niggaz ain't havin that shit
You could hold dis BLAOW! Real street (real street)
Real street niggaz ain't havin that shit
You could hold dis BLAOW! And niggaz is, nig'
And niggaz is gettin smoked G, believe me
You could hold dis BLAOW!

[Redman:]

Gilla House foundation (yeah)
Gilla House foundation (aww yeah)
Gilla House foundation (thorough niggaz - no, NO!)
Gilla House foundation (monkey niggaz)

Yo, Gilla nigga, era, fuck you, pay me
Boogie Down like Bronx, high at the skate key
It's like Janet, "What Have You Done for Me, Lately?"
Nuttin, I blew up, you try to inflate me
Dawg, in my dutch, a whole lot of bud
End up in Jersey now, a whole lot of blood
So when you get here show a whole lot of love
Or leave shot up, robbed and thrown out a shrub
I don't condone, I got kids to relate to
"Redman Gone Wild" hear the new debut
Fox fired a nigga, boy that's great news
Now I'm back in the, hood like Grey Goose
Who gon' stop me? I'm razor sharp
With Gilla niggaz frontline, and Jay the boss
Y'all chicken ass niggaz blood made of broth
But I'm barbershop talk, L.A. and New York
So all you West Coast niggaz, get that money
Cause these Brick City dudes get that money
It's gonna be, one pussy that'll act funny
("Yo I'm gon' get this nigga, leave the Cadillac runnin")
Yo, Uptown got haze, Miami got crippy[?]
I'm fucked up, I slipped my own self a mickie
Doin dirty, I'm triple-X/"XXX" like Vin Dies'
Who you know can, pump weed out of Wendy's
Shorty shorty, give me that body

Start a riot 'til security on the walkie
Reggie Noble '07, keep all sort of hoes yellin
Nine-fo'-three-eleven, get it or fo'get it!

[Chorus: w/ ad libs]

[Outro:]

Gilla Gilla Gilla Gilla
Yeah, Gilla niggaz
(Gilla Gilla Gilla Gilla)
Thorough niggaz
Monkey niggaz [BLAM]