

Redman, Jam 4 U

[inhales, starts coughing]

Yo, this is for motherfuckers - that talk that sellout shit

"I just want to jam for you" [x2]
"Ev-everybody get up!"
"I just want to jam for you" [x2]
"Get on up!"

"Get down, get down, on down.." like James Brown plus I get down
but for now I "Get on up!" rhythm and funk
makes you hump like Technotronic I'll make the Jam Pump
Strong to the finish when I freak the fly gimmick like
"Du-na-da-du-duh!" without eating my damn spinach
Cause when I'm on a roll, that's when Redman start
"to chill..." round off backflip cartwheel
"Ahhhhhh, you guessed it!" I know
when my afro grow that mean more rhymes to flow
But I continue, on the menu, and send you
on a jam that earthquakes the whole damn venue
It's like this, it's like that, I won't slack
I pack more steel than the cops pack blackjacks
Word is bond, the quiet storm broke your arm
When I sound off from here all the way to Hong Kong
Drop pound for pound to throwdown and strut
Yo E what's that funk mode? "Get on up!"

"I just want to jam for you" [x2]
"Ev-everybody get up!"
"I just want to jam for you" [x2]
"Get on up!"

Check this out here, let the rough cut cut your ear
Hit Squad's the crew I'm twenty-two and Beck's the beer
Float like Muhammad, roll-on like Secret
Me rip, the crowd in half on the sneak tip
til they crumble, too humble for you to stumble
I sting like a bu-bee while the others bum-bumble
Don-dan-dan, do-do-dan-ding
Extremely wild, like the hair on Don King
Cause I kick the mode to make your brain explode
It's the HUH, the funk, now I'm known around the globe
So buckle up, hush up, while I freak the funk to get down
with the sound, grab my bozack then I freeze now...
... on your mark, get ready, get set, let's go
with the flow to jet like Delta, or Jesse O.
Whiz with the bends I clean my front lens
with a system, that knocks harder than Rin-Tin-Tin
Without question, I'm flexy when I'm sexin
Wicked when I Kick It like A Tribe Called Quest-in
The rude Redman rip backbones and hips to bits
then split ya from your wrist to your armpits
But true indeed, since pop's dropped the seed
I knew I'd be, the funkiest brother that ever bleeds
Rough and rugged, more nuggets in the bucket
That's dum dum dollars, and yes Redman love it
Pound for pound, I throw down to make ya strut
Yo E what's that funk mode? "Get on up!"

"I just want to jam for you" [x2]
"Ev-everybody get up!"
"I just want to jam for you" [x2]