

# Redman, Rockafella

[Intro:]

Aiyyo-yo-yo-yo you better pass it  
Aiyyo check this out  
We coming to you live from that BOMB Chocolate City my man  
Where the knotty-headed niggaz and the Brick City brigade dwell  
And if you don't know your fool better ask  
Aiyyo-yo you better pass that blunt  
And yo E, we comin to you live with the Cosmic type stuff

[Verse One: Redman]

Well it's that brother coming six billion feet from beneath  
And you should be peep-in how I get smoked-out on the weekend  
I swing it to my crew or down to my fans  
Schoolin hell of stackas like final exams  
Cause, it's the (UH!) Funkadelic, hit you with the irrelevant  
elements, and it's coming through your block  
Can't you smell it trick?  
Wanna copy-cat my whole format  
So you get funk tracks, punch lines and skull hats  
HUHHHHHHH! Got a little Redman in town  
Who's that effin clown soundin wack with the frown??  
I don't know man, but you better wonder what I would do  
While loud on this staff like birds one and two  
My crew runs thicka than syrup from the burough  
You get hurt up, word up, Jam-med like Pearl  
Knock off from blood clot puff on the rough block  
Or I peep my man, Rockafella, it don't stop

[Chorus:]

On and on, and it don't quit  
Redman rockin on to the funky shit, c'mon  
On and on, and it don't quit  
Redman rockin on to the funky shit  
I said Jersey's in the house  
Jersey's in the house  
I said Brooklyn's in the house  
Brooklyn's in the house  
I said Uptown's in the house  
Uptown's in the house  
I said the Bronx in the hidouse  
The Bronx in the hidouse

[Verse Two:]

Newark, New Jersey, rock rock on, word is bond  
I'm comin in swarms, so turn your flashlights on  
Due to difficulty, my style flows while it travels across the planet  
in 48 Hours like Nick Nolte  
Droppin the flavor, stay Sky high like Pager  
I'm magical like Fantasia on paper  
I Saw the Light like Kraftwerk, of course  
When the T-L-A Rock shock the stuff, It's Yours!  
To your drawers, your record label got your staff gassed  
Thinkin you gonna sell two mil cakes real fast  
But you're blocked, and your earrings choke like a tec  
Now, who freakin style your ass gonna steal next?  
Are there any more imitators in the house?? There are no  
Bust like NBA Jams, and you can have Chicago  
Catch the cargo, funky like a bag of Bravos  
Way back, when I used to pump 92 KTU and Carlos  
Huuhhh! I just stay funky like that

Make you wanna (sssss) my style like a junkie on crack  
Trick, you better back the freak up, for real now  
When I break it down from Newark NJ to IllTown

[Chorus:]

On and on, and it don't quit  
Redman rockin on to the funky shit, c'mon  
On and on, and it don't quit  
Redman rockin on to the funky shit  
I said Virginia's in the house  
Virginia's in the house  
I said Cali's in the house  
Cali's in the house  
I said Atlanta's in the house  
Atlanta's in the house  
North Carolina's in the house  
Carolina's in the house

[Verse Three:]

Yoo-hoo watch the birdie!! While Red wreck your brains early  
If rap was B-Ball, I'd have assists like James Worthy  
Dribble the rock if you got the hots to get your knot rocked  
Twice my device, Run-D.MC's from my Rock Box  
Hey you, better Come Clean like Jeru  
Before I take phase two and do another pay-per-view  
to your crew, I give a boom bip to Q-tip  
Standin tall like Shaq, honey I'm back, this ain't Blue Chips  
The new stuff, creamin brothas like Breyer's  
He's heating up - nah, brotha, I'm on fire!  
Dribble dribble shootin three pointers to the drum trick  
Try to take my style? BLAOW! and one  
DJ Twinz in the house for the nine-square  
My man Shaft, you don't know you better ask

[Outro:]

That bomb Chocolate City coming to you live  
from the ninety-fo' era  
Aiiyo you better pass that blunt, aiiyo check this out  
We gonna take it to you live  
where Newark New Jersey drops that chocolate funk for ya  
Everyday and all day, how we do it word is bond, word is day  
Def Squad's in the house for the nine-fo', word is bond, word is day  
The sad Hawthorne Ave. got the good smoke, word is bond, word is day  
Knotty-head niggaz in the house for nine-fo', word is bond, word is day  
Brick City brigade in the house for nine-fo', word is bond, word is day  
Redman rocks on and on for the nine-fo', word is bond, word is day  
Word is bond word is bond in the house I'm in the house  
Word is bond, word is day  
You can suck my balls and lick my butt, word bond, word d, ehehehehehe  
Word bond, word day  
Hehehehehe, word is bond, word is day  
Check it out, check it out  
We comin to you live with the Cosmic Slop  
On the fuckin block and we got the glocks  
To your knot, who's the funk nigga and I'm comin to ya hot  
It's that, Cosmic Slop, hit you with the irrelevant, ele, yeah