

# Redman, Time 4 Sum Aksion

(LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!)

In this corner we have the funk bodysnatcher  
P Funkadelic and I gotcha hard enough  
That I can chew a whole bag of rocks  
Chew an Avenue, chew an off street and off block  
Then turn around and do the same damn thing to a soloist  
Cause Reggie Noble's pissed  
I crush your whole brain frame  
Cause you couldn't maintain the funk  
That have your rap style for lunch, chump  
Cause 92, I take a whole crew  
Give them a punch of the funk, knock all of their gold tooth loose  
(POO POW)

To show you what type of stuff I'm on  
You can't puff or sniff it  
Because I was born with it  
The Funkadelic Devil, hit you with the rap level of 10  
Then 1, 2, 3 You're pinned  
I get action, so everybody jump wit your rump  
If you like the way it sounds punk,  
Pump it in your back trunk  
And let loose with the juice when I do rock  
I'm too hot, some say I got more Juice then Tupac  
(STRAIGHT OUTTA JERSEY)

You heard me, my brother  
Im laughin,  
TIME 4 SUM ACTION

Lights, camera, cock back the hammer  
(EXPLOSION!)  
Straight from the land of the lost  
I'ma hit you with the funk force  
That makes you run your rap style back to the crack vile  
Brotha  
Then strike a pose like Madonna  
My mom's kicked me out because I did what I want to  
The original P-Funk stroke a trunk of funk  
Then you saw caps cause my jaw snaps with the raw raps  
So color me bad, plus color me black  
For the funk that I pack, Red freak it to the funk track  
(THE FUNKY FLY STUFF)  
Come on and let me kick  
(THE FUNKY FLY STUFF)  
Just to show you where the HELL I COME FROM  
I get dumb with the 1, 1-2  
Check my rep, I'm a hit when I have sex  
(like this)  
Make you twist to the list  
Of a funky brain cell when it's puffed on a spliff  
And all that, the hi hat, go buy that,  
Listen, look, OOPS, brother where your eyes at?  
There on the floor, pick em up  
While I pour a lil funk down your brain punk  
Listen to my name chump  
(REDMAN READY TO ROCK)  
I got a glock  
THEN, POW!, your body is all over the block  
Tryin to step to ths, the Exorcist, kick it  
I git mad wicked when the twin cocks the buscuit  
And blow your head off, just for askin  
"Who's the one rappin?"  
(POO POW)  
TIME FOR SUM ACTION

[spoken]  
Yo, 1992, Redman gets paid  
Yeah, know what Im sayin  
We not goin for the Okee Doke, believe that  
Hit Squad is defineteliy in the house  
(IN THE HOUSE)  
For the brothers who dont be knowin what's up  
Word is bond, I gotta show them the flava....

AAAAH...  
back to the funk track, like Black Sheep  
My man, he say, "Who's the Redman?"  
&quot;Where's the Redman?"  
I kill, I smother, I get down with the...

(YO, YO, YO! CHIIL, G. CHILL La. It's over man.  
You ain't gotta say no more, it's over.)