

Redman, Tonight's Da Nite (Remix)

Who wanna have a motherfuckin orgy?
Word is bond, word is me
Smokin mad blunts, and all the fronts and
Check it out, whatcha want and
Go on with slang, well get to bang, rockin my thang
Funkadelic, hit you with irrelevant, heyyyyy

Micraphone check, I walk around the street with black Tec's and knapsacks
I'm known for smokin ass-cracks til I get ass flashbacks
So all my niggaz if you're fuckin damage let me hear ya you can
bo bo bo bo bo bo now did you catch a victim? HELL NO
Come back in to fatten to funky tracks
Blast a motherfucker until you're peekin through his back
Cause my brain is twisted, funky realistic on the ill shit
I rock it til, bitches start givin up that punany
Pajamies, up the coochie, pass the clit, pass the loose shit
Then BOO-YAA, I gave you another shot of the good shit
Don't believe me why your pussy breathin hard enough to pinch
the clitoris, dangle it from my cock I don't feel shit
So check me the original Joe Pesky freak the sexy
I got more Gadgets than the Inspector, go-go jet-skis
Then swoop through your troops knock the boots on your cutes
Grab you for your loot, wrap my fuckin chain around your tooth
Cause, that's the way it goes when Tonight's Da Nite
The music feelin Funkadelic and the mood is right
I stick the nine between your eyes and blast you outta sight
Cause that's the way the knotty-headed nigga, rollin right
Blunts by the boxes, I smuggle the chocolate thai to get me high when
I ran through more niggaz, than any kid that was adopted
Plus an ostrich couldn't swallow my cock, quick cause it's stopped which
makes the Soopaman Luva get stockings by the flocks bitch, hrrrahhh
So on and on and let me kick the rab
That light skinned brother with mad shaft up your fuckin ass

You wanna see me get cool, the original rude bwoy, fuck with the new toys
Like pistols, I dismiss crews, so order some new boys
Blast the funky buddha's lockin ash up in my body
For Fozzy Patsi I bring Sad Days to niggaz constant...
..ly! Freak Funkadelic phrases cause I'm true school
I'm fuckin Madonna down to Smurfette down one down to M'bufu
Funks formatic, the fat shit, the wicked basket from caskets
Plus I'm rollin blunts with niggaz ashes
Smoke on the choke, light a toke until it's proper
I deserve an Oscar for pullin glocks out niggaz mouths cuz
I kill like that, plus I roll like that
I'm that guy with cerebral-palsy even Bo knows that
BUT FUCK THAT, we drop the new runner to get some ganja
Goin Uptown, we check Benny Red out, he pulls the smack out
Then roll up the bills-nilz, or better yet the pute
the loo-pay, rank near my nost to rock the block
Hittin niggaz upside the head with rocks in socks, glock on cock
Back, trigger-hap, P P P rockin that unity
Motherfucker! Yeah yeah motherfuckers, it's on it's on it's on

Throw your hands in the air, and wave em like you just don't care
And if you haven't been fucked, by the Soopaman Luva
Let me hear you say, oh yeahhyeah!
Oh yeahhyeah! Funkadelic, hit you with the irrelevant
facts and max, and on and on my crew pull gats
Flick slaps em back, come on and fuckin up tracks
Kick the mad wicked, bricks to stick it
Come on and, I get Wilson like Pickett then stick it
She wanna check me when I'm lickin your ass
And lickin ya down to your clitoris

Do you remember this, bitch, I know you're kinda hearin this
Style that I'm kickin, yes I'm mad wicked
Funkadelic, runs the mad train up your anus!
Baby, cause I'm famous!
Nope, I didn't mean that
The mean fat black fat tracks and old dreams at
I'm all teen strapped, sports a bean hat
Want to rhyme to be down, but homey ain't gonna bean that