

Redman, Walk In Gutta

(feat. Biz Markie, Erick Sermon, Keith Murray)

[Intro:]

{"One-two one-two"}
... W, K, Y, A
Haha, Def Squad niggaz
{"One-two one-two"}
Gilla Gilla Gilla Gilla, Gilla House
Ooh {"So let's do a little somethin like this"}

[Redman:]

Yeah, yo, check it out
I'ma walk in gutta, get that butter
Only dude with a weed sign on the chucker
Hood down, car kinda loud from the muffler
Like DAMN when I profile at the Rucker
Bitches +Got Game+, I'm _Above the Rim_
Call my gun Magnolia Soulja Slim
Do "The Freak" on the floor, two steps to the side
Talk greasy like Popeye's breast and a thigh
I got sour diesel roll
One hit of this bitch, your whole staff is (out of control) {"Ohh!"}
I'm programmed for winnin, Sean John to denim
Fly guy got shoes with fish in water swimmin
You pointed me out, bad guy with the mouth
I'm Oscar, no wonder muh'fucker I'm a +Grouch+
I work around dirt, eyes focused on turf
You tried to hide before your NexTel chirp!
Blaow gotcha, you the best nigga call the doctor
Like Chinese tryin to salsa
It's never gonna be in +Groove+, call Stella back
Holiday Inn 'em, then back in the shuttle van
Bitch give me head on the first date, what a fan
Three best MC's I think on the other hand
Stand like an officer, not a gentleman
Niggaz get rich off of stolen car settlements!

[Chorus: Biz Markie (Erick Sermon)]

I say yes yes y'all {"One-two one-two"} to the beat y'all
Party havin people guaranteed to be like havin a ball
Hah hey-hey-hey, we gon' do a lil' somethin like this I say
(Y'knowmsayin so I said)
I say yes yes y'all {"One-two one-two"} to the beat y'all
Party havin people guaranteed to be like havin a ball
Hah hey-hey-hey {"So let's do a little somethin like this"}
(Huh, huh, y'knowmsayin so I said)

[Erick Sermon:]

(Yeah) I also walk in gutta, holdin my dick
A New York nigga man back in the mix
I walk up in the spot man cameras click
Cheese, all out my pocket; can't stop it (uhh)
All you can do now boy is just respect it
I ain't par tomorrow but the E is connected
Look what happens when you spin the records
Hip-Hop at its best, nothin to mess with (yeah)
I'm right here, there's no need to download
I attract hoes, I ain't gotta hound those
I call the shots, no need to brown-nose
Cut the check at 40 grand for shows
I'm +Fresh+ like Doug E., I show ya
The beat got it +Clap+ like them boys from 'Nolia, I told ya
Yeah, I do it real big by a coat check
With no bling-bling around my neck, yup

Redman and Sermon, with two icons
Nigga, I got a gut, fuck pythons
I'm an extremist (huh) who shake tracks the meanest
I'm what a hip-hop fiend is

[Chorus]

[Keith Murray:]

Yeah, I also walk in gutta, reppin my clique
A Def Squad nigga yeah, all in your mix
Niggaz talk shit you get your ass kicked
I ain't a Blood, but I'll throw you out the whip (word up)
What you know about Pinot Gregio and roasted duck (huh?)
With a mean street team outside posted up
Toasted up, ready to roast a duck (uh-huh)
When I say street team, I don't mean niggaz that put posters up (word)
Let's be blatant, you achin and ancient
We capered in your hood with dirty machetes and bloody aprons
I'll acquire a tec, quiet your rep
Stay quiet as deaf, or Kanye's choir rep (uh-huh)
As I make another left, quiet I crept, quiet you slept
I'm back with the tec, like I never left (surprise niggaz!)
See frivolous beef'll get you curiously shot (uh-huh)
You fuckin with Keith, I think seriously not (hell no)
I ATTACK like a blue-nose pit off gunpowder (yeah)
And love to soup the beef up just like clam chowder
With my Squad in the house, we misbehave
Get drunk and tongue-kiss bitches like Flavor Flav

[Chorus]

{"One-two one-two... please man don't get with that bullshit"}
{"So let's do a little somethin like this..."}