

# Redman, Winicumuhround

The hype's got me, I knock em out the box then out socks  
Cause winicumuhround, niggaz skate like the rocks  
My block...s hot, so gimme all you got  
When I'm done rockin, I leave you all doin the Bus Stop  
My format spins wheels like Pat Sajak  
I rub niggaz out like Ajax now hit the playback  
Rrrwwhwoaah, look out, roast em like cookouts  
I'm smoked out, all you MC's, pull your books out  
Word is bond it's on I get at Dawn like Marvin Gaye  
Starvin since the days of Kindergarten  
When I dye my ashes, flip my coffin backwards  
Blow shit up like the 4th of July, with half sticks  
And on and on, to the break of Rae-Dawn Chong  
I'm Killin You Softly with this song, with this bomb  
I'm like the Bronx, cuz I Boogie Down  
I'm representin Jersey motherfucker, winicumuhround

Winicumuhround, homeboy watch yo nugget  
(Aiyyo-yo-yo Redman, yo that was last album) Aiyyo fuck it, bust it  
The top, notch, look over your sess spots  
Get dumb like a whole bag of jumps with red tops  
Burn more steam than carpet cleaners  
I'm meaner then I'm iller than OJ, catchin a misdemeanor  
Boom-bash I set it off (right right)  
I shot up your lights while you caught up in the heights  
My lyrics starvin, my crew runs like the mob and  
The funk butter cup, cause I'm a bastard at robbin  
I shake the valleys over Cali when I'm spliffed up  
Rock a fifth up, that measure nine point oh on the Erichter  
Are you tuned in to my tunes it's boom  
Y'all niggaz couldn't see me if y'all had zoom  
I'm accurate like Acura, my style's ninety years maximum  
Fuel-injected like a Maxima, wheni'muharound motherfucker

The way I get wreck y'all niggaz call it mic check  
I'm vexed and if I got an itchy finger like Bernard Geotz  
With a pad and a pen I blend funky images  
That leave your girl hemmoragin for about two million and  
three years move along there's nothing to see here  
If I wasn't nice motherfucker I wouldn't be here  
Yeah yeah put metaphors inside a bracket  
Def Squad's in the house AND MOTHERFUCKER WE CAN BACK IT  
Come test your skills for real with a bomb bang boom bang  
The sound makes your brains wet  
with The Color Purple on a freight train  
The devil's the conductor  
Then take a trip to the darkside motherfuckers  
My funky pattern takes interludes around Saturn  
I'm more diesel than evil meant evil like Sebastian  
Don't try this at home kids, I zone with ET's  
And other alien type of MC's  
So throw your shit up in the sky, cause Redman's about to get live  
Like one-two-five  
I smoke High Times magazines when I lounge  
And broken mics and cords is left, winicumuhround motherfucker