

DJ Clue, RED

(feat. Redman)

[Redman]

I said y'all niggaz can't come in here tonight P,P,P
Get out of here I'm the bouncer here tonight

[Verse 1]

Your boys are out numbered so plan tomorrow
While I do the wild thing like I'm Sam Labardo
My crew is grimy enough to ride in cargo
Cause brick city beef with more people than y'all bro
(A yo dogg what up)
Yo the cold is coming
So I be up all night like my toilet runnin'
As a little boy was know for spoiling somethin'
Now it's like fuck you
It will be brawl or nothing
(Hit the streets 4 in the morning)
To run you over
The beef we love the steam and cooked in okra
Bitches in the bricks slit the throats of both ya'
Walk on T.V live hooking off on Opera
I aint buff but got nough' muscle to fight
I aint a dog but got enough hustle tonight
Here's the facts to you punks
And the message is
When you buy guns invest in extra clips
Ahhhhhhh!

[Verse 2]

When he went inside the club I flattened his wheels
DUI drug addict and I'm back at the wheel
You happened to feel
This amphibian rappish and back at the gills
From back at the hill (chill, chill, chill)
It's me on the nine to nine
Crashed it
Now my sores on the eye-a-dine
Po po found the dro but no firearm
Cause I look shady like sun visor blind
Dangerous I leave a smell
That's why the sign read "Don't feed the whale"
Doc like +Adabisi+, "I need the bail"
Cause I keep my weed locked in the +OZ+ as well
Yo what I look like a kid to you?
I'm like +Bishop+ gunnin' down my friends in +Juice+
Brick dogg and I'm out to defend my food
So fuck the media with the middle tooth (tooth, tooth, tooth)

[Verse 3]

Now just through your hands up in the motherfuckin' sky
Da dirt always bubble pour peroxide
You see? Thought I lied
Nah dogg the truth
I set marine out like my car waterproof
You niggaz break day and still y'all broke
You minus well get a job use the time to vote
I rode crocked like my benz with alignment broke
So it's like surprise!
With that five behind my coat
(So what the fuck you want!?!)
Yo I see the problem twin
The 38 special need revolvin'
Invasion like moving BET to Harlem

What are your fly whips and no keys to start em'
Yo I open the doa' *door* (Open the doa' yo)
I'm smokin' the dro' (smokin' the dro' yo)
Bitch get out of line (get out of line)
Smackin the hoe (smackin' the hoe)
Ahhhhh!