

# 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!