

# Luniz, Hypnotize

(feat. Redman)

[Redman]

Aiyyo, dot dot dot who is it the prime wizard  
Erykah Badu-izm smoker, vocal chord woof choker  
Now who block is this? (Yo yo yo no no chill chill  
nah nah hold up homie) We takin over!  
Gimme your girl, gimme your keys, to your four do' Explorer  
Yo Lu-Nile, crack their composure  
(We decompose your crowd) We layin down tighter than plaques  
When I blast I wild like them two bitches from Baps

[Luniz]

Yo, the Hong Kong Foey, human tornado like Rudy  
Turning your bomb-ba-zee into doobies  
Platinum overseas like the Fugees, Japanese  
Germany groupies, mooshi mooshi, sniffin lines  
off each other's booty love the Luniz  
I went from smokin dubs to QP's  
Make hits for thugs that bankin hoopies  
and aimin uzis, at who dirty mackin my loochie  
Come clost cock the toast and make you see Ghost-s like Whoopi

Have you ever seen a nigga get snatched up by his drawers  
And wonder the cause, cuz big dope had his balls  
Got small methamphetimes with colors to be Cray-ola  
Took the drunkest O-A, and let the X take shit over  
No need to get juiced cause it's the anti-depressant  
Smile now but trip later, and put your hand out for the present  
Lay down for fifteen, so your body can feel rest  
Kick your feet up, and start makin beats on your chest and think

[Chorus: Redman and Luniz]

Sex, money, drugs, music  
Lies, these are the things that keep niggaz...  
&quot;I was hyp-no-tized!&quot; &quot;I'd like to break it down down&quot;  
&quot;Cold turn the party out&quot; &quot;I'd like to, I'd like to break it down down&quot;  
&quot;Cold turn the party out&quot;  
[x2]

[Luniz]

Ahh ahh, I smoke Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday  
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Satur-dayyyyyyah!  
Two lay ya blunt, players with cream  
If I die my spirit will jump inside machines  
Runnin niggaz over like Christine (sorry)  
I mix the green with the last piece of hashish, ass-burning  
hoes in my black mink, your baby momma lovin my backseat  
Freak nasty got me slappin the ass cheeks of Blackstreet

So high, I'm so high I feel like I'm wearin a disguise  
Superman type of, with Kryptonite eyes  
Not knowin I'm trippin, I walks out to my vehic'  
Buckle up for safety on my way to get some cheap shit  
I'm out the parkin lot, sideways on two wheels  
Vision is double, trouble to me is bein real  
Listen to my big block bill cause in the town that's a earful  
Shares and mo' shares, swang if it's good

[Redman]

Now how I get dollars, I be the rap artist blue collar  
School scholars on knowledge to move dollars  
I do gotta motion chirp, like Impalas

for niggaz who rock Timbs, Gortex, or new Walla's  
You're facin, the Cochise of operation  
And if you ain't tastin you should steady observations  
Doctor/patient, leavin mics with laceratons  
Love to stay bent with my doggs rollin adjacent (woof!)  
And when they bark they turn your sunny days to dark  
You play the back like Rosa Parks when the arc sparks  
I bang rawly, do you orally  
My horny sounds will pound more heavy than E-40

[Chorus 1/2]

[Redman]  
I'm gettin money y'all, I'm gettin money nigga  
Bend your back like Long Isle Iced Teas with five liquors  
Knew about the cheddar since I took my child picture  
sDial 900-Do-Away-With-All-Snitches  
Stop complaining, the game is for entertainment  
What is it when niggaz heads gettin covered with blankets?  
It's just a one-eight-seven on your motherfuckin crew  
I'll have your brains doin donuts like you in a rental  
Flip fools with credentials, nasty like havin sex with kinfolk  
Blaze high, then smoke

[Luniz]  
Drunk-a-Lot, stays on top, that's why we roll  
two and two, four deep makes a crew  
Red Yuk and Num with the sidekick Hennesey  
Fuzzy, wuzza, fuzzy, little friend of me  
Hitters on the payroll, secure because we practice  
Pure ass-kick cures for who's acting drastic  
Drank and buddha blast, callin shots on Motorolas  
One step shy, so I'ma drank until it's over

Kick this for the fake Versace wearin fake Donna Karan Mossino  
Players we know, ain't no gambino  
Peons be watchin too much Casino, wannabe Nino Brown with the uzi  
But clown you more like Downtown Judy  
Niggaz can't fool me, I love the way you ball outta control  
in your rhyme, then see you in person without a dime  
But I'm global, with Reggie Noble man blazin  
Dive in a crowd like Method Man and Van Halen

[Chorus: repeat to fade]