

# Redman, Cloze Ya Doorz

(feat. Roz, Tame One, Young Z, Diezzel Don, Gov-Matic)

Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo check it out  
Introducing, the international  
Worldwide, Brick City

[Roz]

To each his own, I'ma have this known from the door  
I make niggaz walk like ball four  
Y'all score game down the block, for me it's hip-hop  
around the clock, critical I'm bound to drop (stop)  
You ain't know I'm nice girl, youse a Wannabe  
like the Spice Girls, you betta think twice girl  
I'm untry-able, undeniable  
Won't be held liable for givin knots that's untie-able  
R-O-Z, recognize my name  
Rap G.I. Jane rockin colorful wide frames  
Straight from Newark we Brick layers, Na Na slayers  
Don't play I coach and pick players  
in Da Bricks, get your shit popped locked and stolen  
Step back I'm holdin, bitches be rollin  
Ghetto style, I'ma stay that ripper  
Tryin to get cash out the ass like a stripper

[Tame One]

Dub O, I'm down for whateva, do what I gotta to get the chedda  
Fuck takin over cities, we conquered galaxies and better  
I was put here to crush CD's and wreck tapes  
Make a false move, I put this whole fuckin planet in checkmate  
Hell with this, we takin over the spot  
I don't like to, but I will resort to the glock  
The whole camp is sick, you can't do nuttin but like it  
It's like when you drown, your ass sink quicker if you fight it  
Talkin bout you used to rob niggaz with pump shotties  
I know you love club music nigga, but you ain't got a jack in your body  
You fake ass niggaz, gettin screened like a short pass  
And if you incorrect, I'ma diamond cut your bastard ass  
You got mind control over me like Deebo but you ain't my friend  
Cause when I'm around you be quiet but when I leave you be talkin again  
But we gonna do it how you want cause I'm widdit to brawl with you  
Now what if I put your bitch ass in a headlock and fall witchu

Yo niggaz, shut your windows and close ya doorz  
Comin straight from Da Brick City [x2]

[Young Z]

Yo, here I come  
Yo, yeah, yo YEAH (C'mon Z!)  
Your bitch said aliens raped her and her four friends  
But it was all the Outz, we dressed up as Martians  
When I, crack a brew it's nuttin else I'd rather do  
Hop out a cab or two to your avenue to battle you  
Your style get ate like italian steak  
Then I get Red to sell you achey or a pound of shake  
Y'all can open up wide and suck this dick  
None of y'all niggaz can't fuck with Bricks  
While you scrubbin dishes, we puffin Swishers  
Fuckin women ends up in the Benz trunk with switches  
We cop sixty-three nigs  
One from every spot, blunts be mystery mix  
We got, spots, all my niggaz stay in Bricks  
While y'all stash clips in bags of Bar-B-Q potato chips  
Plus your main honey loved us  
Slip her some bom-ba she'll fuck twenty of us

[Gov-Matic]

Yo, you pack that little ass gun like Harlem Nights  
After we brawl and fight, yo bitch I'ma ball tonight  
At shows we so tight we flow like it's one mic  
Raw underground, yo Don, tell em what that dough like

[Diezzel Don]

D. Don, I gets mine, and stay gettin it  
My thug mind'll brawl with rhymes and stay shittin it  
Check my shine, iced out platinum like your pendant  
V.I.P. ghetto nigga, hustlin and spendin  
Got bitches trickin tryin to get with me  
Got police, flock niggaz tryin to cop from me  
How many pounds you want, how many pounds you need?  
I cultivate, every block I go and drop seeds nigga  
I grow trees, niggaz know me, for bein low key  
That hustler from A.C.

[Gov-Matic]

I'm steady shittin on hoes, Grand Royal like the Green Eyed Bandit  
Jump straight in the Lex offa New Jersey transit  
Let my man spit that Don shit  
Gov-Matic spit that shit that's toxic, I rock shit  
It's that hot shit like Busta Bust got  
plus I bust glock, on pussies I trust not  
They get blown, burned like minutes on cell phone  
Bring the terror to your block like the toughest nigga from jail home  
And you dead gone when my squad come around  
We hella illa from Isabella to Downtown

[Chorus]