

Redman, Da Bump

[Intro]

Original rude bwoy... on your scene

Haha, ha ha ha!

Everybody light your blunts, get your smoke on

Hahah

All you bitches drop your drawers... witcha stinkin ass (stinkin ass)

Just roll that weed (roll that weed) just roll that weed (roll that weed)

[Verse One]

Aiyyo, yes it's me the MC Grand Royal

Spittin that Newcleus I suggest you Jams On It

I'm not a role model I cracks the Beck's bottle

Smoke blunts, play pretty MC's as sex models

So inhale exhale what you smell?

Derail the frail blind MC off my trail

If he use braille, see I never been touched

Regulate the street tactics then parlay in the cut

Uhhahhh, lay back and hit this while I shit this

Flip this, get some ass flow at long distance

And plus I pack nine inches in my britches

And keep an instant lit for the funky ass bitches

Newark, New Jersey's on the map, ?comprende?

And confrontations start from the blunts and the Reme

And if an-y, MC out there wanna test

Call my boy Poppa C to put a slug in your vest

[Chorus: from _Whut? Thee Album_; "Tonight's Tha Night"]

Check, I walk around the street with the black tec nine

By the waistline, kickin the hype shit

So turn the volume up a notch

And watch the ba-bump, ba-bump, make your speakers pop

[x2]

[Verse Two]

Owwwww, shit I'm just one hip nigga

Shit is off the hook when my crew is in the mixture

What I deliver, over tracks and rivers

Is making your lungs collapse and quiver, it's the

PPP foundation in your ass

We be the bomb like that Oklahoma blast

Then outlast, a few clowns, sounds

Raps, stay bein the mack like Dru Down

Ask me what I smoke and I say, "It's the method!"

Funk off the hook I leave shit disconnected!

What's the name of that town rollin up trees?

[Jersey smokin up the bom ba zee!]

It don't stop, you better move slowly

I make that chest wet and cosy

Then dip lowkey like OG's

Then inject that antidote to make you OD

You know a better flower get the dough G and show me

I bet you I make em more pussy than Jonsy *meow*

And show em How High I am just from the nosebleed (How High)

I keep it Naughty By Nature

Kick that rugged shit that Maybelline could make-up, lace up

[Interlude]

(Yeah Funk Doctor, represent one time for all the blunt smokers)

Smokin weed

(Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, it's how we do)

Let me hear you go oooooohhhh! (ooooohhhh!)

Smoke lalala (smoke lalala)

Let me hear you go oooooohhhh! (ooooohhhh!)

Smoke lalala (smoke lalala)

[Verse Three]

Funk Doctor, got your ass locked down proper
Let me next blast derelicts, binaca
I'ma Star at War, smoke blunts, don't Chew-bacca
The head banger boogie for the marijuana shoppers
Lace the tracks with stacks of artifacts
Make the police arrest me for givin the cardiac
Cause I'm the shitter, headbanger non-quitter
Twenty blunt a day nigga, Landcruise whipper
I represent, commence to beat an instrument
Who's next to get that ass bent ten percent
I make you boo pass off your jewels you lose cause
(I am so cool... cool... cool...)
React opponent, I Got Five On It
Met some hoochie, now I got fifty-five on it
With two Coronas, I dominate my opponents
To the hardcore niggaz, keep on! (motherfucker)

[Chorus]