

Redman, Gilla House Check

(feat. Adam F)

[Intro: Adam F (Redman)]

Get a fuckin bleedin house mate! (Yeah!)

(Gilla House!)

Okay? Big Ben and all that fuckin bullshit

(Gilla House, ya heard?)

You fuckin Muppets, you fuckin cunts!

(Gilla.. Gilla.. Gilla.. let's go!)

[Redman:]

Yo, yo

Muscle my way in, old fathers mine

Tattooed Gilla, feelin in my prime

Pull up a Coupe a color niggaz can't find

Plasma TV on the mirror outside

I overdo it strong, got chicks that buck ya down

from Vietnam that look like Nia Long

I'm hot, my collar stand up like The Fonz

To hold my guns you need wet and karma bombs

You got chubby? I got chubby too

Me starve in the park, nigga you on ComicView

You funny, I flood the area tsunami

Wash out the weak niggaz, then I tag 'em "Dry Me"

I'm married to the game, the brass my music

When Brick's in the house, there's a problem Houston!

I guzzle Crunk Juice to the neck

So when I walk in the party ain't nobody gon' do shurr

Redman is shurr, it's the principality

Oven like wurrrm for the lyrics I burrrn

Nigga wait your turrrn, we can battle in a second

So I can bankrupt ya like, Chapter 11

I'm the shit like Janet Jackson undressin

Believe it, when I quarterback you receive it

Same crib on MTV Cribs mine

I ain't lyin cause my eyes redder than iodine

I'm back muh'fucker, so up your chain

I'ma leave the same way I came, that's thorough

I run up in your hood like 80 deep

Have it sound like _Drumlines_ at A&T, muh'fucker

[Chorus: Redman]

Gilla House - check, Def Squad - check

White tee - check, Goretex - check

When we said we number one - we lied

We number one two three four AND five

Gilla House - check, Brick City - check

89 - check, cash yo - check

"They don't give a fuck about what y'all niggaz doin"

[scratch: "Holla at your b-boy-boy!]

[Redman:]

If you find a bag of weed on the floor, pick it up

And if you find it I got 10 on the dub

I'm hard to find like pickin weed out a rug

I'm worldwide fool, I don't care about a buzz

Dawn of the Red, goin for the bread

I got pitbulls hooked on to a sled

My block'll riot like they shot Cornbread

The Pres'll find a missile with a foreign head

KABOOM! Guess who stepped in the room?

Streetsweeper out, ready to vacuum

Then all of a sudden, you get it in the end

Like Kane from Marlena cousin, I'm a menace
I was broke as hell, first time I made it
Now e'rything I own is voice activated
Boy I'm lyin, I'm just tryin to make cheddar
Cause my doorbell is rubbin two wires together

[Chorus: Redman]

Gilla House - check, Wu-Tang - check
White tee - check, Nike Air - check
When we said we number one - we lied
We number one two three four AND five
Gilla House - check, Uptown - check
Purple haze - check, cash yo - check
"They don't give a fuck about what y'all niggaz doin"
[scratch: "Holla at your b-boy-boy!]