

# Redman, I C Dead People

[Verse 1: Redman]

Word is bond, Redman make the eardrum  
I'm seeing dead pople creepin' on my income  
Piercing the ear drums, how the fuck he do it?  
Got little miniture Redmans, crawlin' into it, cause my  
(Tactics is a tool, kids actin' like a fool)  
That's what happens to students, when you keep 'em after school  
I stay a wild child, beef, bring it like "Raow! Raow!"  
My guns go boom, boom, while your guns go pow pow!  
Still, I feel a chill, bumps in my body  
The spirits of other MC's, Rucka center party  
Cause, you being, the man that I am  
I'm awfully hunted by them guns with wide lens on the scope  
Sucka, you miss, I'm a get my laugh on  
You fuck around and woke up, with ya stash gone  
How I spaz on niggaz is ugly  
You got the game fucked up on makin' the money  
See I don't say I'm thugged out, but I know my choice  
Back up plans, got back up; if I blow my voice  
That's why I'm Brick City, and what to put my niggaz on  
To see us perform, we sellin' out at Ticket Tron  
What I'm doing is wrong, but It lasts long  
Yo, toast the niggaz that passed on  
Get it while the gettin good, whole life in a grip  
Cause when it's gone, that's it, that's it, that's it!

[Chorus x2]

I'm seeing dead people creepin on my income  
You win some, you lose some, but you never run

[Verse2: Redman]

(? Come on)

Redman it's the war head; BOOM!  
Nigga I don't die, I was born dead  
Top of the mornin' to ya, I wake up like a born loser  
The world is my Bermuda; Triangle and I'm lost in it  
I'm hearin' voices saying "Red, the wanna put holes in ya authentic"  
I walk among winners and I put out work, nigga  
(And I don't stop, until I squirt)  
Haters hate on, you can tell the rest of the class  
I can see the evil in you, through a masculine task  
(Smoke the greenest grass) I live by the hand of god  
That me, ya boys, or ya guns won't leave a scar  
You niggaz too hard and not ready to scrap  
Knowin' damn well, ya moms raised you better than that  
Redman the weirdo, I'm my own dirty clique  
With 35 KO's nigga (I'll make it 36!)

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: Redman]

Thou shall not fuck with raw, Funk Docter  
Takin' ya breath when I drop ya  
I feel for you (? try to test me)  
You a waitress set of an MC, check please  
(I waited way too long) Now it's time to put Gilla on the map  
Gilla on ya back, same Zombies, from Phila on attack  
Niggaz want it back, Triggas on the map  
Won't stop me, I'm not a quitter that's a rap  
(If I was just broke you wouldn't notice me)  
Ha, Ha, but look at the bright side my man  
No body really planned to fail, you really failed the plan  
Gotta keep the bomb like an Israeli hand  
My music's killa, your's girlie; Scram!

I can hang out in the same place as my fans  
Let 'em touch me, feel how far that I swam  
Look in my eyes, ya noddin to sleep  
It ain't a watch, as Eminem, providin the beat  
That's why..

[Chorus x4]