

# Redman, I'm A Bad

I get mad wicked (fuck around) and catch a bad one by the funk  
I puff the mad spliffs and roll blunts with Archie Bunker  
Cause my brain is twisted, so I cock the biscuit  
Cause shit's thick, some say I'm a bastard of a swift bitch  
negro, funk in it with the style in your ear bro  
To make you \_Fear\_ me like \_Cape\_ without Robert DeNiro  
You big pussy, so funky that you have to douche me  
You can't hear me then my record label didn't push me  
I know I'm sayin fuck too many times in my rhymes  
but if I wasn't bad, I wouldn't freak it in the line  
But it don't seem to matter cause my shit get fatter and fatter  
I'll do the funk in your face and it slaps ya  
How does it feel with the face full of funk  
with the bass in your trunk, weed laced with the blunt  
I puff, I never got snuffed, bust while I dust your monkey  
ass off then I just crush on the hush hush  
So if you want a taste of the funk from the gutter  
Ask the brothers (why?) Cause I'm bad (word to mothers)

"I'm a bad.." "Yo word to the mother" [x3]  
"I'm a bad.." "Bad bad, and a wicked in bed"  
"I'm a bad.." "Yo word to the mother" [x3]  
"I'm a bad.." "Bad bad, and a wicked in bed"

Yo yo, check this out  
This is for y'all hokey-pokey punk pussy motherfuckers  
Just to show y'all I do what the FUCK I wanna do  
I want y'all to check this on the real  
And yo, check this out

[fast bass beat drops in]  
Shake it! C'mon shake it! C'mon shake it! C'mon shake it!  
Whassup now? Whassup now? Whassup now? Whassup now?  
Whattup now? Hahahahah

(Yo Red, c'mon, get back to the track man, I wanna get out of here!)

Yo kid chill, aight aight check it out  
Flexy I'm sexy when I'm standin in my drawers  
If you can't check me when I'm rappin, put the tape on pause  
And listen to the incredible shit that I kick my man  
Give me five on the backhand then stick  
your finger in a hole and chop the stick quick  
cause my lip get to the point, to STILL rock the fly shit  
Since you're holding your breath, I hold my jewels  
I swing hardcore, so I walk, holdin my tools  
The original P-Funk, takes no junk, from a chump, or punk G  
I been this way every since nine months  
So get down while I rip the raps from my lips cause  
my shit's more deep, than any tape from Enigma  
The gettin nice, thinkin killer brother who pop trash  
Basic instinct -- I'm a shoot us and they got blasted  
much ass I kick, groove to the master mix  
My song still pumps when it's not even mastered, bitch!  
My shit's very chronic so rewind it  
Cause it's like.. eh-eh-eh-eh beyond, bionic!  
Cause I'm a wild and crazy guy! No lie!  
Last brother to battle me I started pissin in his eye  
I'm bad, word to mother to the motherfuckin Hubbard  
Eatin her curds and whey, puffin spliffs cause she doesn't  
And if you still don't under-fuckin-stand where I'm comin from  
Listen to my nine, understand where it's hummin from!

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