

Redman, Iz He 4 Real

yah word up

Hooooaa, haha

haaaaaa [Rock, Leflah Leflour Eshkoshkah:] ("Iz he for real he can't be")

yah word up

Haha, hooooaa

haaaaaa ("Iz he for real he can't be")

yah word up

Hoooooaa, iz he 4 real

haaaaaa ("Iz he for real he can't be")

Haha, unbeknown, unbelieved

Hoooooaa, haha

haaaaaa ("Iz he for real he can't be")

Somebody light the fuse so I can bring bad news
To all these crews who can't NBA Jam with the shoes
That double shot Hennesee got my mind trippin
Drunk enough to start a campaign on ass kickin
With my nigga Keith who give assists like Scott Pippen
For MC derelict whippin, cap or cock twistin
Drop your money in the slot if your block don't got
a real representer cocked for action like my block got
Rhyme skills three and a quarter for them drop tops
Your caliber, straight up pussy who pop glocks
While I kick facts react on funky tracks
Give me room like the Hyatt while I run this jungle habitat
And if I snap get that monkey off my back
Me and mikes together roll tighter than Slick and Vance Wright
Toast to the real MC's that can feel me
And if your bitch ain't jumpin now then later on she will be
All these weak punk MC's kill me
They don't feel me, come to Jersey get jacked like Jill G

Hooooo, haaaaa ("Iz he for real he can't be") [x4]