

# Redman, Slide And Rock On

[Intro:]

Yo, this blunt is for all the niggaz that was in the  
holdin pen with me in central booking  
Welcome to the system

(Ha ha ha haaaa! Yeahhh! Motherfuckers!  
Coming to you live from Newark, New Jersey)

(Hey Redman would you roll that blunt and get me fucked up)  
Fucked up (all night) all night  
(Hey Redman would you roll that blunt and get me fucked up)  
Fucked up (all night) all night

(Yeah! Coming to you live, straight out of Jersey, motherfucker)

[Verse One:]

Rock on, rock on, yo here comes that Funkadelic  
I come wtter than Purple Rain, I bust brains, the funk Doctor  
Spock, got the glock, now I'm smokin out your sess spot  
I rock from here to Bedstuy, I hit the spot like XY  
Who is that nigga that's comin six billion feet  
I roll my funk and find tone even smoke up blues with 18th Street  
I cut massively with sneaky styles like Dick Dastardly  
Look at the letter-coated afro like my man Shaft would be  
The new vroom, crisp like chicken and Chinese food  
I'm just like The Whispers here to put you in the mood  
[Jumpin Jersey] Yeah you heard me, got more family than the Partridge  
Roll the red carpet for Red from here to corner markey  
You're tryin me, I'm a menace of society, right  
[Yo yo they killed your style] Yo yo, I ain't lettin shit ride  
Droppin the verbs and nouns, antonyms and homonyms  
Covering my dick, plus I'm diesel like all of them

[Chorus: x2]

Rock rock on, you gotta rock rock on (somebody, help  
meeeeeee!) Rock rock on, you gotta rock rock on  
(You gotta rock on) Rock rock on, you gotta rock rock on  
Rock rock on, you gotta rock rock on

[Verse Two:]

My momma used to tell me turn that shit the fuck off  
So I had to play like Foxy and get off [get off]  
My shit was thick I bought a clip then cocked my own grip at honeydips  
Cause moms made enough loot just to pay the bills with, beeitch  
Selling bags from uptowwwwwn  
Me and Lester put our money together now we got the block locked down  
31 to local A-Train's, Hoboken  
I took the back way, New Jersey transit cops were open  
I'm hopin, that they don't go inside my boots  
Cause we had everything, from jewelry to thai-one suits  
And ClieNTEL, I'm drinkin Ballentine L in hell  
So Redman rock well before our record sell  
Then my moms crib was jacked by the jealous  
[And if ya ain't come back] Is what the base-head used to tell us  
[Yo fellaz!] Our whole scheme sinkin like boats  
Cause Les mixed biz with pleasure when we shoulda stuck to lactose  
But every good thing comes to a end  
With no ends, on the block, sellin weed again  
My moms tried to make me go to school, I just didn't listen  
Got locked up, now I'm all in the system, listen

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

Whassup! I tickle your putty-cars with my loonie raps  
on groovy tracks, I make new jacks catch convulsions like groupie acts  
From my city I spread it all like Jiffy  
It's a mystery, my spliff be live like 145th be  
I mold like clay, and roll dice just like Andrew  
I stay strapped just like bamboo, my crewsa got mad handle  
Whatever, the weather be, I got mental telepathy  
So throw your bombest rapper and watch me intercept MC's  
I keep my car underground just like the Lords  
Even though I'm known, like all the four wheels on the course  
So let me pull up to your bumper like Grace Jones  
Cause my shit be WAY off the hook like pay phonesssahh! [dial tone]