

Redman, Tonight's The Night

(Redman)

Mic check, I can get smooth to any groove
Relax the tongue, let my mic take a cruise
around the planet, pack em in like Janet
Jackson, she's askin if I can slam it
I'm....

(Hurricane G)

Yo yo Redman! Man what the F**K man?
Get the F**K off that.. punk smooov shit man!
Get with that ROUGH shit man, you know how we do!

(Redman)

Mic check, I walk around the streets with a black tech nine
by the waistline, kickin the hype shit
I never claim to be the best type of rapper
But hafta, show them motherf**kers what I'm after
I'm after the gold, then after that the platinum
Beef after that, Hurricane G packs the gat son
Trigger, bang, bang, yo bust the slang, whut my name?
It's the Redman on the funk thang
Psyche, you're motherf**kin right, tonight's the night
To do what I wanna do, to do it like dynamite
The work perfected, when the funk been ejected
I roughen up the rough draft to like make your head split
Punk! Pass the 40 and the blunt and don't front
on the block, cause when you do front, brothers are gettin stomped
I'm not a addict, more like Puff than Magic
Then pass it when I'm through cause my crew gots to have it
I don't claim to be a big rap star
cause no matter who you are, you'll still catch a bullet scar
So listen up and take heed to what I'm sayin
Cause tonight's the night and me and my niggaz ain't playin

Fat black bitch! Nasty..
bush bear, booga breath bitch
Nasty, talk to your tits bitch
with them nasty Africans, Mr. Bojangles
Turned up shoes havin ass..
Lemming leprechaun haircut motherf**ker!

You wanna see me get cool, please, save it for the breeze
cause the lyrics and tracks, make me funky like cottage cheese
F**k the smooov shit, I get down wit the boom bip
like Q-Tip, I kick more styles than Bruce shoe's kick
But tonight's the night what I write tonight
This type of funk with the flavor like Mike'n'Ike's
Hanging out wit my niggaz, my niggaz
The {Pack Pistol Posse} keep they fingers on the triggers
I keep the 40 between my lap, coolin, rollin down the highway
Blunt system pumps cause it's Friday
Roll over to pick my boys up, we raise a lot of noise
cause, we can do that black, so get the bozack jack
Remember, I do the type of evil that men do
Like cursin out my window at a bitch and her friend too
So turn the volume up a notch
and watch the ba-BUMP, ba-BUMP, make ya speakers pop
That's the funk, when it pumps it makes your rump
jump, jump, jump.. jump, jump, jump
But if you want to see a fly but frantic
cool romantic, more Slick=er than my man Rick
You better check the Yellow Pages under smooov shit

cause Red ain't down for the bullshit
Niggaz f**ked up by letting me make an album (How come rude bwoy?)
To get on the mic and let my f**kin style run

Nasty f**kin greenthumb Jolly Green niggaz
Tango mango, pickin havin ass
Nasty epileptic disease crazy havin ass
Johnny Cash, afro havin
Jack of Spades, boots havin
Tony Danza, shoes wearin ass!

B-b-b-black by popular demand, I expand
My hand to the mic and let my mouth kick the flim flam
I get sex, I get wreck, I puff mad blunts
I get vexed, I break necks, punch out gold fronts, chump
You...

Yo, f**k that, yo turn this shit off man
Turn this shit off, G
Boom the new record on, knahmsayin?