

# Redman, Wuditlooklike

[Intro:]

Eeeyeahh

Wuditlooklike, to all you trick bitches  
and you punk ass niggaz out there  
I'm talkin to you live from WFDS  
We're From the DarkSide radio  
It's about two thousand degrees down this motherfucker  
But the funk just don't stop  
As we take y'all fat roly-poly asses on another journey  
To the darkside...

[Verse One:]

Wuditlooklike? When I wipe off my sweat  
Verbally I'm Untouchable like Elliot Ness  
To the best of my ability I rock any facility  
And fuck the yellow cabs I smoke buddha out deliveries  
I'm just as high as the fuckin friendly skies  
When I'm, open, you can't even see my chinky eyes  
Cause the buddha I smoke, is no joke, when I'm loc'ed  
Then I wet it, then you be like -- that shit be soaked!!  
I'm saggin my.... Karl Kani...  
and Two Black Guys when I get busy like the L.I.  
Well I, swing it back and forth like a leaf  
Without traffic I flow like the B.Q.E.  
But I can pass niggaz straight out of first-class  
Then leave em huffin and puffin like first day at Lemans class  
PPP, got the glocks and techs  
And Def Squad always got some fly shit on deck

[Chorus: x4]

I said wuditlooklike (wuditlooklike)  
Wuditlooklike (wuditlooklike)

[Verse Two:]

A-hem...  
The Funk Doctor Spock blow the watt through your box  
I come hotter than Treach, you bet about callin the cops  
Because (this type of funk you don't hear on the regular)  
Rock six seven eight nine ten (to eleven ta)  
Knew my style got more powers than Cocoon  
Zoom your focus, I drop the mic and leave it smokin  
When I'm vexed, my concepts Wreck like Effect  
Verbal communications blow to the next ep  
I'm robbin your brains with antilogical, phenomical  
Suicidal with lethal type funk spread your nodules  
Straight up the weight up plus I max like a Beta  
Boy I fuck your head up like a blunt that's laced up  
The boogie verbalist, vocalist  
I get open with, puttin scannings on the fake soloist  
My style reachin down like Ike, switch up like dykes and  
You'll be tellin your psychologist wuditlooklike

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

Wuditlooklike suckers, punk motherfuckers  
Bitches be actin funny, don't wanna show me no love cuz  
They think I'm crazy and like mentally sick  
Ahhh, give em the dick then they quiver like fish, then I

Smoke a pound of herb a day, and yo  
Some bitches say, I'm the Mack like Maceo  
I don't be that I just beez the funk disease  
that leave MC's, recognizing like Sam Sneed  
The funkindominal, I bring drama to any rendezvous  
Rock three-sixty-five, twenty-four, Monday through  
That other shit, makes them other ship, flip  
funk ridiculous, inconspicuous with lyrics  
A-uhhm, oh-seven-one-oh-three's where I from  
Been gettin dumb, every since Harlem World used to jump  
And that's for all them hardrock niggaz that's comin in flocks  
I bust off the glock for the hood and the block

[Chorus]