

Cloze Ya Doorz

Redman

To each his own, I'ma have this known from the door
I make niggaz walk like ball four
Y'all score game down the block, for me it's hip-hop
Around the clock, critical I'm bound to drop (stop)
You ain't know I'm nice girl, youse a Wannabe
Like the Spice Girls, you betta think twice girl
I'm untry-able, undeniable
Won't be held liable for givin knots that's untie-able
R-O-Z, recognize my name
Rap G.I. Jane rockin' colorful wide frames
Straight from Newark we Brick layers, Na Na slayers
Don't play I coach and pick players
In Da Bricks, get your shit popped locked and stolen
Step back I'm holdin', bitches be rollin'
Ghetto style, I'ma stay that ripper
Tryin' to get cash out the ass like a stripper

Dub O, I'm down for whateva, do what I gotta to get the chedda
Fuck takin' over cities, we conquered galaxies and better
I was put here to crush CD's and wreck tapes
Make a false move, I put this whole fuckin' planet in checkmate
Hell with this, we takin' over the spot
I don't like to, but I will resort to the glock
The whole camp is sick, you can't do nuttin but like it
It's like when you drown, your ass sink quicker if you fight it
Talkin' bout you used to rob niggaz with pump shotties
I know you love club music nigga, but you ain't got a jack in your body
You fake ass niggaz, gettin' screened like a short pass
And if you incorrect, I'ma diamond cut your bastard ass
You got mind control over me like Deebo but you ain't my friend
Cause when I'm around you be quiet but when I leave you be talkin' again
But we gonna do it how you want cause I'm widdit to brawl with you
Now what if I put your bitch ass in a headlock and fall witchu

Yo niggaz, shut your windows and close ya doorz
Comin' straight from Da Brick City

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Your bitch said aliens raped her and her four friends
But it was all the Outz, we dressed up as Martians
When I, crack a brew it's nuttin' else I'd rather do
Hop out a cab or two to your avenue to battle you
Your style get ate like italian steak
Then I get Red to sell you achey or a pound of shake
Y'all can open up wide and suck this dick
None of y'all niggaz can't fuck with Bricks
While you scrubbin' dishes, we puffin Swishers
Fuckin' women ends up in the Benz trunk with switches
We cop sixty-three nigs
One from every spot, blunts be mystery mix
We got, spots, all my niggaz stay in Bricks
While y'all stash clips in bags of Bar-B-Q potato chips
Plus your main honey loved us
Slip her some bom-ba she'll fuck twenty of us

Yo, you pack that little ass gun like Harlem Nights
After we brawl and fight, yo bitch I'ma ball tonight
At shows we so tight we flow like it's one mic
Raw underground, yo Don, tell em what that dough like

D. Don, I gets mine, and stay gettin' it
My thug mind'll brawl with rhymes and stay shittin' it
Check my shine, iced out platinum like your pendant
V.I.P. ghetto nigga, hustlin' and spendin'
Got bitches trickin' tryin' to get with me
Got police, flock niggaz tryin to cop from me
How many pouns you want, how many pounds you need?
I cultivate, every block I go and drop seeds nigga
I grow trees, niggaz know me, for bein' low key
That hustler from A.C.

I'm steady shittin' on hoes, Grand Royal like the Green Eyed Bandit
Jump straight in the Lex offa New Jersey transit
Let my man spit that Don shit
Gov-Matic spit that shit that's toxic, I rock shit
It's that hot shit like Busta Bust got
Plus I bust glock, on pussies I trust not
They get blown, burned like minutes on cell phone
Bring the terror to your block like the toughest nigga from jail home
And you dead gone when my squad come around
We hella illa from Isabella to Downtown