

# Gilla House Check

Redman

Get a fuckin bleedin house mate! (Yeah!)  
(Gilla House!)  
Okay? Big Ben and all that fuckin bullshit  
(Gilla House, ya heard?)  
You fuckin Muppets, you fuckin cunts!  
(Gilla.. Gilla.. Gilla.. let's go!)

Yo, yo  
Muscle my way in, old fathers mine  
Tattooed Gilla, feelin in my prime  
Pull up a Coupe a color niggaz can't find  
Plasma TV on the mirror outside  
I overdo it strong, got chicks that buck ya down  
from Vietnam that look like Nia Long  
I'm hot, my collar stand up like The Fonz  
To hold my guns you need wet and karma bombs  
You got chubby? I got chubby too  
Me starve in the park, nigga you on ComicView  
You funny, I flood the area tsunami  
Wash out the weak niggaz, then I tag 'em \_Dry Me\_  
I'm married to the game, the brass my music  
When Brick's in the house, there's a problem Houston!  
I guzzle Crunk Juice to the neck  
So when I walk in the party ain't nobody gon' do shurrr  
Redman is shurrr, it's the principality  
Oven like wurrrm for the lyrics I burrrn  
Nigga wait your turrrn, we can battle in a second  
So I can bankrupt ya like, Chapter 11  
I'm the shit like Janet Jackson undressin  
Believe it, when I quarterback you receive it  
Same crib on MTV Cribs mine  
I ain't lyin cause my eyes redder than iodine  
I'm back muh'fucker, so up your chain  
I'ma leave the same way I came, that's thorough  
I run up in your hood like 80 deep  
Have it sound like \_Drumlines\_ at A&T, muh'fucker

[Chorus: Redman]

Gilla House - check, Def Squad - check  
White tee - check, Goretex - check  
When we said we number one - we lied  
We number one two three four AND five  
Gilla House - check, Brick City - check  
89 - check, cash yo - check  
"They don't give a fuck about what y'all niggaz doin"  
{\*scratch: "Holla at your b-boy-boy!\*}

[Redman]

If you find a bag of weed on the floor, pick it up  
And if you find it I got 10 on the dub  
I'm hard to find like pickin weed out a rug  
I'm worldwide fool, I don't care about a buzz  
Dawn of the Red, goin for the bread  
I got pitbulls hooked on to a sled  
My block'll riot like they shot Cornbread  
The Pres'll find a missile with a foreign head  
KABOOM! Guess who stepped in the room?

Streetsweeper out, ready to vacuum  
Then all of a sudden, you get it in the end  
Like Kane from Marlana cousin, I'm a menace  
I was broke as hell, first time I made it  
Now e'rything I own is voice activated  
Boy I'm lyin, I'm just tryin to make cheddar  
Cause my doorbell is rubbin two wires together

[Chorus: Redman]

Gilla House - check, Wu-Tang - check  
White tee - check, Nike Air - check  
When we said we number one - we lied  
We number one two three four AND five  
Gilla House - check, Uptown - check  
Purple haze - check, cash yo - check  
"They don't give a fuck about what y'all niggaz doin"  
{\*scratch: "Holla at your b-boy-boy!\*"}