

I'm the type of nigga you need in the clutch
Anybody disrespecting the brand they get touched
Def Squad, Wu we coming through can't you tell a
Bunch of niggas walking down the block like it's Selma
But we strapped with an automat'
Just in case they act up we fighting back
Sorry Martin
I ain't the one startin'
I'm home chillin'
I gotta cook and do homework with my children
But I'm back at it, rhyme and beat makin'
This dope like a habit, these cats got to have it
The MP breakdown, I'm beatin' on the tablet
I ain't lettin' no one breathe go ask [?]
Enoughs enough, the stuff ya'll releasin'
Had to call Method Man up to start beastin'
Everybody scared to speak up
What you afraid of, you don't wanna get beat up?
Fuck it, you suck, I said it
Ease up, I'm not Tyson but it hit you it freeze ups
Schwarzenegger
I got a cop lady-friend that gave me a tazer
So I'm gon go to jail for life for killing a hater
So while I'm in the streets I'm getting paper
Lockin' down the blocks don't fuck around and get shot homie
Duke you soft, comforter
These chicks ain't loyal my homeboy, he humpin' her
Fuck Ya'll

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METH

E, check they persona non grata
Prizing in the game one nada
I guzzle Ghost Lager
You still a 40 thief, ali baba
Corner store robber I feel sorry for your mama
I'm a menace, a monster
Meth lab chemist with the contra, no limit
They only see murder they ain't in it
Imposters, pop one minute then they mobsters
We get it
Pretend it went pop or it's hot, love pretendin'
I ain't playin' the fun ended
Still not a player like Big Pun
No pun intended
We in these tenements, big guns second a minute
Gives you the right to bear one, I recommend it

You timid, here's a middle finger, you finished
This other middle finger's for anybody offended
Them gimmicks, see I spot 'em just like a blemish
I criticize the image, cause everybody's a critic

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Yo, welcome everyone to my thoughts
I carry the hammer like judge in court
The streets them gone wild
Right through the cannabis plant
And when I chant every verse you can actually see the sound cloud
Wow
Redman you done grown up
Grown man do grown man shit what you expect
Rap and drug dealing, the same thing
The strength depends on yo' connects
I was taught well
Never wrote a verse sittin' in a cell
But I'm cold wid' it, a little sickle in his cell
Chicks love a nigga they trippin' on his cell
And I tell 'em my album out, hit me with a sale
My bruh said when I rap, talk to 'em
I said cool I might as well, harpoon 'em
I got a gun from x boxing on
Women and step kids they gotta duck when the step pops
That's why I'm international
Tryna' turn up and get beat down
This is hip hop
You wanna walk in my shoes, I'm like
Pardon you I got Jordans on, and them are flip flops

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