

## 1990 Now

Redman

Clap ya hands (hahahahaha)  
Clap ya hands everybody, cause I (Uh)  
Clap ya hands (Uh, paging Reggie Noble)  
Clap ya hands everybody, cause I (hehehehe)  
Clap ya hands  
Man I'm hungry muh-fucka  
Clap ya hands everybody, cause I (Ow!)  
Clap ya hands  
Skills, nigga  
Clap ya hands everybody

I'm so amazing, flow is cajun  
Fly, everything aviation  
Feel like Clark, and I'm on vacation  
I throw it in the park, now I'm back to basics  
Who need teaching, I'm cocky, I'm reachin'  
It's ugly, like when old lady's ain't decent  
I don't like beefin', my weight like a vegan  
But compared to y'all on the mic, you ain't eatin'  
I ain't talking Lambo's & F1's  
More like Rakim & KRS Ones (hahahehe!)  
I'm killin' em, you can keep your money  
Our boss need a big desk just to write the check on  
I know I'm difficult, rap got typical, but I got visual (Yes)  
The bam like Bigelow (Yeaaaaees)  
I'm like the i12 app for risers  
[?] so rush represent from New Jersey's finest

Clap ya hands, everybody, cause I brought weed for everbody  
They ask "Redman, what's the sound?" I tell 'em "Muh-  
fuckin' (The year is 19- is 19-) 1990 Now!" (There it is)  
I said, slap ya hands, everybody, cause I brought weed for everbody (Let's g  
o!)  
They ask "Redman, what's the sound?" I tell 'em " Muh-fuckin' 1990 Now!"

Yo, I want the Green like 'Cee Lo', be the new Nino  
Have Italian chicks grab my libido  
You got the swag, but I got skills  
I'm half Huxtable, way I'm after them Bills  
Yes sir, nigga, I'm a hustler too  
When I hit the rap game, where the fuck was you (where was you nigga!)  
'92; I was G Rap cool on camera  
Was all in the zone like Deion Sanders  
New niggas hate that, old niggas make that  
That's like a Maybach, built with an 8-Track  
Scrubs, they get Ajax ASAP  
Niggas who wouldn't squeeze a mayonnaise pack  
70's; I was Commodores, Whispers  
Rival gangs like Cowboys in Pittsburgh  
When I was putting up Muddy Waters Stickers  
You was a young cat, trying to meet Big Bird

Clap ya hands, everybody, cause I brought weed for everbody  
They ask "Redman, what's the sound?" I tell 'em "Muh-  
fuckin' (The year is 19- is 19-) 1990 Now!" (There it is)  
I said, slap ya hands, everybody, cause I brought weed for everbody (Let's g  
o!)

They ask "Redman, what's the sound?" I tell 'em " Muh-fuckin' 1990 Now!" (Let's Go!)

I want the Green like 'Cee Lo', be the Nino (Woah Woah Woah)  
Have It-The fuck is you talkin' about?  
(You said that shit already)  
Ah, I did, right? God dammit! Bring it back

Yo, when my camp on fire; Smokey the Bear  
So only fadin' is mostly the hair  
Got women clumsy, like Sinclair  
And so many Jordans my nigga owe me a pair (I swear)  
I can afford to take losses  
With all these exhausts on the horses (Doc!)  
You won't find me up in the office  
When it's Friday and I want Ms. Parker  
Yeah, I'm kung pow around a sundial  
I should be rich now like the Rothschilds  
Rather, I'm in the hood with a black'n mild  
Listenin' to y'all demos on Soundclouds

And-  
Y-See!?! (Aw!)  
Y'all done fucked my vibe up, man (No!)  
Fix y'all shit, man

Clap ya hands, everybody, cause I brought weed for everybody  
They ask "Redman, what's the sound?" I tell 'em "Muh-fuckin' (The year is 19- is 19-) 1990 Now!" (There it is)  
Clap ya hands, everybody, (Aw Man) cause I brought weed for everybody  
They ask "Redman, what's the sound?" I tell 'em " Muh-fuckin' 1990 Now!" (Let's go!) (Yessir)  
I said slap ya hands, everybody, cause I brought weed for everybody (Brick City, what's good baby?)  
They ask "Redman, what's the sound?" I tell 'em "Muh-fuckin' (The year is 19- is 19-) 1990 Now!" (There it is) (Whoooo)  
I said slap ya hands, everybody, (Latifah what's good baby?) cause I brought weed for everybody  
They ask "Redman, what's the sound?" (Gilla House) I tell 'em

Music slows down & soon cuts off:  
Muhfuckin' nineteeeeen...

Yo, What the fuck!  
AW!  
Who the fuck turned off the power!?  
(Fuck man)  
Fuckin' Assholes