

Blow Your Mind

Redman

A-hem.. hit me
This is goin down
What's goin down?
Yo yo yo Reggie Noble, drop that beat in, hah!
Yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh
Give it to me, give it to me

AHHHH!! Look out, it's the Funkadelic Funk for chumps
who don't be knowin my name, I tear the frame out ya punks
I make ya slide, make ya slip, make ya wanna backflip
I get biz with the skit, I DJ like Quik
The topnotch of the block, cause I carry a glock
Only hot rocks I'm hot, so give up the props
My style is HUMMIN CUMMIN ATCHA, duck or get backed up
Dispatcher: 'Red, get freaky to the rapture'
So come on light the buddha check your honey while I scoop her
The Soopafly, Jimmy fly Snooka rips the roof off
Then hook off on your crew, to the check of one to two
It's you! AHHHHHHHHHHH! Funky fresh in the flesh trail
Come on and get down and boogie oogie with the ruffneck
Hit women like Madonna all the way down to Smurfette
But first get your tables I roast your whole record label kids
Yo Red! (Whassup G?) Briiiiidge!

Look out.. AHHHHH!

Can I tear the roof off this mother? It's the Funkdafied brother
Then I laugh, because I burn ya like Backdraft
So call the fire engine cause I'm flamin up your buildin
One Life to Live so the funk is in All My Children
Cause I can get wicked like the witches from Eastwick
And freak the type of funk to make all y'all teeth grit
and crumble, my style is more flyer than ? Brundle ?
Fly from the fly part one to fly part two
PsychoBetaP-Funk, got styles hard as tree trunks
For real punk, you got a blunt, light it cause I need one
And get down with the irrelevant funk to make ya jump
with the fly human being, watch me freak it in Korean

Chu ri ka pi kyura mulla kara
Nu gu nya nada na na nun Redman
Na bo da challan nom hana do upda
Yi sae sang cheil eu na nun Redman, my man

(Get away, get off me, get lost)
(Who am I, I am, I'm Redman)
(There's no one better than me)
(The world's BEST is REDMAN, my man)

I rip shop in hip-hop I get props my lip rocks
The rap stuff's more spooky than movies from Hitchcock
Sit back relax let me rip to the funk track
And press rewind if I haven't blown your mind

ERRRK! Let me get busy with the funky fly stuff
cause I cut your freakin eyes out, fuck Bruce Willis because I die rough
It's the Funkadelic Redman and I hit ya with the

Funkadelic level, the P-Funk, the devil
The spectacular, Blackula, bust holes like Dracula
Loaded of course, more Legend than Acura
I'm swift, I like big spliffs so I tisk tisk a tasket
Plus keep the glock in my basket
I cough up a lung cause I freak it with the tongue
cause I can 'Wax on! Wax off!' like Daniel-son
Do the yea yea, boogey say up jump the boogey
to the boogey to the boogey thanks to E cause he hooked me
So fuck what ya heard, word to herb, cause I mack
Framalama, plus I kick the grammar, straight from - NEW JERZ
It's the renegade rap Redman, really who rip rhymes in rough mode
Yo, hold your breath while I explode!

[EXPLOSION]