

Off The Wall

Redman

No matter what people say
I'm gon keep rappin this way
No matter what you may think
I'm gon keep doin my thing

I'm almost as famous as fat bald men
Decided to write songs to teach Mouseketeers to sing
I stick Britney Spears in a room full of mirrors
So she gets fifty years of bad luck (crash)
Causing terror to Christina Aguilera
When I grab her by the hair and drag her across the Sahara
Beware of this rap terrorist with a therapist
With a hair up his ass like a rabbit crawled in his pants
Got a habit of holding Tylenol in his hands
Til it melts in his fuckin palms and dissolves in his glands
(So who is it?) The fool who visit the playground
Wit two biscuits to lay down the school district
Get pistol whipped wit a Mauseburg
Wit a pistol grip and fed pitbulls shit
Sniff glue sticks like I give two shits
If I get too rich, I just get sued

Yo, I leave wit no injure, after I blow four in ya
One handstand on top of yo' ninja
Crash it, (ERRRR) Doc stir the madness
til y'all outta work like Tony Atlas
Walkin, cans in the laundry basket
America's most with the army after us
Fuck flossin, we take what's yours
A low fifteen like a ace in four
I'm outta work, but Doc laid them off
(shit, the power's out) The tape is off
Yo, you targeted from arsonists
Papermate pens filled wit arsenic
I got hoes that don't know what Prada is
Doc could shape up, touch your barber miss
Betty you wit a bloody blade
I turn rap camps into Crystal Lake
Fuck bitches face is what I'ma do
Cuz that what white boy Tano do

So how is everybody doin tonight?
Hope you're in the mood to get drunk and scream in a fight
Cuz uh, we gettin down for the fuck of it
So suck my dick if y'all don't wanna bump to this... Off the Wall!!

Yo, so how is everybody feelin tonight?
Hope you're in the mood to get rude and ill in a fight
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Yo, you could buy Jaz spittin', hospital, son admit it

Rip your lips off, kiss my ass wit it
Slap bitches, got Marshall Mathers (printin)
Weed, X, and the acid tabs did it
I was happenin wit no rerun
Like Rob DeNiro when the Heat come
My barrel hang out the Camaro
Aimed at the nose of them hoes it's hard to breathe from
Flash the gat, your town, bogardin'
Yo' wallet, your chain the main target
Beef is like cold engine, don't start it
Bust in the air and hit a airplane pilot
We clowned you, rap surround sounds around you
From ten speed and brown shoe
Doc and Eminem, cock the M & M
Blood flows with 2Pacalypse and them

It's like, Funk Doctor meets the punk rocker
Got the drugs stopped inside the lunch box (uhh)
Pop junk like I just got jumped
Popped the trunk and pulled out the shotgun pump
Knock wood, it's all good, thank God for Vodka
Cuz wit my luck, I'll probably get shot by a stalker
Probably got a fanatic waitin upstairs in the attic
Wit a automatic callin me up there
My man Stan wit a gat in his hand
Stakin my house out in a tan tinted Sedan
He pull your mouth out til you can't finish a damn
Ham sandwich, or your can spinach and Spam
Til you gotta sip through a straw, shoplift through the mall
Pictures of me on my mom's living room wall
Hey ma, maybe I'll give you a call
Sike you fuckin bitch, suck a dick and two balls
I'm givin you all my job descrip'
Which is, to piss bitches and priests off with this
Pop more pills than police officers
Arrive at the scene and pull me off of Kim
Teeth off my dick, hands off my balls
But y'all can kiss my ass, pants off and all
Cuz I'm so goddamn off the wall
I might as well as be a painting smashed on the floor

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No matter... oh