

We Run N.Y.

Redman

Hahahahahahaaaaaa
Watch out!
Geyeeah! As we take a journey to the darkside
Watch out!
from Hell and beyond, the knotty-headed nigga era has triumphed
Watch out!
a new ever! If you don't know, your bitch ass better
Watch out!
axe somebody! Shoot em up!

The Hurricane G is live and in color
Watch out!
We run you motherfuckers!
The Funk Doctor Spock coming live and in color
Watch out!
We run you motherfuckers!
Puffin mad spliffs, so fuck a bitch
and a nigga, cause niggaz, and bitches ain't shit!
Hahahahahahaaaaa! Dr. Trevis
Watch out!
is in the motherfuckin house
With a couple of sick patients for your bitch ass
Watch out!
Yeahhh!

The Hurricane G is the ultimate funk, pop the trunk
(Hoo-hah!! Wild like Shaolin monks)
Representin, comin out of Brooklyn, Flatbush
you wuss, you can't push push in the bush

Well uh, let's take a journey to hell and beyond
Where the bomb grows on palms, and bags labelled Cheech and Chong
The Jimi Hendrix of rap, I got an afro and
bandanna, then I rock jams like Santana
I move MC's like niggaz move keys uptown
Red and Hurricane G, SO HOW YOU LIKE US NOW?!?!

Watch out! We run New York
Yeah

(Hurricane G hit em one time)
From the Brook, taught how to trick by the real gangsta crooks
So I holds back what you took!
I take my funk and my religion serious
Sanctify y'all and leave y'all house niggaz delirious
(hahahahaa) cause I'm furious!
How dare you motherFUCKERS, forget about the ultimate
funk, BITTTTCH nigga!
I got your wicked witch with a switch
Motherfucker, fuck you and your crew!
So what nigga, is it you wanna do?
In ninety-fo' I kick the wicked for the bitches
For the real trick deez who can dig it
Cause after pop thought all that, Hurricane stay fat
Word to mom, big dick boricuas in the back
The queen of the East coast, funk gangsta pack buddha
on the rhyme since eighty-nine

It's all in your mind, but what's yours is mine
Your dough and your hoes Bump N Grind to my rhymes
Now! It ain't a nigga who could hang
or pop yang, about a motherfuckin th-a-a-a-ang
And uh, fuck any bitch who can't hang
I'm representin bitches universal!
It go, one for the biz, on the bizness
Which y'all blesses with God's blessings, do you see?
Hurricane and Redman original steel
Latin Queens in the house!!
So nigga swing it over here on these big fat tits!!
(Titties, hahahahahaa)

The Funk Doctor Spock, blast up on your block
I'm walkin through the sewer with manure on my socks
Your style, I freaked it when I was a child
So you talkin that baby talk like, Who's Talkin Now?
Verbally I crush, brains erupt
Blow your focus, like you sniffin angel dust
Run of the mill I'm not, watch me kill a cock-sucker
And cause ruckus, like them L.O.D. motherfuckers
Every verse every word I preach
Represents the East, long as the human eyes can see
Gimme that funk funk funk funk funk funk funk beat!
I light a blunt for niggaz up in Sing-Sing
I do it to death, style is funk that's fresh
Remove your vest, you just won the wet t-shirt contest
And I'm hotter, than the Globetrotters in the Bahamas
I got a pair of pajamas made out of ganjah and almonds and I'm as
eager, as nigga wantin my shit to dub
Cause my shit be BANGIN like the Crips and Bloods
Troop, I flew the coop like Big Bird in Timb boots
I Skywalk the planet like my code name was Luke
From the darkside, I'm from the darkside Pah
I'm Above the Law like Steven Segall
Motherfucker!!

Watch out!
Hahahaha, we take you to the darkside
Come travel
Watch out!
on our metaphoric futuristic type shit
As we blow your brains like spliffs
Watch out!
Dr. Trevis is outta here
For the nine-fo' you stank... bitch
Watch out!
Yeahh
Watch out!