

# Whateva Man

Redman

Microphone check one two  
Aiiyyo, you ready to get down man?  
Yo, whateva man  
You ready to get drunk as fuck?  
Whateva man

You, you sayin' somethin'?  
Whateva man  
Aiiyyo, whateva man  
Check it, Kool V

I keeps it bangin'  
Keep it swangin'  
Mike type of sangin'  
Ohh-la-la, so what cha sayin'

Yo, I'm smokin' herbals till it hurts you  
I keep your daughter way out past her curfew  
Hard far from commercial, so what cha mean nigga  
We don't give a fuck when we smoked out  
In the land that's doped out, it's like that? No doubt

From this bomb weed, I cock from the streets  
Get you open like butt cheeks, from girls who be freaks  
Aiiyyo, can I be SWV? You the one nigga  
Rap Shogun, yes E the one  
Yo, I'm rollin' with a forty pack of niggaz  
Get my weed from Branson cause his sack's bigger

Yo give me dap nigga, hat I clap lyrically tap call back  
Ferocious causin' comatoses to collapse  
So chinky eyed I see people wavin' on a map  
I make it hotter than your thermostats

Bomb MC's with rough megahertz so call me  
Funk Doctor verbal star burst, lyrical expert  
Your boom box better form a union  
'Cause I leave your circus overworked, word bond

Niggaz front like they want it  
But I be in the five hundred with E steadily gettin' blunted  
Damn nigga you cool at what you spittin'  
So why you holdin' the blunt so long politickin'

Huh, I ace them blunts with the technician  
Of electrician, I don't got a pot to piss in  
But still spend my last on hyrdroglycerin  
I keep it live no jive rollin' Dutches

That's Masters like the Furious Five  
I, keep your crew chinky eyed, for bitches actin' dog  
(Can you hit it from the back?)  
Why not, while we toke on this

Yo, you ready to roll this weed up?  
Whateva man  
You ready to knock this nigga out?

Whateva man

Yo, you ready to get this chedda?

Whateva man

You ready to start this shit off?

Whateva man

I smoked with a lot of college, students  
Most of em, wasn't graduatin' and they knew it  
You know the weed slang? Yeah, boy I speak it fluent  
I light your college dorm with my entourage from Newark

Bigger they come, harder they fall  
That goes for, knuckleheads, MC's, pussy walls and all  
I lit my first L before I started to crawl  
I got my ass whupped when I had my first brawl

But things changed since I was twelve years old  
I specialize in wreckin' mics and area codes  
Now, PPP the kinda niggaz that'll bug witcha  
Smoke bud witcha, later on stick a slugin' ya

Everything that's like green ain't the bomb bitch  
I got different forms to make you lose your calm bitch  
Read my lips, you ain't hittin' unless you got  
Ten on it, get on it, or get the fuck out my cypher

You ready to roll this weed up?

Whateva man

You ready to rob this nigga?

Whateva man

You ready to fuck bitch?

Whateva man

You ready to guzzle this liquor?

Whateva man

Whateva man

Whateva man

Whateva man