

Red Rose, white cellar
No body, no casket, just blood spillin'
I ain't a dead President but I love millions
They like "Game, where ya been?"
Yeh Blood chillin'
But not on no islands or no villa's
I've been lost in Compton with some drug dealers
I bought the Relapse loved it, hit the block hugged it
Em still spit crack the Aftermath oven is a muthafucker
But I ain't seen it in years
Still survive like niggas threw me off the first tier
Still the most gutta, spit the most butta
My album's got more game than niggas at the Rucker
Who said I'll never go Platinum, never drop a Phantom
I park my shit at every strip club in Atlanta
Peace to my nigga T.I. for keeping a level head
Niggas I know flip after doing bids in the feds
So peace to C-Murder, come to my hood see murder
Ain't a street in my city that you ain't heard of
Bought up on the block, no love, black glocks, chrome slugs
and we all fit OJ's glove
And I'ma keep name droppin' long as my name poppin'
I mean long as the 'cane poppin'
All white knights, white Range, white pipes, crack in the concrete
Living the [?]
I switch cars like superhead switch stars
You know why, cause I'm a crook bitch
Fuck ya book bitch
I live life like ain't no money on my books bitch
I write the 16, you sing on the hook bitch
Dickin' em out, foreign cars I'm whippin' em out
Been gang bangin' since the first Pippen's was out

Me and my infra-red-red
Yeah that's right, my infra-red-red
All I need is my inferared-red
So fuck the gun as long as its infrared-red

Same colour as the big apple
Its for my New York niggas that's in the hood clappin'
I done been through Brooklyn, Queens, BX and Harlem
Only chase money, never chase the stardom
Back to the law, that's how I became a target
Respected in every hood, bullet proof regardless
My glock got no feelings, hollows leave you heartless
Retaliation like tryna swim in the shark pit
Will I ever go at Nas, hell no
Will I ever go at Jay, I don't know
Stay hittin em with pot shots
Ridin' round tryna figure out who got Pac shot
Cause that got BIG shot, nigga's try to take out LA like big shot
That's Chauncey Billups, for you niggas who don't understand it
You rap niggas like bitches, pitching underhanded
It's like throwin soft balls at Derek Jeter
I keep it hood, never put money in parking meters
like the fuck the US government
I be on some over shit

28 inch rims rubber shit
Roll down the window fuck with this
Roll up the endo, fuck with this
Get it backward, yeah my shit that good
No more medical weed, back to chronic
No more Belvedere, Grey Goose and tonic
Keep a nigga fucked up with a mind state like
Don't get ya nigga fucked up, you know the crime rate up

I hit a nigga with the infra-red-red
Yeah that's right, the infra-red-red
All I need is the inferared-red
Fuck the gun as long as its infrared-red

And I can pop a nigga from a rooftop
Or hit 'em up close, let 'em know that I'm a fucking killer
like Ghost-face, no trace for the jakes
When it come to the base in the kitchen I'm a chef like Rae
Nas was like U-God, I'm like "nah you God", right next to Rza as I'm lightin
g up the swisha
Pourin' out this liquor for my niggas that was bigger than the ditches that
they living
That was put in by the triggers, they some niggas with some cold hearts
And you wonder why I walk around like my soul long, black hoody on
Writin' music like Mozart, Denzel, John Travolta, I play both parts
Drive this raggedy ass Bentely like its a go-kart
Ain't been crazy since I learned how to throw dart
Run up on his muthafucking car, you a dead man
Nah, don't sweat it like Lebron James headband
Empty out the clip on anybody but Redman
I Blackout and you can Blackout 2
But I got night vision on this muthafuckin infra-red-red

Yeah that's right, the infra-red-red
All I need is the inferared-red
Fuck the gun as long as its infrared-red

Niggas know what the fuck it is everytime we do this shit
We do this shit right, nigga
Yeah, shout out to Redman for no reason at all
Cool n Dre them my niggas, my brothers
That's my family for life nigga's