

Do What Ya Feel

Redman

Intro: RedmanHahahahahaha
follow... just do what ya feel and I'ma follow
I'ma follow...
Just do what ya feel and we gon follow
Just do what ya feel and I'ma follow (2X)
Haha, Meth-TicalVerse One: Method Man, RedmanWho wanna flip with the acrobatic
From ground zero all the way to attic, what we be smokin, Tical
The resevoir is now open
I swim the English Channel backstrokin, you don't know me or my style
We hold court and blow trial
You catch 'cal when you browse through my X-Files, who be next now
Man's down, hands down
Foreground by your side when it go down, I dedicate this next dart
to my fucking heart
Little Meth he the best part, now walk with that one, word
Time Time 4 Sum Aksion
Dreamin bout Toni Braxton, blowin her back out like Bob Baglin
I'm throwin wrestling holds
Tag team with Funk Doc, we in funk mode, take yo' best shot
If it don't quit it don't stop, that's the lifeI be the super-lyrical individual I be splittin through
that Teflon material to knock Big Ben off of schedule
Better move with a set of tools
I be doin it to mics when I'm a, heterosexual
I load the mic then cock, drop it like three-quarters
when I slaughter don't get caught in the water
Cause the Brick's got it's own World Order
Leave your bitch in shock like the third rail caught her
Styles stay deeper than orca, I float the seven seas with ease
Did more drugs than pharmacies
So call me that lyrical Genovese, you can't compare
Get you steppin like stairs, frats, sororities
Don't make me bring it on back I fuck up the majority
of niggaz lookin hard at me, I Port em like Authority
And when my nigga Meth shine
out the inner How High mobile rollin three dimes at a time
(Erick Sermon) Redman and Method Man still...
(hiiiiigh hiiiiiiiiigh)
It's that Jersey representer
Get hit from the bottom to your head when you enter
Word...Just do what ya feel and I'ma follow (3X)
Funk Doc break it downVerse Two: Redman, Method ManYo, suck my dick out of animosity

The velocity will fly that head and freeze your camps like pottery
 to give lobotomies to all you rap colonies
 And shunt your million dollar investment, to economy
 Impossibly might be the one in black leather
 Name tag sayin 'caution when wet by the track wetter'
 The hash spreader, I love the grimy shit
 Even my girl did grimy shit to me and I went back with her
 Three years for carrying a loaded handgun
 But it's forever when a nigga (chik-chik BLAAAOW) and he lands one
 to your cranium
 That red dot on your forehead it's not cause you Arabian
 (Yo watch you say to him!)
 You caught up in a tight situation
 I should start erasin your whole organization for makin
 wack tunes while my whole platoon rock the basement
 You couldn't come close if I gave you my bookin agent
 Or producer, royalty points twelve shot loaded Luger
 Even a crowd to get you souped up, you're still wack
 I peel caps, on the regular
 Destroy MC's et cetera, creep like The Predator
 Fuck you, your label moms and your editor
 Give you two to the jugular, blood be spreadin
 all on my shirt, the king of the flirt shittin
 Bitches hit me off more than New Edition
 (tweet-tweet-tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet-tweet-tweet)
 I make them pigs heart skip a beat from the steel physique
 So Iron Lung (born to wonder)
 Get on the mic and break em off a sumthin sumthin We moonshine and grow crops
 Purchasin the handhelds with the sure shots, it got me spittin
 these slugs at my competition, in rap sessions
 U-A-P ain't got no weapon, you lip professin
 Next in, line, parental discretion advised
 these explicit, street linguistics
 Better than yo' momma biscuits, we bomb shellin
 I might know but ain't tellin, too bad you missed it
 Johnny, Dangerously Blaze another enemy made another due paid
 Color-safe bleach so I don't fade
 Scar your mental with my double edged blade, razor sharp
 get yo' bandaids hold that
 Like E said, Get the Bozack, show them wack niggaz where the do's at
 On the case like I'm Kojak
 Kissin the grits on that Flo bitch, flip scripts take LOOONG shits
 Raider Ruckus
 One, I come with premeditated redrum
 Gingivitis to your filthy ass gums
 Bottom line either get down or get done
 Motherfucker.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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