

# Redman Meets Reggie Noble

## Redman

RRRRRAHHHHH! Look out! You musta got hit with some bullshit!

Yo, where at?

Smack dab across your lips, can you talk?

Ahm ahh ill uhh ahm no em no menna no vat

Yo-ye-yo Redman, what the fuck was that?

I don't know but it's on my top lip

Don't crack jokes, and pop shit

Just get it off my top lip

Or Reggie, you can drop kid

Oah-OK be still chill, I'm gettin it off your grill

Wha-what was it?

Some of that pussy you ate this mornin from that bitch Jill

Yeah

But c'mon, check it

Motherfuckin right

Let's get busy on this record

So we can make the dough

Shit

and make girls like Kiki Shepard get naked

On the strength!

Party with Machine and Oprah Winfr'

First class tickets, hotel bitches puffin mad blunts

Blunts?

Blunts

Blunts don't don't rhyme with Oprah Winfr' troop

Who cares what rhymes with it long as the funk pump through my Benz truck

Now you know you don't own a Benz

Yes I do and chrome's the trim

Black with a system when it's hittin I'm pullin mad skins

With Olde E sittin in between my lap

and when brothers act up, a gun machine I pack

The original P-Funk, got the jewels trunk, a funkier

When I'm sexin, my bad is bigger than any buster's

like Max and.

Wait wait wait, could we get on with the tape?

Lights, camera, hahh, action

Welcome to Red's tape, may I take your order?

It's a slaughter if you order the hit without the water

and then swallow without the damn water to follow

You might be doin the stupid dance and win a grand at the Apollo

Whatchu know?

I'm rough, snap necks, drink Olde E, but crack Beck's

That ain't what you told me last week  
Wreck anything that's wet, when I have sex  
For instance, I mix with, a style that make you shit bricks  
Tsk tsk, I'm musically gifted, to rip it  
That's bullshit yo  
Um-shat-lot, Red got crazy knots  
And knots in the pots, got props from here to George Washington Bridge  
I get biz, I use hats, so no kids  
Fuck, I took out more suckers, than a.  
HOLD UP! I don't think I can freak the funk like that  
I might have to nap, because my afro is like Shaft  
Puffy, fade it quite lovely and to snuff me  
get your gang, cause I'm Fightin with more Power than Chuck D  
Chuck D from Public Enemy?  
Yeah he's a friend of me  
The one that say "Brothers and sisters?"  
Yeah but he's no kin to me  
I'm strictly negro, I freak the style and there it goes  
BOOM!  
If a stitch in time saves nine, then I got shit sewed  
Put pins in needles, and needles in pins  
A happy man is a happy man, that, when I'm hittin skins  
Fuck skins, I'm hittin puss when it's gush  
Then eat it when the puss is well cooked  
LOOK!  
Up in the air?  
No the cab  
Who's in the cab? Whut Thee?!  
It's Superman! WHY?  
Because it's hot as a MOTHERFUCKER out here  
Oh word, you bet I'm gettin the fuck out of here man  
Yeah me too  
Oh I forgot to tell you Willya called for you  
Willya who?  
Willya SUCK MY DIHHHHHK!  
Aiyyo fuck you!  
\*laughing\*  
Big nose bitch!  
I hate your stupid ass  
You a stupid motherfucker!

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

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>