

Montell Jordan, Somethin' 4 Da Honeyz (Remix)

Uh Uh Yeah

Comin straight from the west side, all the way to the east side
(ooh somethin for the honeys)

Verse 1:

I'm the type of guy who takes time to just kick back,

Turn around my baseball cap

i have a forty sittin on my lap,

Scanning the ivories until i sees

a female worth my while,

i'm scopin that ass,

checkin her smile

And i know i can git it

and i'll hit it if she wid it.

I get the 5 to the 6 7 digits,

call her up on my cellular

And all the shit that i say to her,

The fun will begin when i hit the

So if a girlie is lonesome

i think that she knows

where to goes when she wants some

Cos Monty ain't here for nothin, but i got a little

Chorus:

Somethin for da honeyz

(for the sick sick brothers sick sick)

Somethin for da honeyz yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Verse 2:

Ooh summer time

No funner time for me to kick it with you

To find something or someone to get into

i call up my crew

Tell em to bring a brew

and some hennesy

for the beach party,

So call up yo girlfriends

and you know there always tends

To be an ugly one but bring her too

Battle city she likes to shoop

(shoop shoop)

with Montell and the S.L. crew,

While the beat is pumpin

From South Central to Compton

A lil somethin somethin,

Could very well be the next

darin.... soundin like nobody cos

im on another level,

and your fellas can't dig it wid a shovel

(nah they can't)

but it ain't for you fool

Chorus:

Somethin for da honeyz

(somethin for da honeyz yeah redman got somethin for da honeyz,

somethin for da honeyz you know that montell for something for da

honeyz)

Something for da honeyz

Ooh somethin for da honeyz

Ooh somethin for da honeyz

Rap (Redman):

Yo i drop the bomb from pacific to pacific

While i'm sippin on Dom Perrion

And gettin lifted,

It's dat Reggie Noble with my Afro blown,

Ah god it's on, it's on til the cows come home son.

I keep the brother's on the run from

the ghetto cos i'm a rude boy fellow

So give me elbow room
And i'll blow this track to the moon
If ya tune i'll get yo fiancee's in the mood.
I took a trip back to Cali
Cos this is how we do this
Bomb wowie owie drunk funk for you alchies
Funk Docta got it locked
I'll be flyer than a number plate
In a flyin car wash
So Montell crack the champell
And pass the L to the honey
with the painted toes and fingernails
And def squad we don't hear nothin
Hittin 15 on the e-richter scale when it's pumpin
Chorus:
Ooh somethin for da honeyz
(Aaah-Euuuwuh, check check check it out)
Ooh somethin for da honeyz
Ooh somethin for da honeyz