

Redman, Freestyle Freestyle

Redman in the house you don't stop
Gilla house in the house you don't stop
Def squad in the house you don't stop
Wu Tang in the house you don't stop
Hip hop in the house you don't stop
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Freestyle y'all
Redman got it like that green
People always say what the hell does that mean

[Verse 1:]

Whats up homeboy I'm a motherfucking rider
Custom made airs, and my shoes never tied up
Hardcore shit do it easier than wider
Why you sitting home getting baby mama drama
Jersey uptown go pick my weed up
Broke, I ain't turning yo seat to a d-cup
Bitch I'm a g I never did my keys up
Not even half if you didn't sign the three numb
Watch how we thump about my bidness
You about to go downtown like the shiznit
Witness, yeah boy, I get you dumb like white people looking for weird noise
Hood down, got b smallz on my white tee
And my chain look like an Italian icing
Redman nigga, grind like brakes
Cus I'm after that cake like stat man nigga

[Chorus:]

Freestyle freestyle freestyle
Freestyle freestyle freestyle
And everywhere I go
I kick a freestyle
And every time I move
These women freestyle
Freestyle freestyle freestyle
Freestyle freestyle freestyle
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[Verse 2:]

Yo I got bricks in da building
And young kids out here flipping like Wilson
Pilgrim, there it is, the block is teaner marie
I'm on my square biz
Turn up the kid like volume 10
And you can brown those meat to the album, and
You was hot when your style was in
Now you're looking at killa
I wish I was down with them
No time to turn back
I keep my eyes focused
Slow like I'm on the i95 smoking
Like ocean, 12 when im posting,
Smell my zip lock when my red line open
Fat girls like yo that's my hero
Enough of them to pull a 5 5 0
Hand cocked Negro after the cream
I make your hood like watch time magazine
I mean, for bullshit my nose keen
And It only take one hit to get in those jeans
It's not yo ass, girl its yo green
And when I hit it, I keep the chicken lil man
Back on the train like, who the hell are you,
I'm doc I bring heat, like number 32

Brick city niggas, yeah damn rider
Lalala, don't steal ma damn lighter
See I'm on point, never catch me slipping
Storch on the track watch how reggie rip it
Sniff it, you don't know it's on again
Walk in this mo'fucker like I own the bitch
Im not in cancoon ma mouth ain't grandtoon
On one wheel throwing it up like man MOVE
Back on ma grizzly, yeah take that
You want yo crack I'll prepared it asap

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[Verse 3:]
What's up home girl we the mo'fuckin riders
Met her outside of the Copacabana
Far from a sucka, pull out the llama
And tell on myself like, yo well your honor
See I blast on site when I move
The battery pack on my back stays full
I aint no joke I keep y'all stepping
Doc got next, nigga drop ya weapon
Screen on my mike, got hash tar resins
Engineer fucked up laughing on reckless
Im like shut up gilla house got this
Arms grew long before my short pockets
Stop it, I wish I can im tryna be
Building green like MGM Grand get it
Redman who the fuck are you
Got weed? Let me busta you nigga

[Chorus:]
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