

PROF, Pack A Lunch feat. Redman

Hey Prof, you got some weed bro?
Yeah, you said you was gonna have that FIRE

Ladies and gentleman, better, you ready for a real ride, better
Me and Prof, we on the loose, better
It's an all-nighter, go pack a lunch, yeah

If you tryna party then we got a Concord
All them lames over there, they are done for
Turn this shit to a freaknik of some sort
It's gon' be some work, you should pack a lunch for it

Drop it down, fuck it up, spread 'em out, back it up
Run 'em out, throw it up, go to work, pack a lunch
Pack a lunch, pack a lunch, pack a lunch, pack a lunch
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Four, five housewives outside mouth wide
Normal day on the Southside
So high I got Alzheimer's
Slopestyle alpine in my down time
Girl you sturdy as hell
Speak three languages, and I heard you read Braille
I bet the motherfuckers feeling me now
They was turning me down
Nowadays, I be turning them out
Cup of lean got me questioning my sanity
All this footage on the phones could be damaging
So drunk that I can barely see
Is that Jennifer Aniston balancing on a manatee?
Who's flexible at the festival?
And what's the numeros por tu teléfono?
I wish that I was born with eight cocks
'Bout to go someplace and drink my face off like Wade Boggs

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Black Hannibal dressed like Barry Manilow
No Covid shot pop, I got the antidote
You want to act animal? I'll push the envelope
Clip in the tec look like a banana boat
Tenth grade I have cake like Anna Mae
My attitude keep you at bay, the Mandalay
With the gift of gab, I go get the bag
Then I pound my dogs like Kurupt & Daz
I need a lap dance from a rap fan
Girl, show me you got drive like a dash cam
Yeah I'm the captain, rollin' an afghan
I drop bombs on 'em like the Gap Band
Black bandana tiltin' like Santana
Ima cheap fuck, I wine and dine at Panera
I walk through your hood with a vendetta
Yelling out 'who the best nigga?'
Na'n other
If I had twenty million I gotta spend it
The lieutenant go Luke Cage, I gotta finish 'em
In Paris women give me French benefits
I'm the king, so kiss the bling of the ring
And say 'hi, your eminence'
Ho, that's how a real nigga do it
Nothing change but the mic when I'm interviewing

Me and Prof, we got bud by the bunch
It's an all-nighter, go pack a lunch nigga

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My real life like Comic Con
Sparring, soccer moms in the octagon
Spirit animal Karl Malone
I'm just thankful that they let me bring my dog along
I'm a wild motherfucker, I'll admit that
More action boss, less chit chat
Girl, you lookin' good, where your kids at?
Me versus your man, that's a mismatch
If I had an opportunity to be greeted with booty
Even if it need be Anita, Shaquita, maybe Judy
Eighty groupies in a parade and I'm faded, they alluding
Basically, I'd grab all the party people and I would tell them

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Big stunna, one hunna, you stupid, just shut up
Keep breezy, I'm gonna, I'm big boy, dun dunna
Dun dunna, dun dunna, dun dunna, dun dunna
Dun dunna, dun dunna, dun dunna, dun dunna