

Redman, Can't Wait

[radio crackles as it's tuned]

".. possibly a lot of rain this afternoon, with thunderstorms.
Highs in the mid 80's, and lows about 75 degrees.
It's 11:30 A.M. on WFDS, +We're From the DarkSide+ radio.
This is Dave Rock'n'Reel, as we take a caller.
Caller, you're on the air."

[Roz]

Yeah yeah yeah! This is Roz from Newark.
And I wanna hear that song by Redman, "Can't Wait."
That song the BOMB yo!

"You got it. Comin from the DarkSide radio, this is _Can't Wait_."

[Redman]

Whooooooo! Yo yo yo, comin to you live
smokin mad Phillies with my niggaz from the Hooterville section
And all my niggaz from the [?] section, word is bond
Somebody said Jamaica Queens in this motherfucker
I don't give a fuck! We gon' set it off like this
Jersey in the fuckin hid-ouse, [?]

[Verse One]

I'm like RRRRAHH RRRRAHHH, like I had cerebral palsy
My flows be's wet like all you girls drawers be
Crack the Phils, spread the buddha then the hidash
Roll it up and then ask, who chipped in for the ten bag?
Et cetera, I roll my blunts with two textures
Pick up fifty bags and then I smoke all the extras
It's the truth, like vodk' one-eighty proof
Don't drop your drawers, I'll fuck through your daisy dukes (true!)
Put your fingers up in the air if you're high (hiiigh)
I walk by (byyyy) so eff a drive (byyyy)
I swing a (?) batting average as half as
good as Reggie Jackson's that's why you talk backwards
Enough; chumps be on some Bogart shit like Humphrey
You couldn't beat me if you ran with +21 Jump Street+
Or +90210+, fuck it yo
In the movies I'm the nigga puffin buddha in the back row

[Chorus: x8]

I can't wait to get it on

[Verse Two]

I'm just a smokey boy, I'm from the +Land of the Lost+
You can't see me - like Charlie Angels' boss; I'm often
coolin 'round the blid-docks, I rock round the clid-dock
My glid-dock cocked, from here to 16th and Len-nox
Ask Roger Thomas if I'm gettin scopic
I was milk like two tits, now I'm butter like Blue Bonnet
Now who got the funk? (We got the funk!)
Ay ay ayyo well I got the weed! (We got the blunts!)
I never sniffed; I used to puff woolies in a jam
Back in eighty-eight, when it was twenties to the gram
Bizzail, you couldn't feel me in braille, hell
I write my names on walls in smoke spots when I'm buyin L
the fly guy with the Force like Luke Sky'
Down for a [??] bitch if you're fly
The Funkadelic, been rockin mics since the fourth grade
I Terminate like X and I +Terminate" like Schwarzeneg'
Dum-de-dum, rock like Buju Banton
Soup like won ton, funk by the tons, to rumps
PLEASE! My whole crew is makin cheese
Tonight's the night baby, so suck up on these - and it's on

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I said I, catch the A-train, to the left
Smoke the choc', I set shit off like Boba Fett
Big up to all my niggaz in the housin projects
I'm runnin up in ya continue to split your guts
GRAB THE RAIL, if you get scared of my lines when I rock well
Got Whit's like Pernell, shit's the bomb like Ak'nel
Rickety rocket, mind deep as the Loch Ness
Waste niggaz like toxic, wet like galoshes
Can I handle my biz? (Yes you can!)
I cause +Chaos+, and bring a lot of +Def+ to +Jams+
Yes I can; now act stupid I'll pop the trunk
Ka-KLUNK, now give me a ba-bump, BA-BUMP
Oooh cool, smooth like two blue suede shoes
Y'all faggots slept on my Hoffman[?] and Kools
Word to Dan Tan Pillow and Cool B
Switchin speeds like Bruce Lee ridin up Fuji in a movie
I drop it on the one, fuck the two-three
Funky like a box of coochies on loose leaf

Yo yo, I said..

Switchin up speeds, like Bruce Lee, ridin up Fuji, in a movie
Heh, I be sayin some shit!
Now.. if you didn't get it..
Laugh now.. and then figure the shit out when you get home!