

Redman, Dis Iz Brick City

(feat. Ready Roc)

[Redman:]

This Is W.K.Y.A Radio, You Motha Fuckkas
You Gotta Next Calla On The Air,"Bitch You On Da Line"

Some Chick In The Background: "Yo This Is Big @\$%% And I Dont' Givea Fuck Nigga,
Gimme That Shit Straight Outta Dat Brriicckk Ciitayy"

[Ready Roc:] For Ma Niggas,For Ma Niggas

He Was Thinking Bout You On This One Got
You Gotta Hold Ya Head Up Baby (Redman: For The Brick City Streets Out Hea Booi..)
We Gotchu On This One
This For Everybody On The Block
Everybody From The [?]
You Know Who You Are,
No New Comers [Redman:] (Let'em Know Son, Let'em Know Son Let'em Knoow)
[?]
[?]

[Redman:]

Yo, Yo, When I D.I.P I'm V.I.P
I'm Docta, I Rush Niggas To Emer-Gen-Cy
Open Heart, Filled With Darts, 99 Agents
Know They Get Smart When I Throw-It In Park
Pop The Trunk
Selling Cd's, \$15 For Junks(???)
Cause I'm Like Moa-Zaaart From The Slumps
Holla At Your Frogs, I'm Gettin'em Bud Like The The Frogs On The Law
I'm Boss To The Wall
When I Do Anything, Nothin's Hard, I Make It Eazy And Talk Greessy
Daa Bross, (Gilla)
Say Ma Name 5 Times In Da Mirror (Gilla)
I'm Jumping Out...."Whooaaa"
You Can Hear The Sounds Of The Mothaa Fuckin Men
Tryin To Get You Chain, Tryin To Get Your Chaiiieen-Een
Flush This Down The Drain
I'm The New Raw On The Streets
You Can Get 10 Years For Each Song
Catch A Contact Wat I Write From He Arm
Now Little White Kids Bring Pipes To The Prom
I Was Suppose To Quit Being Influence
But The Weed Is Like Nikey, I Just Do It
I'm Et Suited, Way Out There,
You Got Weed? Then Roll With Sunny And Share
Sufferi-And-Succkaataash I Leave You Suckaaz Suffering, Huffing, Puffing And Last!

[Chorus: Ready Roc]

This Is Brick City Hear The Gun Shots, Where They Hate Cops And Every Block There's A Weed S
This Is Brick City Hear The Gun Jam, If You Don't Run Fam, Leave With A Sun Tan
This Is Brick City Hear The Gun Spit, Niggas Jump Shit, When We Spit Cause We Run Shit
Play Pussy With Us And Get Fucked Quick, Who Got The Dutch's
[Some Dude:] (Yo, Yo Right Hea)

[Redman:]

I Keep The Ghetto In Me, I Love Da Sweet Taste Of Revenge
I'm Focused My Soul's Been Cleansed
Now I Know Who Da Enemy And Who Da Friend
But Still With My Eyes Closed They Both Blend
I'm Not A Follower, I Start The Trend
Y'all Can Follow That Dummy, I'ma Follow This Money
Now I'm At The Age, Where I Need To Get Paid
If A Nickle Bag Gets Sold In Da Park... Heeeyyyyy

Did I Stich Stutter?
I Got The Guns And Butter, My Craftworks Be Movin In Numbers
I Keep A Rasco Like A Ruck Brotha
Hang Out My Window...Blaaooowww... What'up Fucka?
Violence Sells, But I'aint A Violent Male
But If You Violate, I Play The Violin Well
From Bricks To Park Hills
Don't Be Like Zoolander, Waitin For That Blue Steel To Be Showing On Your Griill.. (Lol)

[Chorus: Ready Roc]

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[Some Dude:] (Yo, Yo Right Hea)

[Redman:] Gilla House Niggazz In Da Motha Fuckin Buildin Mein, Godd Damn
Uptown?

W.K.Y.A Gilla House Radio