

Pick It Up (Skit)

Redman

Pick it up, pick it up
If you find a bag of weed on the floor motherfucker
What the fuck you gon do
Pick it up, pick it up While I crack a cold Beck's and keep the hoes in check
The double-S vest nigga wreck the discotheque
Sit back relax and while my Squad kick tacks
Then tap your man back and be like "Did you see that?"
Ahh yes, comin from the North South East West
Hold your nose and take a deep breath, recess
we bless, mics, three times a day
Three times a night, it all equals subliminal sequels
Strictly laughing at MC's
Lyrics for years that run more than ten deep
Niggaz be like "Ahh he changed his style up"
Shut the fuck up, ya still a dick-ridah
It's nine-six so get with it
Peep that back-in-the-day shit when that other Squad was Hit-tin
Listen, must we forget, I originated
all that wild shit, that rrrraahh rrraaooowww shit
That jump up and ready to fuck shit up now shit
Brick City! Is where I get down kid
Peace to all my buddah smokers on Prince
Fuck what ya heard, Brick City runs shit
PPP got the glocks and tecs
And Def Squad always got some fly shit on deck
Say what? Got some fly shit on deck
Say WHAT? Got some fly shit on deck
PPP got the glocks and tecs
And Def Squad always got some fly shit on deck First of all, MC's be on my balls, straight up
Pubic hairs and everything, lick the whole plate up
Bay Area, roll up your Las Vegas
To all MC's, I love it that you hate us
Drop skills that might send wind chill factors
Back through Patterson, J.C. and Hacken-sack
Step uncorrect and get blackened
The assassin, find da MC's by the jazz men
I don't tote guns I tote funds
While you still puzzled how my antidote runs
Your whole vocabulary's played out, admit it
Still wack if it came out my mouth and I spit it
You remind me of school on a Sunday
No class, beatin all King's down

doin over seventy, in a Hyundai, blast
Give em a good reason to open Alcatraz
Back, nobody got the Red shook
Been a weirdo every since the doctor said PUSH
Def Squad skills make it hard to overlook me
That's why them hardcore promoters still book me
You shook G... word up... hah hah...
If you see a bag of weed on the floor motherfucker
What the fuck you gon do
Pick it up, pick it up
If you see a bitch passed on out the fuckin ground
What the fuck you gon do
Pick her up, pick her up
I keep it fly y'all
Fly fly y'all Aiyyo, don't ride the dick of these real MC's
We pull Joints like Spike and blow crews to degrees
Then we buy G's with a half a pound of dope MC's
We bag for cheese just to get weed
Smoke indoneez I'm milky like Magnese
Oh-seven-one-oh-three, rest them car thieves
Guzzlin quart for sports of all sorts
Nonchalant spark buddah on the front porch
at courts, F-U-N-K-D-O-C
S-P-O-T, feel the Solo type remedy
Then freeze... hah, ha-hah
Where was I? Oh yes
Sippin on Cristal with fingers up your bitch dress
Don't play close cause jealousy make folks act loc
Another nigga smoked from impression
Second guessin my verbal weapon, you're lettin
Spit, sixteen bits, come equipped
And I still walk around with the hooked up
Motorola flip on my hip, fuck the government
Drop shit, it's a microscopic topic
How I stay mo' big than McDonald arches
And uptown got the la-la spots
And bad ass hoes with 54-11 Reeboks
But still, I walk around with the grill
Cause niggaz be blinded by this hip-hop shit for real
I ain't havin that, I'm clappin shit
Fuck this rappin shit, I cause accidents
To any, MC who wonder what got in me
To get busy, it's simply Ginger and Remi
It don't stop, Def Squad crew is hot
Fillin up your brain with supreme octane, and it's on
static from radio surfing Thanks Bill
This week on NIN, Niggers in Newark
We're gonna take you through some glorious weed spots
that my camera crew and I had a chance to visit

during our stay in Da Bricks
Although we suffered minor setback this week
when our TV satellite van was stolen
We managed to get around best way possible
We had chances to see spots like
Hawthorne Ave, Hayes Homes, South Orange Ave
Avon Ave, 19th Ave, Chancellor and Bergen
19th and One-Duke; hey if you look closely right now
there's someone about to go for their drugs
or as they would say, stash
Hey, hey buddy, you about to sell some drugs?(Redman)
Aiiyo man get the fuck out! *blam blam blam*This here, is the telephone line
of one of the many top notch weed sellers out of Newark
Ladies and gentlemen, what I will try to do
is tap into the line, and hear an actual drug deal in progress
Shhh...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>