

Yesh Yesh Ya'll

Redman

Hard beats like this keep my mentality raw
I G off C for lyrics to blow off them Lex door
My tex-ture be the kind that explore
MC's then blow 'em out, metaphor after metaphor I'm more wetter than your boy bigger
So how you figure you can fuck with this rap unemploy nigga
I should own a fly bitch house and a Benz
But I got chicken heads criminals and broke friends That love to get in, keep the seventeen
spinnin'
Pull out from my jaw linin', commence to split end
Brains and body parts that motion couldn't picture
'Cause when I'm shittin' niggaz hit mo decks than a skipper Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Mary, Anne
and Ginger
Gilligan, you need the Professor to take the rigger
Waters out I got orders to kill 'em softly
I wouldn't leave a trace if I died and police chalked me
Who's the boss, G you better radio the walkie talkie
For the Fatal Attract MC's that stalk me
Got a big dick and your bitch click
When I flip this I got more work than a Olympic gymnast Bust it, I cut the mustard, on any track
Milkier than Similak when I'm next up to bat
Redman is on the mic and I'm a
Dope motherfucker, yeah, you best ax somebody, Snoop Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Fuck the talk I walk whatever I claim to do
Knock a mule on her ass and turn her pussy black and blue
You couldn't run up if your fighter was virtual
I'm a round-the-clock lyricist, I sleep in my work boots It's a thin line between love and hate
It's a thin line between the trigger and the finger of a thirty-eight
Deaths by far, my rap repatoire
Be the art of murderin' makin' it hard for you to spar We can chill and puff the ganja, but don't
be mad when the
Funk Doctor Spock smoke it with your baby, mama
Get off my dick and tell your bitch to come here
Male groupies gettin' shaky when I come from the rear Hah, that get on your nerve neighbor that
play the
Music loud as fuck three in the mornin' off a paper
With mad Zul in the L S C

In the downtown area, scannin' the perimeter
All my boos with the open toed shoes
If you ain't gettin' that pussy eaten right, let me show you
Then let you taste these, this Brown Fox said
Ain't No Nigga like the Funk Doctor Spock G
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yo, as I dive into the crowd
I wanna see who the fuck gettin' loud
Who da fuck runnin' off at dey mouf?
I let my nigga Fifty Cent knock that ass out
Word bond, bitches talkin' 'bout pourin' out Cristal
And Dom P they better stick to Sade
Blackin' out whylin', smackin' out weaves
Break niggaz cheap ass chains and medallions
You're just a part time sucker in the game
Shit is real motherfucker start namin' names
And if you name my name I whoop ass like Steven Seagal
Give you Under Siege 2 without the fuckin' train
Let your brains hang from the 808 bang
And if I wrecked your cipher then my Squad is to blame
Yesh yesh ya'll
Yesh yesh
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
(We'll be right back with some more funk shit)
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop
(For all you stankin' asses after we pay these bills)
Yesh yesh ya'll, and you don't stop

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