

Dis Iz Brick City

Redman

This is WKYA Radio, you motherfuckers!
We got our next caller on the air!
Bitch, you on the line!
(Yo, this is Big Tracy)
(I don't give a fuck, nigga!)
(Give me some of that shit straight out of The BRICK CITY!)
THE BRICK CITY!

For my nigga Guts
We was thinkin' about you on this one, Guts
Hold your head up, baby
We got you on this one!
This is for everybody from the block
Everybody from the crews
You know who you are
No newcomers
(Let 'em know, son!)
(Let 'em know, son!)
This is how we do it, baby!
(Let 'em know!)
Open up on 'em!
Go ahead!

Yo, When I D-I-P, I V-I-P
I'm Doctor, I rush niggas to emergency
Open heart, filled with darts
(99 Agents), know they (Get Smart)
When I throw it in park
Pop the trunk, sellin' CD's \$15's for chumps
'Cause I'm like Noah's Ark from the slums
Holla' at cha frog, I'm getting them (Bud)
Like them frogs on the log
I'm balls to the wall
When I do anything, nothing's hard
I make it easy and talk greasy to broads
GILLA! Say my name 5 times in the mirror!
I'm jumpin' out - whoa!
You can hear the
Sounds of the motherfuckin' men
Tryin' to get your chain
Tryin' to get cha chay-e-ain!
Flush this down the drain
I'm the new raw on the streets
You can get 10 years per each song
Catch a contact, what I write from the arm
Now little white kids bring pipes to the prom
I was supposed to quit, be an influence
But, the weed is like (Nike) -- I JUST DO IT!
I'm ET zooted, way out there
You got weed?
Then, roll with the Sonny and Cher
Suffering succotash, I leave you suckers sufferin'
Huffin' and puffin', at last!

[Chorus: Ready Roc]
This is Brick City! [gun shots]
Hear the gunshots, where they hate cops [sirens]

On every block, there's a weed spot
This is Brick City! [gun jams]
Hear the gun jam, if you don't run fam-i-ly with a suntan
This is Brick City! [rapid-fire gunshots]
Hear the gun spit, niggas jump ship
Where we spit, 'cause we run shit
Play pussy wit' us
And get fucked quick
Who got the duchess?

[Verse 2: Redman]

Yo, I keep the ghetto in me
I love the sweet taste of revenge
I'm focused, my soul's been cleansed
Now I know who the enemy, and who to 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'mma follow this money
Now I'm at the age, where I need to get paid
If a nickel bag gets sold in the park - heyyyyyyyy!
Did I stu-stutter?
I got the guns and butter
My craftwork be movin' the numbers
I keep a (Roscoe) like Kurupt, brother
Hang out my window - BLAOW!
What up, fucker?
Violence sells, but I ain't a violent male
But if you violate, I'll play the violin well
From Bricks to Park Hill
Don't be like Zoolander, waitin' for that Blue Steel
To be shown on your grill

[Chorus: Ready Roc]

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[Redman]

Yo, right here! Yeah!
The Gilla House niggas in the motherfuckin buildin, mayne!
Goddamn, nigga!
Big Nuts, uptown
512
What it is, mayne?

[WKYA DJ]

WKYA
Gilla House Radio