A-Yo (Feat. Saukrates)

Method Man & Redman

Check it out, yo
I be like "yiggy yes y'all", Doctor on call
I'll rock 'til my name in graffiti on the wall
Got flow like the rappers in Great George
Got weed? (I got blunt) My name Jamal
I pause, flick the ash from my L
I (Pause) like Run and Jason Mizell
The emcee is me, host for the night
Papa Doc, only thing I don't choke on the mic
I choke a bitch out if my gwap ain't correct
Then with my giant hancock, I'll get the cheque
I love trucks but drop-tops is the best
From the Beemers, Benz, now Rolex, watch me
Haha, she like "Red so cool"
Any nigga after me, it's a deja vu
Doc stay in the paint like A.I. shoes
Just watch how a one tonner made a move, dig it![Chorus]
Hop in my truck and roll up the window
A-yo, you know what you in for
Once we turn the corner, light up the endo
A-yo, a-yo, a-yo
Yes she with me getting low like a limbo
Roll with Gs and we'll show you how to get dough
Third degree, let it burn with my kinfolk
A-yo, a-yo, a-yoWho these corner store rappers slinging cracks in my hall?
Mama's in the kitchen cooking cat, rat and dog
Me, I want a little something, y'all could have it all
I tryna walk before I crawl and move this package in my draws
That's why I push the pedal to the muh'fuckin floor
With ten per cent method, only plug something poor
And still I keep it funky like four plus one more
Get this money like "In God We Trust", trust your boy
It's a given, living this life it was written
Especially for me, I'm what the recipe is missing
Blow my piff in the air, key the ignition
Then get to lane switching, plucking ashes off the clip and
Mammy wanna ride and play the Bonnie to my Clyde
If anybody try to (Kill Bill), it'll probably be the bride
Like all jokes aside, I'm serious with mine

And now I'm on this grind like Method Man in his prime[Chorus]Yo, I got my swagger on and I feel great
Funk Doc be in the hood like Enfamil cases
I network on MySpace real late
Hoping my album make me another Bill Gates
Around my crib, look how I live
I'm a slob but crip niggas say I get biz
Anywhere I did a show women saying that I'm
"So aah-ma-zing"Yeah, another mic, another night and the day's end
Another heist, another kite in the state pen
My state business shit, y'all dudes just break wind
New York nigga, either you're made mice or made men
I do the dirt that keep my hand on the work
I got the other hand up Mona Lisa's skirt
My aim one since day one stop
How many shots will it take to make son drop?[Chorus]Hey!

Songwriters
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