

A-Yo

Method Man & Redman

Check it out, yoI 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 JamalI 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 micI choke a bitch out and 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 meHa ha, 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 itHop in my truck and roll up the window
Ayo, you know what you in for
Once we turn the corner, light up the endo
Ayo, ayo, ayoOh yes, she with me gettin' low like a limbo
Roll with Gs and we'll show you how to get dough
Third degree, let it burn with my kinfolk
Ayo, ayo, ayoWho these corner store rappers slingin' cracks in my hall?
Mama's in the kitchen cookin' cat, rat and dog
Me, I want a lil' somethin', y'all could have it all
I tryna walk before I crawl and move this package in my drawsThat's why I push the pedal to the muh'fuckin'
floor
With ten per cent method, only plug somethin' poor
And still I keep it funky like four plus one more
Get this money like 'In God We Trust', trust your boyIt's a given, livin' 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 switchin', pluckin' ashes off the clip andMammy 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 primeNow hop in my truck and roll up the window
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Ayo, ayo, ayoYo, 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 apple 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 sayin' that I'm
So amazing 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?
Hop in my truck and roll up the window
Ayo, you know what you in for
Once we turn the corner, light up the endo
Ayo, ayo, ayo Oh yes, she with me gettin' low like a limbo
Roll with Gs and we'll show you how to get dough
Third degree, let it burn with my kinfolk
Ayo, ayo, ayo Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

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