

# Walk On

## Method Man

[Intro: sample (Method Man)]

"Walk on" (yeah, yeah, yeah)

[Method Man]

It's Meth, back on that old shit

Pick my hos with the same finger I pick my nose with

These flows get hotter than most chicks

Get the picture, I'm focused

Got nothing but cock for cockroaches

Bitch, I'm gone before you notice

Ducking these coppers trying to make they quotas

Spot you with the bricks and the baking sodas

Me and my soldier, we taking over, taking payola

From all these stations and record labels, raping the culture

Tell them niggaz

"Walk on"

[Redman]

Yo, I blow ya minds like Kurt Cobain

My block is hot like Lil' Wayne; I'll pop ya little chain

I'm ready; hip hop is not gon' be the same

Like the Roc and Dame, I'll dot the little change, nigga

I ain't scared, boy, yes sir

If I wasn't a beast, you niggaz wouldn't whisper

I'm like, y'all can fuck y'all self; I'm getting paid daily

Plus keepin' it real, keep you broke, can't tell me, nigga

"Walk on"

[Method Man]

Huh, now figure, I don't give a --

And any chick caught with dirt under her nail's a gold digger

Yeah, I tell the people like I told RZA

Man, I got Meth and on the day that I don't, I'll let you know, nigga

Nah, no carbon copies, they ain't got me, but they can watch me

Jewels jingling, middle finger at paparazzi

Not too cocky, but still, ain't too many niggaz can top me

So bounce you fucks and pull ya shoes up, nigga

"Walk on"

[Redman]

Don't even blink, think fast, make the right move

Got a gun on ya, like Pinky had on Ice Cube

I don't play, homey, I got my stripes, too

I'mma sky high-a-trist, I smoke in a flight suit, nigga  
Recognize, like Sam Sneed or "back down"  
You sick and tired of wack niggaz, then act now  
I show you how it's done, nigga, Gilla House  
Give you a whole clip, turn your movie theater out, nigga  
"Walk on"  
[Method Man]  
And put ya feet up, I'm shaking these dice, so put ya g's up  
Sit back and light a tree up while niggaz betting they re-ups  
I milk like double D cup, plus, I air it out just like a sneaker  
Will win, and then "key" your car like Alicia  
Yup, my Meth is off the meter, more Yankee caps than Derek Jeter  
Try'nna catch me a diva, then I'mma catch amnesia  
Might spill the Dom, but still a don  
Still got love for my baby moms, we just don't get along, hold the fuck on  
"Walk on"  
[Redman]  
Allow me to reintroduce -- nah, I don't need it  
If you ain't got it since '92, nigga, beat it  
Hop in the quarter-to-seven, black two-seater  
Pull out a hammer, big as a vacuum cleaner  
Nigga, I roll heavy, bitch, I roll steady  
Get that dough Reggie, me fall off, really?  
You better ask who the best rapper in ya hood  
And when you mimic me, muthafucka, do it good, nigga "Walk on"

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