

Big Dogs

Method Man

Call us Guerillas of the Mist, raunchy vocalists
(Your code name) Doc
What's your name? (Hot Nicks)
(Who them slick kids puffin' that shit holdin they dicks?)
Yo them same two, drivin your whip, fuckin your bitch
(Hold me down son!) Yo, I hold you down with the pound
(You got a lot of BISCUITS?) Aiiyyo but where they at now? Diggy down down we Reservoir Dogs, you puppy
chow-chow
Got my mittens on the kitten, lickin it now-now
(Yo we bring the beef to you, infest it with the Mad Cow)
Disease (we set to load) cocks and squeeze
(Boo-yah!) We too hard to hold off
(One arm slam ya like Nikolai Volkoff)
When I dip-dip-diva (diva) the anti-socializa (liza)
Everything be ice cream, observe the frusen-gladje
We rock ya, knock ya fuckin whole team off the roster
Starting lineup, Iron Lung (and Funk Doctor) Johnny Blaze the Ghost rider (uh)
Ghost stories by the campfire (uh) We night breed (VAM-PIRE!)
Be duckin from the head rushin (uh) Wu-Tang production (uh)
Percussions bringin repercussions (uh) I hold my mic sideways BUSTIN
Another one bites the dust and (uh)
Cardiac arrest clutchin (uh) your chest suckin (uh)
Your last breath, M-R, period, Meth
Niggas, dyin from papercuts, BLEEDIN TO DEATH
Down these mean streets Jonny Quest (uh)
From ASCAP to NASDAQ, get that money sack (uh)
These habitats ain't no place to raise a FAMILY AT
These alley cats (ha) be at war with these dirty rats (uh)
So watch your back when you come to the slums
There ain't nowhere to RUN from the Iron Lizard Lung (uh)
Phasers on stun I be givin it to Son
My plate spares no one, "My uzi weighs a ton" Pon cock, the Don Juan Doc
Send crews back to the shoeshine box, connect the dots
My description, black male, yellowed to mellow
I make it hard for MC's to run neck and elbow
With D-O, penal code, Deebo knows
To duck when he hear the bike, wit the squeaky clutch
Swallow this hard act to follow
You could parachute off my slang and use my, rhymes to toggle

I'm tense, so smooth I can't be fingerprinted
I stomp harder in slow motion den, den-den-den
Yo, fuck your applaud, bitches still rush me
Like they rushed the store before Soul Train Awards
Incorporate a law, whoever ain't raw get they hand chopped
By Jamal with the Wu sword
My crew specialize in, snakin your bitch
Robbin you, while you on the floor, shakin and shit
I'm doin me now do you (Yo, who you?) Doc
I bomb shit til the Conflict's Crucial, I
Be the black "El Nino," I mean yo, I'm supreme
Like the team show witcha paid yo' cream fo'
(To see us sit down?) Yo, nah we get the fuck up
(And leave the one you wit) Then take her from Usher
That's right, six-double-oh with chrome pipes
U.S. Marshal's, out to pen us up like Snipes
(Throw it in drive) Fuck takin me and Meth alive!
(Ayo you lick that a-way) You lick out the other side

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