

# 2 Tears In A Bucket

## Redman

[Sheek]

Soon as I cop the nine, I pop the nine  
When I take it out the box, I represent Lox  
Now when I flow, you hit the rewind button  
So I charge out more, want it all at the door  
Fuck heat, Sheek walk around with an oven  
Who you gonna kill with that little Foreman grill?  
How its gon' look when I come through your block?  
Sheek, Funk Doc, Meth on top  
Porsche, 300 horse fly by, back open pumpin How High (How High)  
Yeah, can y'all see that (See that)  
Bitch you can call me what you want, 'cause I'll Be Dat (Be Dat)  
Get off my dick, I don't care about no jewels  
Long as the condo's paid and the truck I choose  
I'm tellin y'all niggas, if its not double R  
I'ma spell my name out on the side of your car

Chorus:

Come and Ruff Ryde with us  
If you wanna get high with us  
If you wanna get down with us  
Come on noooooowwww  
Come and Ruff Ryde with us  
If you wanna get high with us  
If you wanna get down with us  
Come on noooooowwww

[Redman]

I got a twin cam exhaust connected to the jaw  
A five speed clutch on my paw when I ride  
I glow like the pegs in Lite-Brite  
3000 bolts of lightening when fly the right kite  
Me and Meth be hennesey, two ice cubes  
We can draw (Choose your weapons) or do I choose?  
When I choose the grip, one shot lose your hip  
I hope your shoes fit for this move and pick  
My avalanche it came with, ten feet of snow

I'm cold blooded, my fam half eskimo  
My flows move like endo  
Turn ten nickels into ten loads, outta ten stoves

Ride the crash course, do the math on it  
Swizz Beats you can ride Amtrak on it  
But I'm on it, grillin with George Foreman  
Ya peeps is at the Grammy awards cornin  
The ice, the fat wallet son, I won it  
In the helicopter, warmin before morning  
Def Jam nigga, Redman nigga, Doc  
Fuck ya momma on my sweat band nigga  
You tough guys will get smacked in the club  
With the gun I bought from Mack in the club  
Its P-P-P from Bricks to Brook-nam (Come on)  
Bring me some more ass to whoop on

Chorus

[Method Man]

Look what the cat dragged in  
Underground dweller from the cellar bring terror  
Scoop of high yellow cinderella, Meth forever  
Never rush a rhyme, hook could never bust my nine  
But if I have to, I have to, its all in the mind  
I stay ahead of time while y'all fallin behind  
Tryin to relight ya lime, its a crime when I drop ??? design  
That tick it, tick boom, blow your mind  
Yeah me, M-E-T, H, the O, the D  
Can't be done like tryin to find a penny in the sea  
Nigga run for cover son go and get them guns  
Y'all ain't from here, don't try to come around and gettin ones  
Swizz Beat the track in the head, but I instead  
Pull my ?dart gun? and bust sixteen until its dead  
I'm the game, all of my dogs be off the chain  
Yellin Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang

Chorus

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