# 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 nooooowwwww
Come and Ruff Ryde with us
If you wanna get high with us
If you wanna get down with us
Come on nooooowwwww
[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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