

Da Rockwilder

Method Man & Redman

Oh my god...Oh my god !!!! ah ah ah aowww!!![Verse One: Method Man]Microphone checka, swingin sword
lecture

closin down the sectar supreme neck protector
Bet I won em kid Mr. Metha warmin pot
about to blow his lid from the pressure, too hot for TV
but cheesy, Too many wanna be hard be easy, is all in together
going all not together it don't take much to please me
Still homes are never satisfy like the stones
we don't condome bitin in the sellin crossbones
protectin what am writin don't clash with the Titan
who blast with a liscence to kill rap presitence
C'mon, in the zone with ya nigga from the Group Home
TICAL!!(Fuck your lifestyle!!) (Blew wind)...put your lights out
got the shit the crackin got you fienin with your pipes out
time for some action, surfin the avenue
mad at you, where I used to battle crews
back when Antoinette had that attitude
Cover me I'm going in, walls closin in
got us bustin off these pistols
my niggas got issues...again, same song
armed with the mega bomb

Blow you out the frame and I'm gone.[Verse Two: Redman]I was going to Buck-we-romes, cellular phones
Doc-Meth back in the flesh, blood and bone
don't condone Spent bank loans and homegrown
suckers break like Turbo
in no zone, when I, grab the broom
moon-walk platoon hawk my goons spark
leave you in a blue lagoon lost (true)
three nines and a glove with masu di die in the car
right behind on the boss
Haters don't touch, weigh us both up
now my neighbor doped up
got the cable hooked up. All channels
lift my shirt all Mammal
you ship off keys and we ship Grand Pianos.
sawed of shotgun
hand on the pump, sippin on a forty
puffin on a blunt
bust my gun and Red and Meth gettin jumped

La la la la, la la la laaaaayeah c'mon, Red and Meth gettin jumped
La la la la, la la la laaaaaa

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