

4:20

Method Man

Roll that s***, light that s***, smoke it
Roll that s***, light that s***, smoke it
Roll, roll, roll that s***, light that s***, smoke it
Roll that s***, light that s***, smoke it Yeah, fast or slow mo, oh no, Meth done made a killing
Call the po-po, oh n***** is squealing, oh, y'all ain't feeling
N***** no more, the bigger they are, harder they go though
Good p***** put a hump in my back like Quasimoto Hah, my sex ain't h*** season vet, hold the adobo
Got rappers on that low carb diet, y'all can't get no dough
I keep a low pro, file, excuse me as I get s***** out
Put hands on these n*****, then put the roach out Go head, I'm wishing you would, ask if it's good
Man, this Tarzan s*** in the woods, my s*** is hood, b*****
That means I'm hood rich, telling you lies
Straight out the pull-pit, it's like Merrill Lynch I'm on that bulls*** Real s***, money come first, and even worse
You need all your toes and fingers to count up what I'm worth, t*****
So when I blow a smoke cloud in your face, just take a hint
D*****, you crowding my space, it's Mr. Meth, pa! It's 4:20, roll up, n***** getting smoked out
No seeds, California w*** have you choked out
No doubt, roll up, which rims s***** out
4:20 mean you either roll up or roll out Roll that s***, light that s***, smoke it
Roll that s***, light that s***, smoke it So on and so on, I flow on, power to our people
Get your s***** on and I'm so gone, off, that s*** d*****
Hard to hold on, but hold on, it's like I'm Pretty Toney
With that robe, got terrorist shook, because I'm so bomb The hood, put, me in position, I'm in the kitchen
With that cook book, the service I'm giving, birds they vision
Not a good look, told ya my n*****, Tical deliver
Hook or crook, lots of a**** to kick, wish I had a bigger foot Yeah, taking it there, hating who care
Y'all stay out my mental, I got killas waiting in here
To get you, as I sharpen my pencils, tear apart instrumentals
Fuck it, y'all n***** is p*****, so is the d*** that sent you RZA, we done it again, Co-D occasion
Here's to short skirts and Ol' Dirt McGirt, okay, then
Let's get it popping, like it ain't nothing to get it popping
The big and rotten's the city, too good to be forgotten It's 4:20, roll up, n***** getting smoked out
No seeds, California w*** have you choked out
No doubt, roll up, which rims s***** out
4:20 mean you either roll up or roll out It's 4:20, roll up, n***** getting smoked out
No seeds, California w*** have you choked out
No doubt, roll up, which rims s***** out
4:20 mean you either roll up or roll out Roll that s***, light that s***, smoke it The rap game won't like me

You can tell that a n***** is shiesty
 If I die, my second born'll be like me, slide d*** to your wifey
 Never know your baby boy just might beQuick to rob a jack, he's so icy, stay dressed to kill
 From the Hill, never ran, never will
 Attitude, like, fuck you still, I see you missing the point
 This is not a rap song, you get clapped onB***** break the bone, like the joint, call you out your name
 Disrespect ya moms, spit on your dame
 Go public, then, s*** on your fame, you overlooking the fact
 Where you from, is where we at and y'all don't want no, parts, in that thatCaught your verse for sale, but real
 n***** don't shoot and tell
 We'd rather do the time and rot in the cellRoll that s***The inner outer state, bi-coastal smoker
 Inhale, Cali piff with a swift of glaucoma
 Black jeans, black Timbs, black Benz roaster
 Smoke rise, out the sun roof when I roll upVerrazano, with no relation to Gravano
 Carlo, shots are hollow, still cop a bottle
 And pour some out, moment of silence, then I swallow
 I'm still alive and still the sun'll come out tomorrowShine, shine, shine and grind, 'cause it's money on my mind
 And I'm moving like my life is on the line
 For the bulls***, I really got no time, a full clip
 Really gon' let ya n***** know what's on my mindWhen ya getting out of line, have them choppers lit up
 You won't need a camera phone to get the picture
 Chalk down, tape around, body bag zipped up
 Carlo Verrazano, you can call me misterIt's 4:20, roll up, n***** getting smoked out
 No seeds, California w*** have you choked out
 No doubt, roll up, which rims s***** out
 4:20 mean you either roll up or roll out

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