

# A-Yo (Featuring Saukrates)

## Method Man & Redman

Check it out, yo  
I be like "yiggy yes y'all", Doctor on call  
I'll rock 'til my name in graffiti on the wall  
Got flow like the rappers in Great George  
Got weed? (I got blunt) My name Jamal  
I pause, flick the ash from my L  
I (Pause) like Run and Jason Mizell  
The emcee is me, host for the night  
Papa Doc, only thing I don't choke on the mic  
I choke a bitch out if my gwap ain't correct  
Then with my giant hancock, I'll get the cheque  
I love trucks but drop-tops is the best  
From the Beemers, Benz, now Rolex, watch me  
Haha, she like "Red so cool"  
Any nigga after me, it's a deja vu  
Doc stay in the paint like A.I. shoes  
Just watch how a one tonner made a move, dig it! [Chorus]  
Hop in my truck and roll up the window  
A-yo, you know what you in for  
Once we turn the corner, light up the endo  
A-yo, a-yo, a-yo  
Yes she with me getting low like a limbo  
Roll with Gs and we'll show you how to get dough  
Third degree, let it burn with my kinfolk  
A-yo, a-yo, a-yo Who these corner store rappers slinging cracks in my hall?  
Mama's in the kitchen cooking cat, rat and dog  
Me, I want a little something, y'all could have it all  
I tryna walk before I crawl and move this package in my draws  
That's why I push the pedal to the muh'fuckin floor  
With ten per cent method, only plug something poor  
And still I keep it funky like four plus one more  
Get this money like "In God We Trust", trust your boy  
It's a given, living this life it was written  
Especially for me, I'm what the recipe is missing  
Blow my piff in the air, key the ignition  
Then get to lane switching, plucking ashes off the clip and  
Mammy wanna ride and play the Bonnie to my Clyde  
If anybody try to (Kill Bill), it'll probably be the bride  
Like all jokes aside, I'm serious with mine

And now I'm on this grind like Method Man in his prime[Chorus]Yo, I got my swagger on and I feel great  
Funk Doc be in the hood like Enfamil cases  
I network on MySpace real late  
Hoping my album make me another Bill Gates  
Around my crib, look how I live  
I'm a slob but crip niggas say I get biz  
Anywhere I did a show women saying that I'm  
"So aah-ma-zing" Yeah, another mic, another night and the day's end  
Another heist, another kite in the state pen  
My state business shit, y'all dudes just break wind  
New York nigga, either you're made mice or made men  
I do the dirt that keep my hand on the work  
I got the other hand up Mona Lisa's skirt  
My aim one since day one stop  
How many shots will it take to make son drop?[Chorus]Hey!

Songwriters

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