

# Enjoy Da Ride

## Method Man

[Streetlife]Yo, I know the streets is watchin'  
Dirty date niggas caught blockin' or glockin'  
Waitin' for my down four street got options  
Fuck y'all, y'all can ball, im'a stay rockin'  
All emcee's falled when I heard the albums droppin'  
Nuttin but the hottest hip-hop rap concoction  
Rap's in a state of emergency, it's shockin'  
I produce joints that loosen up the socket  
Crowd surf through the mosh pit on some rock shit  
Bang your head to this, pump your fist if your feelin' it  
Ride the fuck out, bust a clip for the fuck of it  
This is as good as it get, who you rollin' with? (You)  
Who the ultimate? (Wu)  
Stay committed, sold my soul to this rap shit  
Slow your roll, strike a bowl, you get glapped quick  
I roll with, ghetto bastard with biscuits  
And grab my dick and flick it, get the picture  
[Redman]Yo, Yo, Yo, I cop a new Benz, crash the front  
So hard the airbags use nasal pumps  
Jump out, cock the shoti (Rasie em up)  
I stomp holes if the ground aint paved enough  
Inform the former the first step was a warm-up  
The next step'll bomb on where your car alarm was  
Chikens that'll run in, burn the barn up  
Shots'll tear Sean John and Phat Farm up  
I never gotta Soul Train award  
Never lost to emcee's as lame as y'all  
Never, trick a bitch car payment off  
Im a orangatang when the chain is off  
Nigga, ecentric and I slowly blast with a axe, and a pump, and a goalie mask  
Leavin' stains of blood on your Rolie Glass  
When im in your hood nigga throw me bags  
[Method Man]Lets trick the night fantastic  
  
Im flexible, they used to call me plastic  
These big butt bitches get they ass kicked  
It is what it is, shittin' on y'all kids  
Couldn't live where we live  
I can't be defeated like nobody used to wizz

Like, when daddy's home can't nobody beat the kids  
Right? You know the clan and you know the fuckin' man  
Meth rock a mic without a kickstand  
Two blunts, and razors in his wristband  
Slap you and your bitch man  
Lookin' in your lobby, call me stick-man  
When it's goin' down, call me quicksand  
Zero to sixty in a second, pack a Smith & Weston  
And if the price is right, you can be the next contestant  
For this aggression, no question, M-E to the F it be flexin'  
As hard as my erection, kid learn your lesson  
'cause what if I decide to start testin' the joint in the muthafuckin session?  
[Saukrates]Let a nigga get into it  
Lubricate y'all veins with your "Do-It" fluid  
I Einstein these rymes, spit these thangs to prove it  
Cross with the mac, in fact my games are truest  
Now im on the highway, doing it my way  
With Street the legal, Meth, Roc, and Doc friday  
Performin' like the weather was warm  
And drop heat on the streets through zero degree storms  
And keep the ghetto, pop your metal  
Smoke it like a cigarette till ya optic yellow  
The addiction, aint no friction  
I got them rap heads fillin' out a prescription  
With diciton, they in thick, when I put fire to the stakes  
And burn the arch, like a iron to your face  
These long hard years spent Oxy-Cleanin' - make it clear  
Look out! Big 'Sauks is here, hit the button

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>