

America's Most

Method Man & Redman

Yo, welcome, uh, huh
This is MC sharper image I'm standing here with my dog technology
We are here to uplift your mind
And upgrade your systems
So, come on down everyone that wants to get some
Plug in and boot and boot Yo, yo, I couldn't give a rat's ass
I've come to eat grub and slap ass
And show my whole entire black ass
Y'all know the saying he who laughs last laughs loudest
Bang the loudest, can't a coward do a thing 'bout it What the bum-ba claat like, "Aye carumba"
Here's my name and number, let's 'La Rhumb'
Doc, it makes me wonder; how many heads has Heather Hunter's
How many different conclusions to come to And my sixteen bars Meth, hittin' too hard
With a total disregard for your whole entourage
Rap phenom, slap your ass, snap your thong to my theme song
And hope you don't get clap upon Who that kid? As dirty as that Ol' Dirty Bastard
Who that kid? That pack a tool belt and dirty ratchet
Set your tape recorder, lock down your daughter
Soon as I touch the rap game, out of order Do I get broillic? Gimme a car I'll show you how to flip mileage
Gimme that mic, ill short it with a quick wattage
Skip college for the big wallet
The ape with a fire escape with the weight from a hit product My draft is cold like Miller beer
When you hear it, you see more stars than tigger cheer
The red nigga here, and it's out of control
Something like when Ron Gold' went out with Nicole I'll bring it back to the streets where the crooks belong
And if it ain't come back raw, you cooked it wrong
Gangsta bomb, hold your nose
At the show, I'll be shittin' out my mouth like my colon closed Me and Meth, 100 proof, in case y'all a biter
And ovaries, feel these great ball of fire
Doc, where the lighter, yo, I'm hemming them up
Coffee grind them and put them in the vanilla dutch Believe that, the brothers in the house, now, be that
Believe that, let's turn this mother out, now, be that
Be back, this what it's all about, now, be that
We not playin'
(Yo, you know what I'm sayin', son, sayin') Believe that, the brothers in the house, now, be that
Believe that, let's turn this mother out, now, be that
Be back, this what it's all about now, be that
Fuck with the Meth
(Yo, you know what I'm sayin', son, sayin') I'm looking at you killers like you stole something, fuck ya life

Trust my niggaz, sometimes, for I trust my wife
Fuck it, I'm nice, y'all don't be rushing the mic
With your guns in your left hands, not bustin' it right
Ain't no, I in the team, ain't no eyen' my cream
I'm a semi-auto, clean, rapid-fire machine
Cocky, six foot three with knock knees
Attract hood rats for blocks 'cause I got cheese
Yo, dude I carry cheese but I don't flaunt it
When the towel is thrown in, you know
There's grown men that spoke on it, we both want it, the Trackmasters
Puncturing holes in the beat when a vocal tone poke on it
Barbaric, my caddie truck beyond average
With the same size wheels that on a horse carriage
Up in the air , spot my dudes
Rollin' over shit like B. Rhymes on mountain dew
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Songwriters

NOBLE, REGGIE/SMITH, CLIFFORD/GRANT, RICHARD/GRANT, RAYMOND
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