

Method Man, How High (Part 2)

[Redman]:
Yo yo

[Chorus--Toni Braxton]:
I I get so high
I can touch the sky
I I get so high
High High High High
(smoke cheeba smoke cheeba cheeba
so high that I can kiss the sky)

[Redman]:
Yo ladies and gentlemen
We got Toni Braxton up in the house
We live up in here ya'll
It's gettin high now

[Method Man]:
Tical shittin again
Spittin the wind
Loaded guns clip in the end
Nah sicker than him
Yes indeed
I'm illers in the S.T.D.s
Or sex disease
These thirty racks on extra cheese
On that piece of the pie
Now ask me how high
I tell ya reach for the sky
Swing the crooked letter I
That's my home
Twenty-threes rapped in chrome
Not only snap on ya'll niggas but I'm snappin bones
Flatten your dome
Make you leave that crack alone
You got the key to the city but the latch is on
I gots it locked
Bring in the noise bring in the funk
Dr. Spoc
bringin my boys bringin your lumps
Pop the clock
But only if you feel this shit
Jack the Ripper don't make me have to kill this bitch
Back to get ya
Put it in check that's the Mr.
Meth put a spoil on ya neck
shut your lips up

[Chorus]

[Redman]
Call in the man when the party is borin
And I had these hos strippin til it's part in the mornin
I love a fat chick with a body enormous
It ain't about the weight yo it's how they performance
My dash is one eighty my weed half a pound
When there's smoke in the air my nose like Bassett Hounds
I don't stack the Dro nigga divide
I'm that nigga that ride
With a trigger to get a supply
High
Is how I stay all the time
{Niggas close your doors}
Bitches shut all your blinds

If I'm hard to find
Take two puffs and pass
I stay back with my Benz move upper class
It's Doc and Meth the format is real sickenin
Contagious we out for Mr. Big's women
You better shut your trap when my dog's around
Pissin on fire hydrants so walk around
Bitch

[Chorus]

[Method Man]:
Mr. Method Man
Puttin in work
Foot in the dirt
Like it's all good
Roll through your hood
Pushin a hearse
I wish I would
Come around like Clint Eastwood
As if ya reppin your hood
In my neck of the woods
People realer in their PJs
Grimy bitch I wear the same shit for three days
Finally lit blunt sparks like Philipe
F**k the he say the she say
Your just a mic phone plus the cliché

[Redman]:
Yo call me the bar backling I break backs on hos
Look like Toni Braxton
Come run with these phony masked men
I'm out the gutter
I'm bout to send your baby mother
Out for rubbers
We f**kin tonight
Bitches wanna crowd around how I'm cuffin he mic
I'm a gorilla leave a banana stuck in your pipe
Cause I'm a real block winner
With Doc in a
Bitch one of my balls bigger than the Epicot Center

[Chorus]