

# 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 cliche

[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]