

# Method Man, Da Rockwilder

(feat. Redman)

Oh my god...Oh my god !!!! ah ah ah aowww!!!

[Verse One: Method Man]

Microphone checka, swingin sword lecture  
closin down the sectar supreme neck protector  
Bet I won em kid Mr. Metha warmin pot  
about to blow his lid from the pressure, too hot for TV  
but cheesy, Too many wanna be hard be easy, is all in together  
going all not together it don't take much to please me  
Still homes are never satisfy like the stones  
we don't condome bitin in the sellin crossbones  
protectin what am writin don't clash with the Titan  
who blast with a liscence to kill rap presitence  
C'mon, in the zone with ya nigga from the Group Home  
TICAL!!(Fuck your lifestyle!!) (Blew wind)...put your lights out  
got the shit the crackin got you fienin with your pipes out  
time for some action, surfin the avenue  
mad at you, where I used to battle crews  
back when Antoinette had that attitude  
Cover me I'm going in, walls closin in  
got us bustin off these pistols  
my niggas got issues...again, same song  
armed with the mega bomb  
Blow you out the frame and I'm gone.

[Verse Two: Redman]

I was going to Buck-we-romes, cellular phones  
Doc-Meth back in the flesh, blood and bone  
don't condone Spent bank loans and homegrown  
suckers break like Turbo  
in no zone, when I, grab the broom  
moon-walk platoon hawk my goons spark  
leave you in a blue lagoon lost (true)  
three nines and a glove with masu di die in the car  
right behind on the boss  
Haters don't touch, weigh us both up  
now my neighbor doped up  
got the cable hooked up. All channels  
lift my shirt all Mammal  
you ship off keys and we ship Grand Pianos.  
sawed off shotgun  
hand on the pump, sippin on a forty  
smokin on a blunt  
bust my gun and Red and Meth gettin jumped  
La la la la, la la la laaaaa

yeah c'mon, Red and Meth gettin jumped  
La la la la, la la la laaaaa