

Method Man, Dat's Dat Shit

(feat. Redman, Mally G (Jamal), Young Zee)

[Method Man]
Uh, get ya stank on

[Radio voice]
WWKYA, WE'RE KICKIN YOUR ASS!

[Mally G/Jamal]
My receipts is worth ten titles
I shit on wrote Bibles, if you don't like me I don't like you
I liable to load the rifle, hit the roof and snipe you
The shit I spit damaging your vitals
Nobody ride through like my squad do
Got all y'all players suicidal
Actin niggas, take two
You heard the news, I'ma break it to ya
We're here to headline the bill and
Featuring Funk Doc, Tical and the villain
A mic murder for hire, ten grand a killin
Yo Funk Doc, pass the glock, this bitch nigga grillin
I make moves wit my big dog ?bounce?
Staten Island to the Bricks for mo' chips and mo' pounds
Y'all know who really lockin this shit down
When we rock it, don't we all stand out?
Y'all hazardarious, clear out
Get ya ass out 'fore I tear it out
And show you what I'm talkin 'bout

[Chorus: Redman, Method Man (Young Zee)]
Yo get ya up and get ya high, ha!
Get ya stoned and get ya wide
Dat's dat shit (like or not, niggas sleepin wit the fifth)
Dat's dat shit (like or not, bitches fightin over dick)
Aiyyo we get ya up and get ya high (yeah)
Get ya stoned and get ya wide
Dat's dat shit (like or not, niggas sleepin wit the fifth)
Dat's dat shit (like or not, bitches fightin over dick)

[Redman]
I'm high-powered, the dog rott weiler
Chocolate thai showers got Doc cookin minute rice for five hours
You wet cowards, I'm live wire
Ya bitch ass probably wash ya hands wit Palmolive
Yo Bricks holler, I got the plan printed
Load it and it goes like summer jam tickets
Fam can't dig it, pop goes the wea-sel
You be hidin under your peacoat wit people
I told cops, roll blocks, no props
Fo' pops, Hennessy back and we both shot
That's how we go out, are you the thug type?
To ride down like Hopper from a Bug Life?
Watch the movie, haters tried to eye screw D
Your beef in small claims court, Judge Judy
When you and I meet up, the fight heat up
Bloody up ya wife beater then light weed up

[Chorus]

[Method Man]
I melt wax, Cuban Link chain react
Breezin through these tracks wit the highest of velocity
Play me like Monopoly
Pay me everytime you trespass on my property

I'm Dick Dastardly, no use in cop blockin me
Sloppily, your woman on the stop-watch clockin me
Possibly I rock well, somebody always watchin me
Livin in the street life, my eyes seen atrocity
Undress a kid properly
When I keeps it movin that means there ain't no stoppin me
Constant motivation, the god fiend bury kings
Proper education, Allah sees everything
How High, just another form of elevation
That's why I choose to build from the basement
Twelve-thirty-one-ninety-nine, times are wastin
More these Hot Dog MC's next to Nathan
Allah Math, break the phonograph in half
Promoters on some bullshit, short wit Johhny cash
(Dat's dat shit) They got snitches rattin on the click
(Dat's dat shit) They got bitches fightin over dick
WHERE THE LOVE AT, when you're young, broke and black
It's over there, in the ashtray, who got a match?

[Chorus]

[Young Zee]

Yeah yeah yeah, Young Zee got bitches fightin over dick

[Redman]

Get ya up and get ya high
Funk Doc got bitches fightin over dick

[Method Man]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah, Meth-Tical got bitches fightin over dick

[Redman (Young Zee)]

Get ya up and get ya high (All y'all stupid bitches keep fightin over dick)
Get ya stoned and get ya wide
Get ya up and get ya high (HIIIIIGH!)
Get ya stoned and get ya wide wide (Yeah yeah)
Get ya stoned and get ya high (Fightin over dick)
Get ya stoned and get ya high ha
Get ya up and get ya high ha (Fightin over dick)
Get ya stoned and get ya high ha