

# Method Man, Fire Ina Hole

(feat. Redman)

Uh..

Come on [3X]

State your business

Come on

Let's make it hot

Come on (word)

Let's make it hot

Come on

Let's make it hot

Come on, let's make it hot (hardcore to make 'em rubbers at cold)

Come on, come on

[Verse 1: Method Man]

[Verse 1: (method man)]

with all do respect to tha game  
im tha ph- enom , not ready for primetime , be on  
extinction , change tha way u thinkin ,or be gone  
pass tha fuck out , somethin stinkin ,  
could it be tha skunk? or could it be that body  
in tha trunk? of my lincoln , continental style,  
pop tha pussy like a pimple,  
im fed up

I put it in your ear and fuck ya head up,

turnin up tha tempature ,

told them kids to enta tha 36,

masta meth shiit

biohazaduas is pretentious,

do it for tha chemically imbalanced ,

state ya business,

pay me at tha door',

ironman hear me raw , 12 inches

Sure shot soldiers in the trenches

Fire in a hole

the game commences

third string rappers play the benches

Reload

There'll be no repentance for soul

Just life sentence with no change for parole

And thats real

[Chorus:]

Fire in a hole! (pray [echoes])

Fire in a hole! [10X]

Fire in a hole! (yeah)

Fire in a hole! (yeah, yeah)

Fire in a hole! (yo, yo, yo, yo)

[Verse 2: Redman]

Gundowned at sun down

Run now from the bucks sound, touchdown

Your crew wanna punt now, pump-blowww

Swimming trunks torn up from the huntdown

Brakes lock 'em up now

a rich bitch smack 'em up now

a plucked out eyebrow down

Naa dog, a broad got to be a hussy

A hood rat that ride like the bride of Chuckey

Walk through my hood, your ?drools? is screamed: 'Thug me'

My revolver to reload like the Scussy, doc

The bigfoot out for the squosh

Shell shocked like I'm 6 months in the bush  
Fire in a hole!  
Hiking in the snow with 40 motherfuckers expiring the blow  
Footprints up timbs are wallabe souls  
We cased to placed like Barnaby Jones, hoes  
Lay it down like plats in ya hair  
Ride off with your money then clap in the air

[Chorus:]

Fire in a hole!  
Fire in a hole! (yo)  
Fire in a hole! [3X]  
Fire in a hole! (yo)  
Fire in a hole!  
Fire in a hole! (yo)  
Fire in a hole! (yo, yo, yo)

[Verse 3: Method Man]

This is for them niggas on the bricks  
Holdin' down a block for my nigga carlton fisk  
The kid that stay up in a blocks  
Ain't no christmas ever since Santa scratched my name off the giftlist  
shit aint been the same since the pain or forgiveness  
Dead man talkin' about elected  
Un live it cancer around throat of a critic  
Yo doctor, describe me a drug that can knocka'  
New on his ass, take a blast up a nucker  
For real though arsenic production that kills slow your eardrums  
Like a happy hooker with a dildo  
I spas on anyone who shows his ass  
I got the mob with me plus a full tank of gas

[Verse 4: Redman]

Yo, yo  
With me and meth swarm you need a net to cover you  
Turn a rap game into W C W  
Off the rope I hang glide to the grove  
Straight people doubt french fries and a coke  
Doc's the name the burglar, serve ya  
that lead through five from frigs and murtar  
They skirt out my with Rick ran down tires  
What a chicken I met who hand out flyers  
Look I'ma areas, I don't have it  
My crew large enough to walk and cause traffic  
Bounce like box springs on your craft-matic  
Before you be sueing doc for malpractice  
You couldn't bang from start  
Your girl see you beat up and shit  
Get a change of heart  
Flaming dark spit it, name a mark  
My impact towards you JFK playin' in a park

[Chorus:]

Fire in a hole! [14X]

Yeah [3X]  
Fire in a hole  
Yeah [5X]  
Mister meth, ha-ha  
Funk doctor, ha-ha  
Mathematics on the track, ha-ha  
All my niggas in the bricks  
All my niggas on Shaolin

Worldwide  
To my whole crew, BBC  
Hahhahahahaa....