

# Method Man, Mi Casa

(feat. Redman)

[Redman]

[Verse 1]

Whatcu crazy??!!?  
Since a buck tooth baby, Doc  
Was like straight fuck you pay me like Jay-Z  
Lazy Niggas complain  
Doc load up the cartridge and start kickin game like Acclain  
Those who you call Doggs rat your name  
Those who say they love you attack your change  
Thats why i fold down 4 fingers  
Say fuck the world and Jimmy da earth out with Coat hangers  
Rap game n street game dont sleep  
Its a cold world betta pack yer own heat  
Niggas aint happy to the cash on "E";  
Then the hash and the cat and a bag is on me  
Yeah Right!!  
My bear hugz air tight  
New Yorkerz no no turnin on a redlight  
Me against 40 of you? a fair fight  
Microphones get took you shook wear white

[Chorus]

You dont got no wins in Mi Casa  
And its your stopper meth tical man and funk docta

You dont got no wins in Mi Casa  
Bomb Droppa throw you outh ya mind who shot ya

You dont got no wins in Mi Casa  
Hit it Hip Hoppers turn it up a notch make it it hotter

You dont got no wins in Mi Casa  
I'm warnin you partna meth tical man and funk docta

[Method Man]

[Verse 2]

Every time i turn around somebody in my business  
Time for you to testify can i get a witness  
Actin like bitch's  
Dirty Dick niggas look suspicious  
Ain't physically fit for the fitness  
Welcome to the game of death  
Poly wanna biscut?  
First prize a one way ticket to my shit list  
And i spread it like a rumour or a sickness  
Stand-by let a chicken head lay a chicklet  
Can i slap a fat ass with da quickness  
Stupid ass niggas goin abroad nigga get tha syphilys  
Comin through son ima fuck you and your district  
Miss representin miss interpreting and des misfit  
Playboy, you aint got no balls plus your dickless  
And i'm like a plumber layin pipe up in your misses  
No man can hold hold me nor can control me  
Next time you see me holla like you know me!

[Chorus]

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