

Method Man & Redman, Da rockwilder

[Method Man]

Aaaow! (Boo!)

Uh, uh, yo, uh

Microphone checka, swingin' sword lecture

Closin' down the sector, supreme neck protector

Better warn 'em kid, Mr. Meth's a boiling pot

About to blow his lid from the pressure, too hot for TV

For cheesy, too many wanna be hard be easy

It's all N'together, going all out together

It don't take much to please me

Still homes I'm never satisfy like the Stones

We don't condone bitin' see them selling crossbones

Protecting what I'm writing

Don't clash with the Titan who blast with a license

To kill rap reciting

Come on, in the zone with ya nigga from the Group Home

TICAL! (Fuck your lifestyle!)

Blows

Put your lights out

Get the shit to crackin' got you feenin' with your pipes out

Time for some action, surfen' the avenue

Mad at you, where I used to battle crews

Back when Antoinette had that attitude

Cover me I'm going in, walls closing 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 then I'm gone.

[Redman]

Yo, I was going too but we roam, cellular phones

Doc-Meth back in the flesh, blood and bones

Don't condone, spit bank loans and homegrown

Suckers break like Turbo in ozone

When I, grab the broom

Moon-walk platoon hawk my goons bark

Leave you in a blue lagoon lost (true)

Three nines and a glove with Nasu he dying in the car

While we behind on the bars

Haters don't touch (what?) weigh us both up

Now my neighbor dope up

Got the cable hooked up, all channels

Lift my shirt all mammals

You ship off keys and we ship Grand Pianos.

Sawed off shotgun

Hand on the pump, sippin' on a forty

Yo smokin' on a blunt

Bust my gun and Red and Meth gettin jumped

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, laaaaa

Yeah come on, Red and Meth gettin jumped

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, laaaaa