

# Method Man, Run 4 Cover

(feat. Redman, Ghostface, Street Life)

[Street Life]

Yo yo, enta, enta, enta, enta yo  
It's the synical, lyrical rap individual  
On my death bed I spit sick flows that's critical  
I'm not a fan of this, I'm a mic vandalist  
Thug therapist, my clan's too original  
My slang bang to wax, words that's visual  
Too digital for y'all common street criminals  
Who wanna come test, lick the sweat from my genitals  
We can get off the mic and get a little physical  
I was born to rock since they cut my umbilical  
Cord, I swing swords, behold the prolifical  
Rhyme writer, hip-hop provider, prize fighter  
Live wire, quick to set the mic on fire  
I speak legalized dope, hitman for hire  
I quote murderous notes, dope rhyme supplier  
Hang glide on the mic like a stunt driver  
And I won't stop rockin till I retire

[Redman]

Yo yo yo  
When it comes to the darts, I throw em  
Flamethrower, blow your section-eight home to your payphone up  
Grass smoker, in the cut for the lawnmower  
I water, I ride the wale that ate Jonah  
Over, your faced wit the black cape over  
You woke up four gorillas wit a makeover  
Packin a punch, asthma pump takeover  
My crew boards, and the whole plane lays over  
(YO YO!) You can't talk wit the tape over  
Pass the pussy, get out, date's over  
Back to your gray Nova that's way slower  
Redline to five on the highway shoulder  
Enemies say "Doc the one to play closer"  
This baboon loose off the chain choker  
Hardcore, ?jacore? I hate poker  
But y'all spread when my bullet's daytona

[Chorus 8x]

Comin through, comin through duck  
Run for cover (BASS!)

[Method Man]

Yo yo this ain't ya granddaddy music, it's hip hop  
Comin through your woofer like a mute kit  
Hundred-thousand watts on some bullshit  
I blackout eclipse wit the semi bust a full clip (CLAP OUT!)  
Touch one if any, that's my complexing conquest  
Now tell that shit to the court, I plead no contest  
From none of y'all, please  
I potty train pissy-ass rugrat for free  
Keep the cake for the family and off Sarah Lee  
That's how we do, powerful, movin on ya left!  
Mista who, Meth, black gorilla, beatin on his chest  
I suggest, you pay yo' debt or Protect Ya Neck  
I suggest, you wear a vest makin all them threats  
Here's a chin check that cash and splash niggas in half  
Smash rappers like hash (smoke em down to ashes)  
At last it's the crew that party crashes the masses  
Madness wildin out like special ed classes

[Ghostface Killah]

Straight out the gate, meet Tony  
Don of all dons, behind New York King Tut wit one arm  
Been at nutcrunch last cinnamon toast wit power rose  
Whips dirty, dustin my bitch, FUCK PAROLE!  
Peace shout he's Wallee Timb's, wild out (wild out)  
We in the spot, guns go off though  
Came out his mask it was Ollie North  
Oh shit, what up what up Ghost  
Congratulations on your new flick  
Burn it dead who max the most  
Word up you got the most Clarks  
Bravehearts spin this  
For under come down in the pale he need minutes  
Told y'all before I kick doors off the hinges  
Ain't no cooler and there ain't no Guinness  
Money like Barry Blue, Keanu Reeves wit bench slippers  
Play the PGA Tour wit Jack Nicklaus  
Statues of Mary, gas that bust mercury  
Sit through the biggest storm and hand out turkey

[Redman]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, WHUUUA!!!  
That's the way I like it

[Method Man]

PISSY ASS RUSTY ASS NIGGAS!!  
(0-7-1-0-3) 1-0-3-0-4