

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