

Method Man, Tear It Off

(feat. Redman)

[Intro:]

[Redman]

Yo man glorious

This is protected

(?)

[Method Man]

And Tical

[Redman]

Slap it down

[Method Man]

Way out of bound

[Redman]

Roll in a towel

[Method Man]

Fo' we gun down

[Verse 1:]

[Redman]

Yo, flipmode,

toiletbowls explode

When Doc come drop a shitload

Grip fo's

Mushrooms, dick those

Deep pistol

Whip hoes

I bitch O's

Money, Roll, I stick a zipcode

Tiptoed, before Doc escape row

Thirsty, snippin' out a pig nose

My Benz too, with wings and 6-0's

My flows is North Pole cold

My hands got area's that fits snow

Doc, fixin' hoes in disco's

My dogs let 'em walk with ripped clothes

Shows, Niggas pack 6 rolls

We're losin' 'em

His hart won't get pulse

Pack you bags off a 10 percent doze

(?), I could hum and shit cold

[Chorus:]

[Redman]

Yo, yo tear the roof off

Yo, yo tear the roof off

Back off, don't make me shoot y'all

You don't want to fuck with us

You don't

[Verse 2:]

[Method Man]

I get scanned, rip sand

With this stick style

Pistol, lick ground

Get off my dick now

Kick crowd, hot style

You-get-shot-style

Timid, scared to get in it

These dogs is rock rowd

Unchained, untained, you know my name

Act strange, pack flame

It's not a game

The ill flows, that kills shows

You can feel yo
Kickin' in you do', like a steel
Go for real dough
Y'all gon learn I spit germs
When you come shot on Big Worm
You gets burned
Punks don't get turned, they get done
And get sun, come get some
The last victim lye in a ditch
Now who wanna fuck with Hot Nick
Niggas chew gum with they ass and pop shit
Me and Funk Doc get,
toxid
Up all the rightness
I'm chopstick
Go make your Wu just imposters

[Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

[Redman]

You try to O.K Corel
With Doc and Meth Tical
Barsaloon fight without weapons out
Strechmarks like Belly on Kevin ?Lous?
On yard to score, only second down
Hoes play wifey, wanna settle down
Try to lock cash, bitch better bounce
Boyfriend jumpin', Meth shut 'em down
Pound to echo loud, bout 7 miles
Doc, dirty Jersey, hunt 'em down
Uncut rhymes, won't even fit your foul
Baddest man out the bunch, pick 'em out
Drunk with a gun, miss you hit the crowd
Snitches, someone kiss to stitch you mouth
Wilder then rhinos or liquor trous
Mrs. how Mary-Ann, dick 'em out
Ginger watch with the gun and skip a mouth
Love the ruckas and love to dish it out
3 watched MC's, start wristin' out
Get your whole camp put on the missile foul
Pushin' 12 out, bumpin' digital

[Chorus]

[Verse 4:]

[Method Man]

We just ice

Men of mice, ain't nothing nice

[Redman]

Fuck you like

[Method Man]

Your thigh is to light to fight

We move right, on fright night

When Niggas write

We bust pipe, condo's that suck thigh

We all right, you all hype and war's right

In the Source, with half mic, you half liked

And half dead, blasted on glass bed

(?), eyes red, the hashhead

Burn somethin', earn somethin' and learn somethin'

Take my turn frontin'

Def Jam ain't heard nothin', yet

Suspect, ruffnecks

Buck 'em down or you get busted

Never leave home without my musket
Thrust this, out for justice, clown
And caught on Judgement Day,
caught y'all proud
Take MC's to town if they start blawn
Ashes to ashes, they all fall ground
Master be basket with hazardous tactics
Send my automatic full rap metal jacket
Blasted in plastic your brain on the mattress
All you kids ask backwards and visa versa

[Chorus:]

[Outro:]

[Redman]

Come on, yo tear the roof off
Nigga, yo tear the roof off
Back off, don't make me shoot y'all
You don't want to fuck with us
You don't
Huh
Yo, You don't want to fuck with us
You don't
Yo, You don't want to fuck with us
You don't