

Redman, 2 Tears In A Bucket

(feat. Method Man, Sheek)

Uhh, hahah, Ruff Ryders niggaz (all my niggaz)
(All aboard!) Blood in blood out
Funk Doc, Sheek Luc', Meth-Tical (whattup niggaz?)
Yo, yo, ayyo yo

[Sheek]

Soon as I cop the nine, I pop the nine
When I take it out the box, I represent LOX
Now when I flow, you hit the rewind button
So I charge out more, want it all at the door
Fuck heat, Sheek walk around with an oven
Who you gonna kill with that little Foreman grill?
How its gon' look when I come through your block?
Sheek, Funk Doc, Meth on top
Porsche, 300 horse fly by
Back open pumpin 'How High?' (How High)
Yeah, can y'all see that (See that)
Bitch you can call me what you want, 'cuz 'I'll Be Dat' (Be dat)
Get off my dick, I don't care about no jewels
Long as the condo's paid and the truck I choose
I'm tellin y'all niggas, if its not double R
I'ma spell my name out on the side of your car

[Chorus]

Come and Ruff Ryde with us
If you wanna get high with us
If you wanna get down with us
Come on noooooowwwww
Come and Ruff Ryde with us
If you wanna get high with us
If you wanna get down with us
Come on noooooowwwww

[Redman]

I got a twin cam exhaust connected to the jaw
A five speed clutch on my paw when I write
I glow like the pegs in Lite-Brite
3000 volts of lightning when you fly the right kite
Me and Meth be Hennessy, two ice cubes
We can draw (choose your weapons) or do I choose?
When I choose the grip, one shot lose your hip
I hope your shoes fit for this move and pick
I avalanche your camp with, ten feet of snow
I'm cold blooded, my fam half-eskimo
My flows move like indo;
turn ten nickels to ten loads, outta ten sto's
Ride the crash course, do the math on it
Swizz Beats you can ride Amtrak on it
But I'm on it, grillin with George Foreman
Ya peeps is at the Grammy Awards cornin
The ice, the fat wallet son, I want it
And the helicopter warmin before mornin
Def Jam nigga, Redman nigga
Got - 'fuck ya momma' on my sweat band nigga
You tough guys'll get smacked in the club
COME with the gun I bought from Mack in the club
Its P-P-P from Bricks to Brook-nam (C'mon)
(C'mon) Bring me some more ass to whoop on

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

Look what the cat dragged in
Underground dweller from the cellar bring terror
Scoop of high yellow Cinderella, Meth forever
Never rush a rhyme, hook could never bust my nine
But if I have to, I have to, it's all in the mind
I stay ahead of time while y'all fallin behind
Tryin to relight ya lime
It's a crime when I drop bomb lines designed
to tick, tick, BOOM blow your mind
Yeah me, M-E-T, H, the O, the D
Can't be done, like tryin to find a penny in the sea
Nigga run, for cover son go and get them guns
Y'all ain't from here, don't try to come around here gettin ones
Swizz Beat the track in the head, but I instead
pull my dart gun and bust sixteen until it's dead
I'm the game, all of my dogs be off the chain
Yellin Wu.. Tang, Wu.. Tang

[Chorus]