

# 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]