

Redman, Big Dogs

Check it, check it out
Yo, Yeah
Check it, check it out
Yo, word up
Check it, check it out
Yo
Check it, check it out
Yeah Y'all
Check it, check it out
Iron Lung
Check it, check it out...

(Method Man and Redman)

Call us gorillas of the mist
Ron G vocalists
Codename, Doc!
Whats ya name? Hot Nigs
Who them slick kids?
Puffin' that shit holdin they dicks?
Yo them same two drivin' ya wheels fuckin' ya bitch
Hold me down son...
Yo I hold you down with that pound
You gotta lot of bitches!
But yo where they at now?
Diggy down down we reservoir dogs, you puppy chow chow
Got my mittens on the kitten, makin' it meow meow
Yo we bringin' beef to ya till ya infested with the mad cow disease
We set to load cocks and squeeze
BOOYAH
We too hard to hold off
One arm slam ya like nickelite vocal chords
When I dip dip dive her, the anti-socialiser
Everything be ice cream
Observe the fruity glaze yo
We rock and knock ya fuckin' whole team off the roster
Starting line up: Iron lung, Funk Doctor

Get gone with the big dogs
Get gone with the big dogs

(Method Man)

Johnny blaze the ghost rider
Ghost stories by the camp fire
We nightbreeds, vampire!
Duckin' from the headrushin'
Wu-Tang production
Percussions bringin' repercussions
I hold my mic sideways, bust em!
Another one bites the dust, and..
Cardiac arrest, clutchin', ya chest suckin'
Ya last breath came on, period.
Meth, niggaz diein' from papercuts
Bleedin' to death
Down these mean streets Johnny quest
From AsCap to Nasdaq get that money sack
These habitats aint no place to raise a family at
These alley cats be at war with these dirty rats
So watch ya back, when you come to the slum
There aint nowhere to run from the iron as a lung
Phasers on stun! I be givin' it to some
My place bears over as my Uzi ways a ton
Word up meth, oh!

Get gone with the big dogs

Get gone with the big dogs
Get gone with the big dogs
Get gone with the big dogs
Yo

(Redman)
Pot and cock
The don one doc
Send crews back to the shoe-shine box
Connect the dots
My Description: Black male
Yellow Di-Mellow
I make it hard for MC's to run neck and elbow
With D.O
Pee-no-cho
Be low, knows to duck
When he hears the bike with the squeaky clutch
Swallow this hard act to follow
You can parachute off my slang and use my rhymes to toggle
I'm tense, so smooth I cant be fingerprinted
I stomp harder in slow motion
Yo Fuck your applaud
Bitches still rush me like they rush the store
Before the soul train award
The corporated law
Whoever aint wrong get they hand chopped by Jamal with the Wu-swarmin'
My crew specialise in: Snakin ya bitch, Rattlin' you while you on the floor
Shakin' and shit
I'm doin me, now I'll do you
Yo who you?
Doc!
I bomb shit to the conflict's crucial
I be the black El Nino
I mean, yo
I'm supreme like the team show with ya page of cream four
To see em sit down?
Yo, Nah we get the fuck up!
And leave the one ya with
Then take her from Usher
Thats right, 600 with chrome pipes
US Marshall's out to pin us up like snipes
Blow it and drive
Fuck takin' me and Meth alive
Ay yo you lick that-a-way
You lick out the other side!

Yeah.. Yeah..