

# Redman, Dat's Dat Shit

[Method Man]  
Uh, get ya stank on

[Radio voice]  
WWKYA, WE'RE KICKIN YOUR ASS!

[Mally G/Jamal]  
My receipts is worth ten titles  
I shit on wrote Bibles, if you don't like me I don't like you  
I liable to load the rifle, hit the roof and snipe you  
The shit I spit damaging your vitals  
Nobody ride through like my squad do  
Got all y'all players suicidal  
Actin niggas, take two  
You heard the news, I'ma break it to ya  
We're here to headline the bill and  
Featuring Funk Doc, Tical and the villain  
A mic murder for hire, ten grand a killin  
Yo Funk Doc, pass the glock, this bitch nigga grillin  
I make moves wit my big dog ?bounce?  
Staten Island to the Bricks for mo' chips and mo' pounds  
Y'all know who really lockin this shit down  
When we rock it, don't we all stand out?  
Y'all hazardarious, clear out  
Get ya ass out 'fore I tear it out  
And show you what I'm talkin 'bout

Chorus [Redman, Method Man] (Young Zee)  
Yo get ya up and get ya high, ha!  
Get ya stoned and get ya wide  
Dat's dat shit (like or not, niggas sleepin wit the fifth)  
Dat's dat shit (like or not, bitches fightin over dick)  
Aiyyo we get ya up and get ya high (yeah)  
Get ya stoned and get ya wide  
Dat's dat shit (like or not, niggas sleepin wit the fifth)  
Dat's dat shit (like or not, bitches fightin over dick)

[Redman]  
I'm high-powered, the dog rott weiler  
Chocolate thai showers got Doc cookin minute rice for five hours  
You wet cowards, I'm live wire  
Ya bitch ass probably wash ya hands wit Palmolive  
Yo Bricks holler, I got the plan printed  
Load it and it goes like summer jam tickets  
Fam can't dig it, pop goes the wea-sel  
You be hidin under your peacoat wit people  
I told cops, roll blocks, no props  
Fo' pops, Hennessy back and we both shot  
That's how we go out, are you the thug type?  
To ride down like Hopper from a Bug Life?  
Watch the movie, haters tried to eye screw D  
Your beef in small claims court, Judge Judy  
When you and I meet up, the fight heat up  
Bloody up ya wife beater then light weed up

Chorus

[Method Man]  
I melt wax, Cuban Link chain react  
Breezin through these tracks wit the highest of velocity  
Play me like Monopoly  
Pay me everytime you trespass on my property  
I'm Dick Dastardly, no use in cop blockin me  
Sloppily, your woman on the stop-watch clockin me

Possibly I rock well, somebody always watchin me  
Livin in the street life, my eyes seen atrocity  
Undress a kid properly  
When I keeps it movin that means there ain't no stoppin me  
Constant motivation, the god fiend bury kings  
Proper education, Allah sees everything  
How High, just another form of elevation  
That's why I choose to build from the basement  
Twelve-thirty-one-ninety-nine, times are wastin  
More these Hot Dog MC's next to Nathan  
Allah Math, break the phonograph in half  
Promoters on some bullshit, short wit Johhny cash  
(Dat's dat shit) They got snitches rattin on the click  
(Dat's dat shit) They got bitches fightin over dick  
WHERE THE LOVE AT, when you're young, broke and black  
It's over there, in the ashtray, who got a match?

Chorus

[Young Zee]

Yeah yeah yeah, Young Zee got bitches fightin over dick

[Redman]

Get ya up and get ya high

Funk Doc got bitches fightin over dick

[Method Man]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah, Meth-Tical got bitches fightin over dick

[Redman] (Young Zee)

Get ya up and get ya high (All y'all stupid bitches keep fightin over dick)

Get ya stoned and get ya wide

Get ya up and get ya high (HIIIIIGH!)

Get ya stoned and get ya wide wide (Yeah yeah)

Get ya stoned and get ya high (Fightin over dick)

Get ya stoned and get ya high ha

Get ya up and get ya high ha (Fightin over dick)

Get ya stoned and get ya high ha