

**Redman feat. Method Man****"Y.O.U"**

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Redman feat. Method Man

Y.O.U.

Traces of lipstick on my collar

Baby you got to do some more to get this last dollar

Hotter than lava when you come believe that I'ma  
follow

Lady Madonna like the dick but she don't like to  
swallow

Rockin' that product, honey stay up in the beauty-polla'

Girl it would be my honour, make you my babymomma

Holler she hella proper, fuck with tha dumbin' cousin

Sucka for lovin'-buggin', shockin' them duckin' buckin'

Suckin' then finga-fuckin', then let me show you  
somethin'

I'll knock that stuffin' off that English muffin

Can't tell me nuthin', uhn uhn

Pushin' yo' panic button in when I'm stuckin'

All of a sudden, baby gun-duckin', BBC! Oh girl you  
nasty

[Redman]

Yo' I get it on poppin'

Doc, unlockin' yo' doors, clockin' my drawers

Suckin' your mouth with a torn stockin'

Rapped around ya noggin , I'm creepin' when you  
parkin'

Shoot out the lights, darkening the erea, then hop in

Pick up my bigga nigga who helped me figured the  
plottin'

Droppin' the tops, splittin' the dough

Shoppin' in rotten--New York, first flockin'

Because I'm heavy like Bo stockin' coat

Watch ya coat from Fo sparkin', they leave the parking

Niggaz unforgettable can be forgotten

Doc and Meth album enterin' the top ten!

Choppin' it raw, lockin' 'n blockin',

Only raw choppin' his metaphores, so cops can stop  
watchin'

I put 'em in and cock 'em, ready to rock 'em stock 'em

Renevate your apartment, when these two things  
barkin'  
My Mackamichi knockin', bougie holes be spottin' on  
they tampons  
I get 'em dripplle like Leaky faucets

[Chorus: Redman, (Meth)]

Now who a bitch nigga?!  
(Now who a snitch nigga?!)  
Now who the shit nigga?!  
(Now who the sick nigga?!)  
Now who you with nigga?!  
(With who you with nigga?!)  
Who rock shit nigga?!  
(Who pop shit nigga?!)

(Come on!) Come on! (Come on!) Come on!  
(Come on!) Come on! (Come on!) Come on!  
(Come on!) Come on! (Come on!) Come on!  
(Come on!) Come on! (Come on!) Come on!

[Redman]

I figured it out: ya'll niggaz ain't as big as yo' mouth  
My street-value well it ain't won't even fit in yo' couch  
When I bust titties come out  
No matter what city hardcore committee's dumb to  
fuck out  
Son's ya duck out! Nuthin' to lose, poppin' a two up in  
ya goose  
Buckle yo shoes, scuff on my boots, fuckin' with you  
Blow my Anaconda like Nirvana  
Marhuana got bitches on they knees and they gon'  
bind us  
Gettin' 'em dirty dirty with the hersey and the bombin'  
Holla the drama, fire two in ya armor  
Ya pigeon betta call ma, the ice is a honour  
To in help me lift an arm up, lebaba(?) with ya momma  
Even dirty her donna, my dick is heronomic  
Pull out a young Geroni-mo, BBC! Oh girl you nasty

[Meth]

Itchin' to start the mission, flippin' so keep yo' distance  
Ain't go no pot to piss in? Ain't got no competition  
Listen, I slip the clippin', trippin' you get me lippin'  
Come mis and catch a whippin', now kids is actin'  
different  
Ditchin' them double-dippin', chickens that keep  
forgettin'

I ain't the one for trickin', or anybody-kickin'  
Rippin' these compositions, scrippin' them paper-  
written  
Hold 'em and hit 'n stickin', ballin' like Scottie Pippen  
It's hot in Hell's Kitchen, but still I'm frost bittin'  
Shittin' like 'No he didn't', wipin' my ass and splittin'  
Chattin' like Joe gettin'  
All in the zone settin' it off like Big Daddy  
It ain't no half-steppin'...I keep rappin'  
Staten you keep sweatin', frontin' and ass-bettin'  
Duckin' my Smith & wesson , trashin' the Meth and  
catchin'  
Hell, we leave you restin' in PEACE, BBC! Oh girl you  
nasty

[Chorus]

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