

Method Man & Redman f/ Saukrates

"A Yo"

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[Redman] Check it out, yo I be like "yiggy yes y'all",
Doctor on call I'll rock 'til my name in graffiti on the wall
Got flow like the rappers in Great George Got weed? (I
got blunt) My name Jamal I pause, flick the ash from my
L I +Pause+ like Run and Jason Mizell The emcee is me,
host for the night Papa Doc, only thing I don't choke on
the mic I choke a bitch out if my gwap ain't correct Then
with my giant hancock, I'll get the cheque I love trucks
but drop-tops is the best From the Beemers, Benz, now
Rolex - watch me Haha, she like "Red so cool" Any
nigga after me, it's a deja vu Doc stay in the paint like
A.I. shoes Just watch how a one tonner made a move,
dig it! [Chorus: Saukrates] Hop in my truck and roll up
the window A-yo, you know what you in for Once we
turn the corner, light up the endo A-yo, a-yo, a-yo Yes
she with me getting low like a limbo Roll with Gs and
we'll show you how to get dough Third degree, let it
burn with my kinfolk A-yo, a-yo, a-yo [Method Man] Who
these corner store rappers slinging cracks in my hall?
Mama's in the kitchen cooking cat, rat and dog Me, I
want a little something, y'all could have it all I tryna
walk before I crawl and move this package in my draws
That's why I push the pedal to the muh'fuckin floor With
ten per cent method, only plug something poor and still
I keep it funky like four plus one more Get this money
like "In God We Trust", trust your boy It's a given, living
this life it was written Especially for me, I'm what the
recipe is missing Blow my piff in the air, key the
ignition Then get to lane switching, plucking ashes off
the clip and Mammy wanna ride and play the Bonnie to
my Clyde If anybody try to +Kill Bill+, it'll probably be
the bride Like all jokes aside, I'm serious with mine and
now I'm on this grind like Method Man in his prime
[Chorus: Saukrates] [Redman] Yo, I got my swagger on
and I feel great Funk Doc be in the hood like Enfamil
cases I network on MySpace real late Hoping my album
make me another Bill Gates Around my crib, look how I
live I'm a slob but crip niggas say I get biz Anywhere I
did a show women saying that I'm "So aaaaaa-ma-
zing" [Method Man] Yeah, another mic, another night
and the day's end Another heist, another kite in the

state pen My state business shit, y'all dudes just break
wind New York nigga, either you're made mice or
made men I do the dirt that keep my hand on the work I
got the other hand up Mona Lisa's skirt My aim one
since day one stop How many shots will it take to make
son drop? [Chorus: Saukrates] [Redman > Repeat to
end] Hey!

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