

## Method Man & Redman f/ Erick Sermon

### "Mrs. International"

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[Intro: Method Man] Yeah, nice Dedicated to all the beautiful people in the house You know who you are Yeah, Redman, Method Man, Blackout! 2 Sexy...

[Method Man] Hair and nails done up, girl, you got your act together You get the thumbs up, your raw footage is uncut Fronting like them goodies is untouched We both knew this money's is young bucks Ma, you ever take a trip to Shang-a-lot Too many hard shames, the hardest one is saying goodbye Look here, time is money, let me save you some time And in your spare time, fully understand I'm a rare find You know, so pick a day and pick a place and we there for sure Slow up the pace, this ain't no race, and there you go I'm dope money, girl, that mean I got cash to blow She love it though, she so international Not around the way, around the world And you be stunting when you around your girls But you classy, though, I'm feeling your vibe, you feeling the high The G4 is ready to fly, is you ready to ride? Let's go [Chorus: Erick Sermon (Method Man) {Redman}] International (Now we can creep, we can lay on the beach, you know Then hit the sheets, I'll let you play with my feet, you know She keep it low, she so international) International {Hey, I like a girl that'll roll me a blunt, you know With pretty feet, cook me something to eat, you know You not a groupie, you're international} [Redman] Hey, you know me, girl, who I be, girl The big whale that bailed outta SeaWorld What's your name, show me I.D., girl You look black and a little Chinese, girl Hey, wait a minute, where you going, shorty? Try to sneak past me like you ain't balling You look sweet like Tweet, baby, c-c-call me Matter of fact, wasn't you on Maury? I'm just playing, hey miss thang Hey, hey, miss thang, how you gon' miss me? I got tickets, let's roll to the Knicks game You Teena Marie, and baby, I'm Rick James Excuse me, where you going, mama? I wanna change, I voted for Obama Bring in the new, kick out the old timers Let's talk while we go and meet your mama [Chorus: Erick Sermon (Redman) {Method Man}] International (Hey, I like a girl that's thick in the waist, you know The kind of girl, that'll finish your plate, you know You not greedy,

you international) International {The type of chick I  
like'll wheelie your bike, you know Rock the mic, roll a  
Philly uptight, you know I like it though, she so  
international} [Method Man] Seems to me, me, you a  
queen to be You mean girl, but you don't mean to be  
Got your crown and your throne, little castle you can  
rest your dome And we can smoke a little greenery,  
you know? You getting that dough, let's get it and go  
on this cruise I'm taking it slow, you painting your toes,  
and it's cool Fuck with your dude, I'm fucking with you  
Like an overnight celebrity, Miss Nothing to Lose  
[Redman] Yo, hey, hey, miss lady, my boricua I heard  
your Applebum like Bonita Your accent telling me you  
from the eastside Take off your shoes, you bout five  
feet high I get high, what about you? A jungle brother,  
and baby I house you Your feet looking real good in  
them house shoes You're not a groupie, you  
international [Chorus: Erick Sermon] International...  
International...

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