

Method Man & Redman f/ Ghostface Killah, Raekwon

"Four Minutes to Lock Down"

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[Intro: Redman] Get it! Haha, Funk Doc in the building,
bitch Ya'll already know the business, nigga, haha
[Redman] Yo, let's get it, yeah, I'm with it Streets on
fire, I'm frying my dinner Quick like Sugar Ray Leonard,
one love Any boy get served like tennis Menace, you
call a rap bulldog Me and my pen form into Voltron
Cold, my heart built with a snowball And I fuck old
women like Zohan Roll on like Michem, Barry Bonds this
bitch When the beat start pitching I'm broke, my ATM
ain't kicking But what I drive, I build expensive Look at
me, nigga, I got it In pocket, ask Houston how I 'rock-it'
If I go hungry, you getting robbed By me, Biggie Smalls
and The Delfonics [Interlude: Raekwon] Yo, man, yeah,
yeah, take it back to Rae shit Straight off the
muthafucking concrete, nigga You know how I go, word
up, let's go {Three minutes left...} [Raekwon] Before all
the cussing and the gunfights Don't wanna run Nikes,
yeah, scramble when it sunlight G's in my pocket of
juice, blue goose I'm a goon under the moon, glow on
the boosters Yeah, deadily my sons regret me
Windpipe writing, the mic fighting, respect me I'm from
where it get down, machete your mother Snatch your
brother, scrap you down You know the deal, when we
do this, chill Catch me in Brazil, ratchet on, little glass
of Tequil' I sware to the real, my real, if I don't win Then
I won't spend, I'm grabbing bill That's the hammer,
I'mma do this, nana Niggas who hunt, snatch 'em up,
bite the clip, the banana And this is for them good
niggas, blow that L And that blow that well, and watch
the book, niggas [Interlude: Raekwon (Method Man)]
Yeah, watch them jooks, niggas, you know what it be,
man Word up, niggas staying alive (Gotta kill these
voices in my head) {Two minutes left} Bunch of
fucking roaches, man [Method Man] Jeter, married to
the game without a pre-nub And she don't act up, if I
don't eat her Damn, now that's what I call a diva You
sick, man? I'm what you call a fever And I don't put no
snow up in my cheeba Pack a little heater, the game
get colder in the freezer Hit your little corner with the
sweeper Dance with the reaper, sharper than a fuck
Plus I'm laying in the cut like a half-moon Caesar What

you getting is the truth My bird eye visions spot the
pigeon in the coup Same way I live it, how I spit it in the
booth Next to RZA, ain't no nigga bigger than the group
Stat, fuck that, we come strapped Bust gats, drug raps,
and pump cracks What you trying do nigga, we done
done that I'm off the gunrack, nigga put ya gun back
[Interlude: Method Man (Ghostface Killah)] Yeah, you
slow your blow, boy You gon' lay where you lie, nigga
(Get rid of the crack, and flush that dust Hurry, where
the L, move, come on, freeze, freeze) {One minute
left} [Ghostface Killah] Aiyo, I woke up in handcuffs,
heard the police wanted me dead Big bullets and
splashing all over Kingpin's still moving that weight
And his main goon burned up a discotech He's a
hazard, classic, nigga, we got a flick of him He jacked
Nate, while he took the picture And we tapped his crib,
bugs all in the jacuzzi Under the seeds bed, we found
an uzi Trully, and we know about his bitch in Charlotte
Pulled her over, State Troopers found two revolvers
And she told us them handguns "That's my fathers And
I'm licensed to carry those shits regardless Ya'll just
played my man, caught her with a million dollars Worth
of fireworks, coming back from Japan It's nothing, ya'll
police be fronting And stop looking at my pussy, like
ya'll want to suck it, I'm out On ya'll pussies, catch me
next time, bye bye" [Outro] Alright, fellas stand back
and watch the closing doors Lock 'em up! Let's go,
lights out

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