

Method Man & Redman f/ Keith Murray

"Errbody Scream"

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"Everybody just scream!" [Intro: Redman (Method Man) {Keith Murray}] Gilla House, aiyo, Meth, nigga? (What up?) Aiyo, Keith Murray, nigga, pass the muthafucking weed, nigga {Meth, got that joint} (Nah, you got that shit, nigga, stop playing) You know how I do when I come in the muthafucking building, man Redman, nigga "Everybody just scream!" [Redman] Call your moms on the phone, it's the jam I got jet ski's that ride over land Since a young buck had fire in my hands When I was bumping "Roxanne, Roxanne" I got gin and an O.J. Rock 'friday' to 'next friday' like O'Shea Hit the west coast, six four on tray Doctor Bombay, sick flow all day I don't play fair, niggas can't see me That's why I make it do what it do, baby, yeah You want some, yeah, niggas hit the floor When I kick in the door, wave in the four four For sure, Uncle Snoop, where's the coupe? Cuz I keep a hoe fighting like New York and Hoopz Strap up your boots, move around Pick it up like engine number nine It's mine, homey, Tech, what's good? And it ain't hard to tell how I rep my hood You a beast like me, rep your hood Sign the check when I mic check, one-two [Chorus: all] West Coast niggas love getting it started Down South niggas love getting it started East Coast niggas love getting it started But when we in the house shit get retarded When we in the house shit get retarded When we in the house shit get retarded We came to finish what ya'll done started "Everybody just scream!" [Keith Murray] Aiyo, fuck your prognosis on who's the dopest You get skate like super chronic holitosis If you looking for beef, you know you gon' get it Got ya'll niggas yellin' 'callin' the cops, get the paramedics' Keith Murray, Method Man, Redman Hip hop got Barack in his B-Boy stance Like a nigga with no legs, you don't stand a chance Against the Wu-Tang, Def Squad, L.O.D. wardance One glance, watch Keith Murray hop out In a hurry, cold like a McFlurry No Mickey D's, show me the money like Jerry Maguire L.O.D. for hire, I'm ready I rep Strong Island, bums get rushed I pack house like Biggie in Notorious We warriors, who the fuck are you? I pop an E and the gun go Pikachu Niggas know how deep the crew, get at me

I'm nasty, but I went from ashy to classy Got
badunkadunks waving all at me Cuz I be, doing my
thing and making everybody scream [Chorus] [Method
Man] Yo, Brick City, Staten, Long Island, we back More
violent on the track, black talent and a gat Bomb shit,
like a nigga wilding in Iraq See the truth of the fact,
niggas lying in they raps Me? I'm a diamond in the
rough in the cut Like paroxide, got mine frying in the
Dutch Forget about your top 5, try and top mines Take
shine like I got mine ironing your guts You know I keep
it fired up, fire in the hole To the game, old and tired, I
be tired when I'm old I'm trying to keep it hot like the
pile up in the stove While these rappers losing power
putting powder in they nose Meth, Keith Murray and
Redman, yo Fuck you and your mama on a headband,
hoe You can call the kid a modern day Van Gogh Take
the art to a place where the fake can't go My chain and
my pants hang low Got my own namebrand, I'm the
man made, bro Cash in advance, I'mma blow up with
the dough Whoa ho ho, don't let me like slow up with
flow [Chorus]

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