

Method Man & Redman f/ Poo Bear

"Hey Zulu"

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[Intro: Redman] Turn the beat up a little bit Got to get that part, baby I'mma do it like this, baby, I don't give a fuck, baby Yo, yo [Redman] I walk in the spot, and I see niggas standing 'round So I ask what's going down Got a girl in the back, a blunt in the mouth And a chain on my neck, hang to the ground Hey, I said how you feel? Baby look tough with a gangsta grill I ain't rich, but I pay my bill I'm like Jay, I'm trying to drop me 'a mil' My hood tripping, chrome wheel whipping With all these hoes, you can tell I'm slipping Shots of Patron, got bird eye vision Even broke niggas wanna learn my pimping Yeah, yo, let's be clear You're unaware what's in the underwear She said 'yeah', I said 'yeah' Pulled the purp' out and put it in the air [Chorus: Redman (Method Man) {Poo Bear}] Aiyo, I smell something burning up So I throw it up, and I put it in the air (Tell that DJ, turn it up While I roll it up, and I, put it in the air) {Higher, we gon' take it, higher, watch me move it Higher, we put money in the air} Put, put, put, put Put it in the air [Method Man] When I come up in the club, and I see my niggas on the wall And I'm like 'yo, what's wrong with ya'll ?' Got these girls in the spot, and I don't care if she a bird or not Cuz I ain't really tryna talk to ya'll Got a pocket full of stones, grown with a pocket full of bones I'm a class act, I follow with the chrome Lane switching, got your misses on the phone Baby girl, turn ya head and teeth missing out her comb Look, I want this money off the books Little kush, and a Playboy bunny that can cook You wan't the truth? Man, you fucking with a crook But these niggas want the juice, now they fucking up the jooks Jimmy Crack Corn, and I don't muthafucking care Cuz the green is the only thing puffin' over here So be clear, put this bug up in your ear Meth and Doc put it down, yo, put it in the air [Chorus] [Redman] A dude like me, keep a boom boom in the truck So you hear Doc rolling up Middle finger in the air, to my haters, yo, what's up? You can tell Doc fuck shit up Hey, nigga, I'm so hood My hand on the pump, niggas understood Bitch, I'm no good, I swear Light shit up like Times Square, put it in the air [Method Man] I got a bottle of Patron, I'm the only one that spent

that cash But everybody try to get they glass Now we
can all have a drink, if you trying to put some dough in
the bank But if not, ya'll can kiss my ass I need a,
Cinderella that can give me the loot Better yet, a
French vanilla that can give me the scoop Oh yeah, just
so we clear, put this bug up in your ear Meth and Doc
put it down, yo, put it in the air [Chorus]

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