

Method Man & Redman f/ Ready Roc, Streetlife

"How Bout Dat"

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[Redman] Yo, I hit the 'freeway' after I 'rock the mic'
Light up like Showtime when they about to fight How
bout dat, boy, when that truck ride 38's Your middle
finger up at the light, I'm nice Doc ride or die, I bubble
up when the pouring peroxide It's dirty, lookie here Still
sharp like I'm back in school It's like Wonder Blade, cut
a nigga smooth Whoo-who-who-who, who let the
dog loose? Whips and chains, I don't wanna argue The
big whale that's writing fishscale Like me, better
believe, I'm too hard to harpoon My goons, think like
Chris Wallace 'Give me the loot' and I don't wanna talk
about it When my niggas 'get 'em', that's when I Crush
the building, how about that? [Chorus: Ready Roc
(Redman) {Streetlife}] Look at my shoes, how about
that, nigga? (My car, how about that, nigga?) {Getting
money, how about that, nigga?} Hey, hey, hey, hey,
hey, hey, hey, hey [Ready Roc] How about it, any nigga
realer than me? I doubt it Catch Ready hop out of v, low
mileage You see the way I play with money, I'm so
childish And, so stylish, looking like Gucci my sponsor
Kicks crazy, jewelry is bonkers Whether in the club or
you see me in concert I go hard, who created a
monster? Me, Gilla be the click that I ride with Talk
slick, get flipped like a Sidekick You wonder why your
bitch is on my dick Cuz the boy flow dooper than five
bricks The MC wishing I simply Be remembered like Big
Pun, Biggie or Pimp C And when my niggas say 'get
'em', that's when I Blocka blocka, how about that,
nigga? [Chorus: Streetlife (Ready Roc) {Method Man}]
Look at my house, how about that, nigga? (Sour dies',
how about that, nigga? {Big paper, how about that,
nigga?} Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
[Streetlife] How bout that, ten years plus in the rap
game And still getting cream like a fat cat Plus, I'm
grossing money off of ASCAP Plus, my publishing, yea I
owns that First of all, my royalty come quarterly My
hoes, my niggas, all move accordingly Streetlife, I'm
so international My foreign exchange, but always in the
capitol Straight cash advances, while you be calling
Your label all day, hoping someone answers I flow with
no auto-tone, just me and my bitch My blunt, my beat,

my microphone I shine with no jewelry on, another star
is born Watch me perform, beyond the norm And when
my niggas 'get 'em', that's when I Brr stick 'em, haha,
stick 'em, how about that, nigga? [Chorus: Method Man
(Streetlife) {Redman}] Fuck what it cost, how about
that, nigga? (I'm a boss, how about that, nigga?)
{Straight pimping, how about that, nigga?} Hey, hey,
hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey [Method Man] Pimp game,
soak it up, you dig? Hope your haters want beef, cuz I
don't touch the pig How about that, boy, I'm a G, ain't
another MC Or pedophile that can touch the kid, I do it
big Like Chris Wallace, big bank, big wallet Got a flow
that go straight to the pros, forget college I still got it, if
I got an issue, I flow the pistol And I'm offical, just like
them niggas that low the whistle Word, man, I shoot to
kill 'em, you heard? If you nasty, I shoot 'em with
penicilen, you heard? I'm like Cali, so carry, when I'm
flipping the words Flip the script on your bitch ass while
I'm flipping the bird Meth sick with the pen, stick a few
in your men Then again, stick with my pen through the
thick and the thin Look, when my niggas 'get 'em', I
send 'em to hell And ride with 'em, how about that,
nigga? [Chorus: Redman (Method Man) {Ready Roc}]
Look at my crew, how about that, nigga? (Gun bigger
than you, how abotu that, nigga? {Pop bottles, how
about that, nigga?} Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey,
hey

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