

Method Man feat. Redman**"Y.O.U"**

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Y.O.U.

Traces of lipstick on my collar
Baby you got to do some more to get this last dollar
Hotter than lava when you come believe that I'ma
follow
Lady Madonna like the dick but she don't like to
swallow
Rockin' that product, honey stay up in the beauty-polla'
Girl it would be my honour, make you my babymomma
Holler she hella proper, fuck with tha dumbin' cousin
Sucka for lovin'-buggin', shockin' them duckin' buckin'
Suckin' then finga-fuckin', then let me show you
somethin'
I'll knock that stuffin' off that English muffin
Can't tell me nuthin', uhn uhn
Pushin' yo' panic button in when I'm stuckin'
All of a sudden, baby gun-duckin', BBC! Oh girl you
nasty

[Redman]

Yo' I get it on poppin'
Doc, unlockin' yo' doors, clockin' my drawers
Suckin' your mouth with a torn stockin'
Rapped around ya noggin , I'm creepin' when you
parkin'
Shoot out the lights, darkening the erea, then hop in
Pick up my bigga nigga who helped me figured the
plottin'
Droppin' the tops, splittin' the dough
Shoppin' in rotten--New York, first flockin'
Because I'm heavy like Bo stockin' coat
Watch ya coat from Fo sparkin', they leave the parking
Niggaz unforgettable can be forgotten
Doc and Meth album enterin' the top ten!
Choppin' it raw, lockin' 'n blockin',
Only raw choppin' his metaphores, so cops can stop
watchin'
I put 'em in and cock 'em, ready to rock 'em stock 'em

Renevate your apartment, when these two things
barkin'
My Mackamichi knockin', bougie holes be spottin' on
they tampons
I get 'em dripplle like Leaky faucets

[Chorus: Redman, (Meth)]

Now who a bitch nigga?!
(Now who a snitch nigga?!)
Now who the shit nigga?!
(Now who the sick nigga?!)
Now who you with nigga?!
(With who you with nigga?!)
Who rock shit nigga?!
(Who pop shit nigga?!)

(Come on!) Come on! (Come on!) Come on!
(Come on!) Come on! (Come on!) Come on!
(Come on!) Come on! (Come on!) Come on!
(Come on!) Come on! (Come on!) Come on!

[Redman]

I figured it out: ya'll niggaz ain't as big as yo' mouth
My street-value well it ain't won't even fit in yo' couch
When I bust titties come out
No matter what city hardcore committee's dumb to
fuck out
Son's ya duck out! Nuthin' to lose, poppin' a two up in
ya goose
Buckle yo shoes, scuff on my boots, fuckin' with you
Blow my Anaconda like Nirvana
Marhuana got bitches on they knees and they gon'
bind us
Gettin' 'em dirty dirty with the hersey and the bombin'
Holla the drama, fire two in ya armor
Ya pigeon betta call ma, the ice is a honour
To in help me lift an arm up, lebaba(?) with ya momma
Even dirty her donna, my dick is heronomic
Pull out a young Geroni-mo, BBC! Oh girl you nasty

[Meth]

Itchin' to start the mission, flippin' so keep yo' distance
Ain't go no pot to piss in? Ain't got no competition
Listen, I slip the clippin', trippin' you get me lippin'
Come mis and catch a whippin', now kids is actin'
different
Ditchin' them double-dippin', chickens that keep
forgettin'

I ain't the one for trickin', or anybody-kickin'
Rippin' these compositions, scrippin' them paper-
written
Hold 'em and hit 'n stickin', ballin' like Scottie Pippen
It's hot in Hell's Kitchen, but still I'm frost bittin'
Shittin' like 'No he didn't', wipin' my ass and splittin'
Chattin' like Joe gettin'
All in the zone settin' it off like Big Daddy
It ain't no half-steppin'...I keep rappin'
Staten you keep sweatin', frontin' and ass-bettin'
Duckin' my Smith & wesson , trashin' the Meth and
catchin'
Hell, we leave you restin' in PEACE, BBC! Oh girl you
nasty

[Chorus]

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