

## Gavin Rossdale

### "Red, Meth & B"

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Y'all ready for this?  
Ha! I don't think so!  
Yeah! Oh, listen to this!  
We gonna come at ya!

[Redman]  
Cypress Hill!  
Yo yo yo - all my niggas say jump up, doc broke out the  
kennel  
A dog on four paws spittin' out the window  
Jump up! It aint no need to fight  
We may squeeze the pipe, you gonna bleed tonight  
I eat beans and rice, shit up a storm  
I walk the streets with shark fin off my arms  
Doctor Dolittle, lit off the bone  
My bracelet like I raised it off the farm  
Home-grown, thick, dirty  
My family feud dudes who pack 2's on survey  
Jersey and house  
Gun like an elephants snout  
Pull ya ambulance out  
Ya whole team'll get bombarded  
Ya on target, and bombed by some unsigned artists  
We leave ya hair cut like a blind barber  
Cut it, and gave you a line with fine markers  
I won't leave till the job is done  
Till the last prick nigga take ya wallet, RUN  
Doc with the shotty and we both catch a body with  
Cypress Hill  
Yeah!

(Chorus: B-Real)  
We don't give a fuck, we live it up till the day we die  
You try to deal with us, but you got no blunts to get high  
You won't be real with us, but ya reelin' us and you want  
to ride  
You try to deal with us, but you got no blunts to get high

[Method Man]  
Yo, yo  
Blunt smokin', half a bottle of remi open

You either holdin' or half-assed like semi-colon  
I leave ya chokin' on them lollipop rhymes ya callin'  
So hard, hell I crack the shell on ya candy coatin'  
If the shoes fit like Alan I be too thick  
Ever since you hit, yo my new chicks a new bitch  
Ya know if I can't eat, ya can't sleep  
Plus I'm in denial, I just can't admit defeat  
My mind is my glock, keep my third eye cocked  
Bust mines off tops, leave a rapper's nerves shocked  
Now who's hot and who's not  
I want them rocks and that money in ya two socks  
Meth the mister, if crime is an art, then let me paint a  
picture  
I'm gone, Kodak can't even frame the riddler  
Gold realin', Meth, doc, Cypress Hiller  
Whoever think they fuckin' with that, lets be realer

(Chorus)

[B-Real]

Take the back seat and smash beats  
Smoke blunts through ya lungs and flips ya brain cells  
like athletes  
Run a track meet, the rhymes on ya rap sheet  
With the foot long crush bong, look your collapsing,  
sicko  
They go on the break-off, mental breakdown and shit  
you wouldn't think of  
I spread it to Reggie, chances are better but deadly  
You wanna be friendly on the get high Bentley  
You twisted up, burnt out within seconds  
Cos you couldn't hang with the John Blaze methods  
Bong hittin', doc spittin', shark bitten  
Star stricken, glock clickin', stop shittin'  
Inhale the smoke from the master's lungs  
You wanna roll up, yo I'm the fastest one (ha!)  
You wanna test with the sess, well first off  
That shit is funny like Kid Rock with his shirt off

(Chorus) X2

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