

**Method Man****"1,2,1,2"**

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Meth:

Come on

1 2 1 2 uh uh

1 2 1 2

Mr. Meth and Doc

1 2 1 2

Uh uh 1 2 1 2

DJ Scratch on the track

1 2 1 2

Wa wa 1 2 1 2

Break your motha fuckin back

1 2 1 2

Ah yo yo

My, lyric is 8 ball

Batter up play ball

Fuck yawl ANALOGUE

Niggas we be digital, subliminal, come in

From the 5 star general

Attack you from the blind side, invisible

To the naked eye

Where them criminals

Better have your 8 essential vitamins and minerals

The wu is coming through you know the outcome

Critical

Condition in your physical for injurin

The officer and gentleman who stack by the benjamen

Redman:

Off a beat like this

I keep a night stick

In case any stick up care where heat might miss

I chicken fry rice bitch

In a white trench

Bustin off two macks I'm like "I'm hit"!!!

I'm just playin, I clear the croud out

Like a peppa can sprayin

I throw lightin out the arms raiden

Go guard your pray

Next year I do nothin more than Y2K

Hook:

We say

Wa wa wa wa 1 2 1 2

Wa wa wa wa 1 2 1 2

We say

Wa wa wa wa 1 2 1 2 we say

Wa wa wa wa 1 2 1 2

We say

Wa wa wa wa 1 2 1 2

Wa wa wa wa 1 2 1 2

And if you say fuck me [Meth]

I'm a say fuck you [Redman]

Wa wa wa wa 1 2 1 2

Meth:

From deputant down to stripper

I'm too nonchalaunt

A drink mixed with four kinds of liquors

Catch me at the bar "Fu Bar"

Ladies know who we are and

Dream of fuckin a star

Who da scrub

Shotgun in this man car

Burnin up

Forever gettin thrown out the club

It be us Paul

Shot out and bugged

I smoke bud, sniff a bee's ass to get a buzz

I'm everything you think you don't know

Redman:

I throw a 5 in the power

Poppa wheely with the front end hittin speed bumps, 40  
miles per hour

I'm out at Howard, next to Baltimore

Takin change out the fountains at shoppin malls

Rats can only afford Chuck E Cheese

The blood in my jeans is tough like Buddy Lee

Semi-dart auto off ya, blood coughin

Meth pull the last spark plug with a heart pump

Hook

Redman:

Call me will, enemy I state

When 4 Doc run the scam

New jacks studderin, that the man from the upperhand

Punch, atomic bomb I hit many

From Bricks to South Park you dyin with Kenny

While you bailin I'm trailin

Rockin hard hat helmets clip the satellite servallence

When I walk by you better not be kickin

Or i put two more in that terriyaki chicken

Meth:

You've just been fitted for them seeman shoes

This is bottom of the lake raps

Stab you in the back

Kung Fu

52 cops can't withstand the 52 blocks

Unless they bust like 52 shots

I'm the has been that have not

Battle kids at Maxwell's house

Know when I'm good to the last drop

Whats my name Meth he's name Doc

Just like urban

See me in the gran transportation splurgin

Drivin with a turban who push a black suburban (come on)

We rollin windows half down through the urban

Network law lay it down like a persian

M to the E to the F, spell curtain

Redman:

Get out your car sucker

This ain't yours

Robbed you with a gun that filled with paint balls

And brauds got the nerve to act funny

You a champagne ho, with kool aide money

Frown bitch, Doc up in that town quick

You back down a point on NFL blitz

I'm lyin buddah break fool and take two

And put your hole in the earth to escape through

Hook

Talked:

DJ Scratch

Not ready for prime time playas

Mr. Meth, Funk Doc

Def Jam 2000 mutha fuckasssssss!!! (echos out)

Calm me down baby

Nod your head to this

Come on

Ey yo this is WKYA radio

We kickin your motha fuckin ass

Yo Flex

Thats right it's goin down

Redman, Method Man blackin the funk out

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