

Method Man

"A-Yo"

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"A-Yo"

(feat. Saukrates)

[Redman]

Check it out, yo

I be like "yiggy yes y'all", Doctor on call

I'll rock 'til my name in graffiti on the wall

Got flow like the rappers in Great George

Got weed? (I got blunt) My name Jamal

I pause, flick the ash from my L

I (Pause) like Run and Jason Mizell

The emcee is me, host for the night

Papa Doc, only thing I don't choke on the mic

I choke a bitch out if my gwap ain't correct

Then with my giant hancock, I'll get the cheque

I love trucks but drop-tops is the best

From the Beemers, Benz, now Rolex - watch me

Haha, she like "Red so cool"

Any nigga after me, it's a deja vu

Doc stay in the paint like A.I. shoes

Just watch how a one tonner made a move, dig it!

[Chorus: Saukrates]

Hop in my truck and roll up the window

A-yo, you know what you in for

Once we turn the corner, light up the endo

A-yo, a-yo, a-yo

Yes she with me getting low like a limbo

Roll with Gs and we'll show you how to get dough

Third degree, let it burn with my kinfolk

A-yo, a-yo, a-yo

[Method Man]

Who these corner store rappers slinging cracks in my hall?

Mama's in the kitchen cooking cat, rat and dog

Me, I want a little something, y'all could have it all

I tryna walk before I crawl and move this package in my draws

That's why I push the pedal to the muh'fuckin floor

With ten per cent method, only plug something poor

and still I keep it funky like four plus one more

Get this money like "In God We Trust", trust your boy
It's a given, living this life it was written
Especially for me, I'm what the recipe is missing
Blow my piff in the air, key the ignition
Then get to lane switching, plucking ashes off the clip
and
Mammy wanna ride and play the Bonnie to my Clyde
If anybody try to (Kill Bill), it'll probably be the bride
Like all jokes aside, I'm serious with mine
and now I'm on this grind like Method Man in his prime

[Chorus: Saukrates]

[Redman]

Yo, I got my swagger on and I feel great
Funk Doc be in the hood like Enfamil cases
I network on MySpace real late
Hoping my album make me another Bill Gates
Around my crib, look how I live
I'm a slob but crip niggas say I get biz
Anywhere I did a show women saying that I'm
"So aaaaaa-ma-zing"

[Method Man]

Yeah, another mic, another night and the day's end
Another heist, another kite in the state pen
My state business shit, y'all dudes just break wind
New York nigga, either you're made mice or made men
I do the dirt that keep my hand on the work
I got the other hand up Mona Lisa's skirt
My aim one since day one stop
How many shots will it take to make son drop?

[Chorus: Saukrates]

[Redman - Repeat to end]

Hey!

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