

Method Man

"Bo2"

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Method Man & Redman - BO2

[Intro: Redman (Method Man) {stage people}]

D.C. make some God damn noise

{You got, you got Meth mic, right?}

{We can only fix one mic at a time}

{Ok, he got Meth, mic?}

(Ladies and gentlemen, we'd like to welcome you)

(To the Redman & Method Man show)

Yes sir, yes sir

[Redman]

Yo, when you see smoke in the air

Two hot boys that put coke in your ear

Fuck pimp, I wanna get dope of the year

Til I die and I smoke with a lear

Boost my career, and bare arms heavy

What you tryna get, I was there already

Yeah, I'm a wise ass, take one to know one

Asshole Academy, yeah I'm the spokesman

Talk that greasy, on the north TV

Even pigs love the Boss Hog CD

What you find hard, I do it easy

I can see why the next guy wanna be me

Yeah, I'm a problem, ya'll can't solve 'em

Straight up bitch like Cartman mama

Keep a 'brown fox' like the 'ill na na'

B.O. 2, bitch, we bring the drama

[Chorus: Redman]

How the fuck ya'll feeling tonight?

How the fuck ya'll feeling tonight? For real

[Method Man]

Yup, I think my mind playing tricks on me

I hold the weight like my name set the smith on me

It's Meth & Doc, nigga, back on that, homey

Back on the strip, how many women wanna strip for me?

This nigga spit, don't he? My flow is heavy

As Katrina when she broke the levy's, real as they get,

whoadie
Ya'll better get to know me, I'm top notch
Got a thing for the top spot, too hot for you to hold me
When niggas ugly you gotta cut me a dime
Little Asian honey is funny, she love me long time
Get this money, if you don't mind, got money on my
mind
Cuz I'm hungry, never dummy, the sun forever shine,
nigga
If you rolling with us, then throw your hands up
We need Bricks and Staten Island to stand up
Here's your chance, my niggas, go 'head and man up
Blunt Brothers, see we at a level they can't touch

[Chorus]

[Redman] (Method Man) {both}
Yo, Redman (Method Man) back in the building
(We can ship gold) fuck one million
(Underground rap) That's what you hearing
{Middle finger up like fuck ya'll feelings}
{Yeah, yeah, fuck ya'll feelings}
That's how it sound when them boys be wheeling
{Yeah, yeah, fuck ya'll feelings}
(Niggas can't eat, then it's back to robbing and
stealing)
Give it up, nigga!

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