

Method Man "Dat's Dat S---"

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Method Man

Uh, get ya stank on

Radio voice

WWKYA, WE'RE KICKIN YOUR ASS!

Mally G/Jamal

My receitals is worth ten titles

I shit on wrote Bibles, if you don't like me I don't like
you

I liable to load the rifle, hit the roof and snipe you

The shit I spit damaging your vitals

Nobody ride through like my squad do

Got all y'all players suicidal

Actin niggas, take two

You heard the news, I'ma break it to ya

We're here to headline the bill and

Featuring Funk Doc, Tical and the villain

A mic murder for hire, ten grand a killin

Yo Funk Doc, pass the glock, this bitch nigga grillin

I make moves wit my big dog ?bounce?

Staten Island to the Bricks for mo' chips and mo'
pounds

Y'all know who really lockin this shit down

When we rock it, don't we all stand out?

Y'all hazardarious, clear out

Get ya ass out 'fore I tear it out

And show you what I'm talkin 'bout

Chorus: Redman, Method Man (Young Zee)

Yo get ya up and get ya high, ha!

Get ya stoned and get ya wide

Dat's dat shit (like or not, niggas sleepin wit the fifth)

Dat's dat shit (like or not, bitches fightin over dick)

Aiyyo we get ya up and get ya high (yeah)

Get ya stoned and get ya wide

Dat's dat shit (like or not, niggas sleepin wit the fifth)

Dat's dat shit (like or not, bitches fightin over dick)

Redman

I'm high-powered, the dog rott weiler

Chocolate thai showers got Doc cookin minute rice for
five hours

You wet cowards, I'm live wire

Ya bitch ass probably wash ya hands wit Palmolive

Yo Bricks holler, I got the plan printed

Load it and it goes like summer jam tickets

Fam can't dig it, pop goes the wea-sel

You be hidin under your peacoat wit people

I told cops, roll blocks, no props

Fo' pops, Hennessy back and we both shot

That's how we go out, are you the thug type?

To ride down like Hopper from a Bug Life?

Watch the movie, haters tried to eye screw D

Your beef in small claims court, Judge Judy

When you and I meet up, the fight heat up

Bloody up ya wife beater then light weed up

Chorus

Method Man

I melt wax, Cuban Link chain react

Breezin through these tracks wit the highest of velocity

Play me like Monopoly

Pay me everytime you trespass on my property

I'm Dick Dastardly, no use in cop blockin me

Sloppily, your woman on the stop-watch clockin me

Possibly I rock well, somebody always watchin me

Livin in the street life, my eyes seen atrocity

Undress a kid properly

When I keeps it movin that means there ain't no stoppin
me

Constant motivation, the god fiend bury kings

Proper education, Allah sees everything

How High, just another form of elevation

That's why I choose to build from the basement

Twelve-thirty-one-ninety-nine, times are wastin

More these Hot Dog MC's next to Nathan

Allah Math, break the phonograph in half

Promoters on some bullshit, short wit Johnny cash

(Dat's dat shit) They got snitches rattin on the click

(Dat's dat shit) They got bitches fightin over dick

WHERE THE LOVE AT, when you're young, broke and black

It's over there, in the ashtray, who got a match?

Chorus

Young Zee

Yeah yeah yeah, Young Zee got bitches fightin over dick

Redman

Get ya up and get ya high

Funk Doc got bitches fightin over dick

Method Man

Yeah yeah yeah yeah, Meth-Tical got bitches fightin over dick

Redman (Young Zee)

Get ya up and get ya high (All y'all stupid bitches keep fightin over dick)

Get ya stoned and get ya wide

Get ya up and get ya high (HIIIIIGH!)

Get ya stoned and get ya wide wide (Yeah yeah)

Get ya stoned and get ya high (Fightin over dick)

Get ya stoned and get ya high ha

Get ya up and get ya high ha (Fightin over dick)

Get ya stoned and get ya high ha

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