

## Method Man "Dis Iz 4 All My Smokers"

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### "Dis Iz 4 All My Smokers"

*[Intro: Redman (Method Man)]*

"This is for, all my smokers"

Whoo, one more, just keep the thing at the end of it  
Alright, give me one more time on the count of three  
1, 2, 3 "This is for, all my smokers"

(Yo, ya'll done made the album, you heard) Yes sir

"This is for, all my smokers"

"This is for, all my smokers"

*[Redman]*

Aiyo, Meth, what's up, nigga?

*[Method Man]*

Doc, what's really good?

Got that bush and that Backwood, light up in any hood  
Yup, I'm that hood, my brother, love me some Cali kush  
Never thought that little bush in that baggie would have  
me hooked

I'm a pothead, everyone look, and point your fingers  
At the bad guys, with the cottonmouths and glass eyes  
Huh, fuck it, I'm that high, I'm blowing smoke clouds  
Got my head in the clouds, fuck it, I'm that fly  
Doc, what's up, nigga?

*[Redman]*

Yo, you know how I bust

Find me drunk, fucked up at the Cannabis Cup  
For those who don't smoke, get the middle finger up  
You smoke more than us, nigga, it's beginner's luck  
My truck, ride with 5-0 eyes on it

It's like the blunt, when you ain't got five on it

I challenge any opponent, who wanna smoke?

We can puff til our voice get lower than Tone Loc, like

*[Chorus: Redman (Method Man)]*

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Ain't nobody smoking more than me, up in here

(Aiyo, pump this shit, you get high off this here,  
because)

"This is for, all my smokers"

(I'm like yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,  
yeah  
Ain't nobody smoking more than Meth up in here)  
Aiyo, bump this, bitch, you get high off this here,  
because)  
"This is for, all my smokers"

*[Redman]*

Yo, I'm like oh my God, oh my God  
I start growing sour dies' in my home garage  
Now niggas on the block, say I'm on my job  
Cuz now I rock more chains than Amistad  
This my 'entourage', this not HBO  
A bitch see me, she like, oh there he go  
You can smoke with the bro, if you got ass and nice tits  
But fuck you, with that, I'm 'high off of life' shit

*[Method Man]*

They tried to make me go to rehab, no  
Tell my P.O. that I ain't trying let the weed bag, go  
You can catch me in the whip, pushing the seats back  
slow  
My chick's a Rican, that mean she off the meat rack,  
though  
Look ma, I'm eating, cuz when it's time to get that  
dough  
I sink my teeth in, and turn around and spit that flow  
They call me beasting, I monster the booth, so in the  
cut  
I leave 'em bleeding, little swag', with some Miss  
Dashing season

*[Chorus]*

*[Method Man]*

I got flavors, I major, baby, send in the troops  
That Johnny Blaze ya, leave dashes in your Timberland  
boots  
Can't fuck with haters, just mad I got a pocket of loot  
I'm chasing papers, ya'll try'nna be a rock in my shoe  
I'm a father, I don't drink with kids, these youngers  
thinking they hard  
I think harder than they think they is  
I'm by as proper as my English is, and hope I did my  
thing  
Before I die, for the things I did

*[Redman]*

Everybody light it up and smoke with your man  
And cigarette smokers, change ya game plan  
Cuz this is for all my, marijuana smokers

Backwoods, Swisher sweets, and Dutch rollers  
Yeah, I pull over, start pulling out money  
Cuz I by weed, like everyday 420  
You know what else funny, I found was so gutter  
I'm Cheech and Chong brother, just got different  
mothers

*[Chorus]*

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