

## Method Man "Dog In Heat"

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*[Missy]*

Gimme that funk, mmm..  
Funk, mmm.. yo gimme that  
Funk.. sho' nuff that  
Funk..

*[Redman]*

Yo, yo  
Beware of the dogs, off the chain  
Fuck your whips at the club we piss in the parkin lanes  
Blow it up ten frames so you see it wide  
If your broad ain't fuckin she don't need to ride (beat it)  
She can crawl in the trunk with her knees inside  
by the spare, she hungry I'll feed her fries  
Cause I'ma, dog nigga, shot-call nigga  
My shotgun talk with a lecture hall scripture  
Applaud {\*ahh\*} bitch, shake that ass  
I getcha, drunk and high and duct tape that ass fast  
Then leave you on your daddy front lawn (ding dong)  
with your hair all fucked up, with one pump on  
Get stomped on, I take the money and run  
I'm a dog, shit I fuck right in front of your son  
If you ain't got Missy and Meth  
want me to spit the hot shit for you? Nigga, write your  
check

*[Missy]*

When you come home from work, I'm gon' make you  
do more work  
Pour some wine in the cup, sip sippin on sizz-urp  
Ohhh.. ohhh.. now we gon' make love to and in ya  
SLIDE, wanna take a ride  
When you with me oh so right, tell them boys not  
tonight  
Say you chillin witcho bitch and this is one y'don't  
wanna miss  
Uhh uhh.. cause this love right here is on fire (fire)  
SLIDE, wanna take a ride

*[Chorus: repeat 2X]*

I love it boy when you play this song  
Dead wrong, you know this record be turnin me on

You keep me growlin like a dog in heat  
Hey wodie put it down make me sleep for weeks

*[Missy]*

You on the block layin low, from the cops layin low  
When you done let me know cause my love make you  
be like WHOA  
Ohhh.. ohhh.. cause I got yo' mind in the trenches  
SLIDE, let's take a ride  
Baby come give me some HEY WODIE ain't no other  
one  
can shine on my life and make me wanna stay the night  
Mmmm mmmm.. cause you put butterflies on my  
stomach  
SLIDE, baby won't you slide

*[Chorus]*

*[Method Man]*

Yo yo I wanna gangsta BOOGIE with my GANGSTA  
BITCH  
Love it when the pussy talk back thanks to dick  
All my dogs (woof) playin the wall, get at these broads  
You ain't got no-ass-at'all, we ain't fuckin wit y'all  
I'm not your smooth lovin, see me at Casbah thuggin  
Hands where your Stove Top be stuffin  
Never catch Tical hand-cuffin, I'm in your party puffin  
Smellin like that Wu-Tang production  
Cousin tried to tell me pussy come a dime a dozen  
And when it come around I'll beat it down like  
percussion  
Missy come and get me, I'm bout to call Doc  
We can all meet up at Peanut's, I heard it was the spot  
Somebody roll the weed up, push the car lighter, kick  
your feet up  
Saturday Night, who got the Fever?  
Brought the flavor, of indonesia  
Puff puff give type procedures  
and this joint bumpin out your speakers

*[Chorus]*

*[Missy]*

I'm gonna take you high to the top  
and let your body not reject me babe  
I'm gonna make you really love me  
I'm gonna make you scream don't stop  
But you must first respect his lady  
You must respect this lady

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