

Method Man "Fire Ina Hole"

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(feat. Redman)

Uh..

Come on [3X]

State your business

Come on

Let's make it hot

Come on (word)

Let's make it hot

Come on

Let's make it hot

Come on, let's make it hot (hardcore to make 'em
rubbers at cold)

Come on, come on

[Verse 1: Method Man]

[Verse 1: (method man)]

with all do respect to tha game

im tha ph- enom , not ready for primetime , be on
extinction , change tha way u thinkin ,or be gone
pass tha fuck out , somethin stinkin ,

could it be tha skunk? or could it be that body
in tha trunk? of my lincoln , continental style,
pop tha pussy like a pimple,
im fed up

I put it in your ear and fuck ya head up,
turnin up tha tempature ,
told them kids to enta tha 36,
masta meth shiit

biohazaduas is pretentious,
do it for tha chemically imbalanced ,
state ya business,
pay me at tha door',

ironman hear me raw , 12 inches
Sure shot soldiers in the trenches
Fire in a hole

the game commences
third string rappers play the benches
Reload

There'll be no repentance for soul
Just life sentence with no change for parole

And thats real

[Chorus:]

Fire in a hole! (pray *[echoes]*)

Fire in a hole! *[10X]*

Fire in a hole! (yeah)

Fire in a hole! (yeah, yeah)

Fire in a hole! (yo, yo, yo, yo)

[Verse 2: Redman]

Gundowned at sun down

Run now from the bucks sound, touchdown

Your crew wanna punt now, pump-bloww

Swimming trunks torn up from the hunt down

Brakes lock 'em up now

a rich bitch smack 'em up now

a plucked out eyebrow down

Naa dog, a broad got to be a hussy

A hood rat that ride like the bride of Chuckey

Walk through my hood, your ?drools? is screamed:

"Thug me"

My revolver to reload like the Scussy, doc

The bigfoot out for the squosh

Shell shocked like I'm 6 months in the bush

Fire in a hole!

Hiking in the snow with 40 motherfuckers expiring the
blow

Footprints up timbs are wallabe souls

We cased to placed like Barnaby Jones, hoes

Lay it down like plats in ya hair

Ride off with your money then clap in the air

[Chorus:]

Fire in a hole!

Fire in a hole! (yo)

Fire in a hole! *[3X]*

Fire in a hole! (yo)

Fire in a hole!

Fire in a hole! (yo)

Fire in a hole! (yo, yo, yo)

[Verse 3: Method Man]

This is for them niggas on the bricks

Holdin' down a block for my nigga carlton fisk

The kid that stay up in a blocks

Ain't no christmas ever since Santa scratched my name
off the giftlist

shit aint been the same since the pain or forgiveness

Dead man talkin' about elected

Un live it cancer around throat of a critic
Yo doctor, describe me a drug that can knocka'
New on his ass, take a blast up a nucker
For real though arsenic production that kills slow your
eardrums
Like a happy hooker with a dildo
I spas on anyone who shows his ass
I got the mob with me plus a full tank of gas

[Verse 4: Redman]

Yo, yo
With me and meth swarm you need a net to cover you
Turn a rap game into W C W
Off the rope I hang glide to the grove
Straight people doubt french fries and a coke
Doc's the name the burglar, serve ya
that lead through five from frigs and murtar
They skirt out my with Rick ran down tires
What a chicken I met who hand out flyers
Look I'ma areas, I don't have it
My crew large enough to walk and cause traffic
Bounce like box springs on your craft-matic
Before you be sueing doc for malpractice
You couldn't bang from start
Your girl see you beat up and shit
Get a change of heart
Flaming dark spit it, name a mark
My impact towards you JFK playin' in a park

[Chorus:]

Fire in a hole! *[14X]*

Yeah *[3X]*

Fire in a hole

Yeah *[5X]*

Mister meth, ha-ha

Funk doctor, ha-ha

Mathematics on the track, ha-ha

All my niggas in the bricks

All my niggas on Shaolin

Worldwide

To my whole crew, BBC

Hahhahahahaa....

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