Method Man "Four Minutes To Lock Down"

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"Four Minutes To Lock Down"

(feat. Raekwon, Ghostface Killah)

[Intro: Redman]

Get it!

Haha, Funk Doc in the building, bitch

Ya'll already know the business, nigga, haha

[Redman]

Yo, let's get it, yeah, I'm with it Streets on fire, I'm frying my dinner Quick like Sugar Ray Leonard, one love Any boy get served like tennis Menace, you call a rap bulldog Me and my pen form into Voltron Cold, my heart built with a snowball And I fuck old women like Zohan Roll on like Michem, Barry Bonds this bitch When the beat start pitching I'm broke, my ATM ain't kicking But what I drive, I build expensive Look at me, nigga, I got it In pocket, ask Houston how I 'rock-it' If I go hungry, you getting robbed By me, Biggie Smalls and The Delfonics

[Interlude: Raekwon]

Yo, man, yeah, yeah, take it back to Rae shit Straight off the muthafucking concrete, nigga You know how I go, word up, let's go {Three minutes left...}

[Raekwon]

Before all the cussing and the gunfights
Don't wanna run Nikes, yeah, scramble when it sunlight
G's in my pocket of juice, blue goose
I'm a goon under the moon, glow on the boosters
Yeah, deadily my sons regret me
Windpipe writing, the mic fighting, respect me
I'm from where it get down, machete your mother
Snatch your brother, scrap you down
You know the deal, when we do this, chill

Catch me in Brazil, ratchet on, little glass of Tequil' I sware to the real, my real, if I don't win Then I won't spend, I'm grabbing bill That's the hammer, I'mma do this, nana Niggas who hunt, snatch 'em up, bite the clip, the banana

And this is for them good niggas, blow that L And that blow that well, and watch the book, niggas

[Interlude: Raekwon (Method Man)]
Yeah, watch them jooks, niggas, you know what it be,
man
Word up, niggas staying alive (Gotta kill these voices in
my head)
{Two minutes left} Bunch of fucking roaches, man

[Method Man]

Jeter, married to the game without a pre-nub And she don't act up, if I don't eat her Damn, now that's what I call a diva You sick, man? I'm what you call a fever And I don't put no snow up in my cheeba Pack a little heater, the game get colder in the freezer Hit your little corner with the sweeper Dance with the reaper, sharper than a fuck Plus I'm laying in the cut like a half-moon Caeser What you getting is the truth My bird eye visions spot the pigeon in the coup Same way I live it, how I spit it in the booth Next to RZA, ain't no nigga bigger than the group Stat, fuck that, we come strapped Bust gats, drug raps, and pump cracks What you trying do nigga, we done done that I'm off the gunrack, nigga put ya gun back

[Interlude: Method Man (Ghostface Killah)]
Yeah, you slow your blow, boy
You gon' lay where you lie, nigga
(Get rid of the crack, and flush that dust
Hurry, where the L, move, come on, freeze, freeze)
{One minute left}

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, I woke up in handcuffs, heard the police wanted me dead
Big bullets and splashing all over
Kingpin's still moving that weight
And his main goon burned up a discotech
He's a hazard, classic, nigga, we got a flick of him
He jacked Nate, while he took the picture
And we tapped his crib, bugs all in the jacuzzi

Trully, and we know about his bitch in Charlotte
Pulled her over, State Troopers found two revolvers
And she told us them handguns "That's my fathers
And I'm licensed to carry those shits regardless
Ya'll just played my man, caught her with a million
dollars
Worth of fireworks, coming back from Japan
It's nothing, ya'll police be fronting
And stop looking at my pussy, like ya'll want to suck it,
I'm out
On ya'll pussies, catch me next time, bye bye"

Under the seeds bed, we found an uzi

[Outro]

Alright, fellas stand back and watch the closing doors Lock 'em up! Let's go, lights out

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