

Method Man

"Hey Zulu"

Visit "[Hey Zulu](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Hey Zulu"

(feat. Poo Bear)

[Intro: Redman]

Turn the beat up a little bit
Got to get that part, baby
I'mma do it like this, baby, I don't give a fuck, baby
Yo, yo

[Redman]

I walk in the spot, and I see niggas standing 'round
So I ask what's going down
Got a girl in the back, a blunt in the mouth
And a chain on my neck, hang to the ground
Hey, I said how you feel?
Baby look tough with a gangsta grill
I ain't rich, but I pay my bill
I'm like Jay, I'm trying to drop me 'a mil'
My hood tripping, chrome wheel whipping
With all these hoes, you can tell I'm slipping
Shots of Patron, got bird eye vision
Even broke niggas wanna learn my pimping
Yeah, yo, let's be clear
You're unaware what's in the underwear
She said 'yeah', I said 'yeah'
Pulled the purp' out and put it in the air

[Chorus: Redman (Method Man) {Poo Bear}]

Aiyo, I smell something burning up
So I throw it up, and I put it in the air
(Tell that DJ, turn it up
While I roll it up, and I, put it in the air)
{Higher, we gon' take it, higher, watch me move it
Higher, we put money in the air} Put, put, put, put
Put it in the air

[Method Man]

When I come up in the club, and I see my niggas on the
wall
And I'm like 'yo, what's wrong with ya'll ?'
Got these girls in the spot, and I don't care if she a bird
or not

Cuz I ain't really tryna talk to ya'll
Got a pocket full of stones, grown with a pocket full of
bones
I'm a class act, I follow with the chrome
Lane switching, got your misses on the phone
Baby girl, turn ya head and teeth missing out her comb
Look, I want this money off the books
Little kush, and a Playboy bunny that can cook
You wan't the truth? Man, you fucking with a crook
But these niggas want the juice, now they fucking up
the jooks
Jimmy Crack Corn, and I don't muthafucking care
Cuz the green is the only thing puffin' over here
So be clear, put this bug up in your ear
Meth and Doc put it down, yo, put it in the air

[Chorus]

[Redman]

A dude like me, keep a boom boom in the truck
So you hear Doc rolling up
Middle finger in the air, to my haters, yo, what's up?
You can tell Doc fuck shit up
Hey, nigga, I'm so hood
My hand on the pump, niggas understood
Bitch, I'm no good, I swear
Light shit up like Times Square, put it in the air

[Method Man]

I got a bottle of Patron, I'm the only one that spent that
cash
But everybody try to get they glass
Now we can all have a drink, if you trying to put some
dough in the bank
But if not, ya'll can kiss my ass
I need a, Cinderella that can give me the loot
Better yet, a French vanilla that can give me the scoop
Oh yeah, just so we clear, put this bug up in your ear
Meth and Doc put it down, yo, put it in the air

[Chorus]

Visit [Method Man](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.