

# Method Man "How Bout Dat"

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## "How Bout Dat"

(feat. Ready Roc, Streetlife)

*[Redman]*

Yo, I hit the 'freeway' after I 'rock the mic'  
Light up like Showtime when they about to fight  
How bout dat, boy, when that truck ride 38's  
Your middle finger up at the light, I'm nice  
Doc ride or die, I bubble up when the pouring peroxide  
It's dirty, lookie here  
Still sharp like I'm back in school  
It's like Wonder Blade, cut a nigga smooth  
Whoo-who-who-who, who let the dog loose?  
Whips and chains, I don't wanna argue  
The big whale that's writing fishscale  
Like me, better believe, I'm too hard to harpoon  
My goons, think like Chris Wallace  
'Give me the loot' and I don't wanna talk about it  
When my niggas 'get 'em', that's when I  
Crush the building, how about that?

*[Chorus: Ready Roc (Redman) {Streetlife} ]*

Look at my shoes, how about that, nigga?  
(My car, how about that, nigga?)  
{Getting money, how about that, nigga?}

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

*[Ready Roc]*

How about it, any nigga realer than me? I doubt it  
Catch Ready hop out of v, low mileage  
You see the way I play with money, I'm so childish  
And, so stylish, looking like Gucci my sponsor  
Kicks crazy, jewelry is bonkers  
Whether in the club or you see me in concert  
I go hard, who created a monster?  
Me, Gilla be the click that I ride with  
Talk slick, get flipped like a Sidekick  
You wonder why your bitch is on my dick  
Cuz the boy flow dooper than five bricks  
The MC wishing I simply  
Be remembered like Big Pun, Biggie or Pimp C

And when my niggas say 'get 'em', that's when I  
Blocka blocka, how about that, nigga?

*[Chorus: Streetlife (Ready Roc) {Method Man} ]*

Look at my house, how about that, nigga?  
(Sour dies', how about that, nigga?  
{Big paper, how about that, nigga?}

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

*[Streetlife]*

How bout that, ten years plus in the rap game  
And still getting cream like a fat cat  
Plus, I'm grossing money off of ASCAP  
Plus, my publishing, yea I owns that  
First of all, my royalty come quarterly  
My hoes, my niggas, all move accordingly  
Streetlife, I'm so international  
My foreign exchange, but always in the capitol  
Straight cash advances, while you be calling  
Your label all day, hoping someone answers  
I flow with no auto-tone, just me and my bitch  
My blunt, my beat, my microphone  
I shine with no jewelry on, another star is born  
Watch me perform, beyond the norm  
And when my niggas 'get 'em', that's when I  
Brr stick 'em, haha, stick 'em, how about that, nigga?

*[Chorus: Method Man (Streetlife) {Redman} ]*

Fuck what it cost, how about that, nigga?  
(I'm a boss, how about that, nigga?)  
{Straight pimping, how about that, nigga?}

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

*[Method Man]*

Pimp game, soak it up, you dig?  
Hope your haters want beef, cuz I don't touch the pig  
How about that, boy, I'm a G, ain't another MC  
Or pedophile that can touch the kid, I do it big  
Like Chris Wallace, big bank, big wallet  
Got a flow that go straight to the pros, forget college  
I still got it, if I got an issue, I flow the pistol  
And I'm offical, just like them niggas that low the  
whistle  
Word, man, I shoot to kill 'em, you heard?  
If you nasty, I shoot 'em with penicilen, you heard?  
I'm like Cali, so carry, when I'm flipping the words  
Flip the script on your bitch ass while I'm flipping the  
bird  
Meth sick with the pen, stick a few in your men

Then again, stick with my pen through the thick and the thin

Look, when my niggas 'get 'em', I send 'em to hell  
And ride with 'em, how about that, nigga?

*[Chorus: Redman (Method Man) {Ready Roc} ]*

Look at my crew, how about that, nigga?

(Gun bigger than you, how about that, nigga?

{Pop bottles, how about that, nigga?}

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

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