

Method Man

"Mi Casa"

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(feat. Redman)

[Redman]

[Verse 1]

Whatcu crazy??!!?
Since a buck tooth baby, Doc
Was like straight fuck you pay me like Jay-Z
Lazy Niggas complain
Doc load up the cartridge and start kickin game like
Acclain
Those who you call Doggs rat your name
Those who say they love you attack your change
Thats why i fold down 4 fingers
Say fuck the world and Jimmy da earth out with Coat
hangers
Rap game n street game dont sleep
Its a cold world betta pack yer own heat
Niggas aint happy to the cash on "E"
Then the hash and the cat and a bag is on me
Yeah Right!!
My bear hugz air tight
New Yorkerz no no turnin on a redlight
Me against 40 of you? a fair fight
Microphones get took you shook wear white

[Chorus]

You dont got no wins in Mi Casa
And its your stopper meth tical man and funk docta

You dont got no wins in Mi Casa
Bomb Droppa throw you ouch ya mind who shot ya

You dont got no wins in Mi Casa
Hit it Hip Hoppers turn it up a notch make it it hotter

You dont got no wins in Mi Casa
I'm warnin you partna meth tical man and funk docta

[Method Man]

[Verse 2]

Every time i turn around somebody in my business
Time for you to testify can i get a witness

Actin like bitch's
Dirty Dick niggas look suspicious
Ain't physically fit for the fitness
Welcome to the game of death
Poly wanna biscut?
First prize a one way ticket to my shit list
And i spread it like a rumour or a sickness
Stand-by let a chicken head lay a chicklet
Can i slap a fat ass with da quickness
Stupid ass niggas goin abroad nigga get tha syphilys
Comin through son ima fuck you and your district
Miss representin miss interpreting and des misfit
Playboy, you aint got no balls plus your dickless
And i'm like a plumber layin pipe up in your misses
No man can hold hold me nor can control me
Next time you see me holla like you know me!

[Chorus]

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