

Method Man

"Mrs. International"

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"Mrs. International"

(feat. Erick Sermon)

[Intro: Method Man]

Yeah, nice

Dedicated to all the beautiful people in the house

You know who you are

Yeah, Redman, Method Man, Blackout! 2

Sexy...

[Method Man]

Hair and nails done up, girl, you got your act together

You get the thumbs up, your raw footage is uncut

Fronting like them goodies is untouched

We both knew this money's is young bucks

Ma, you ever take a trip to Shang-a-lot

Too many hard shames, the hardest one is saying
goodbye

Look here, time is money, let me save you some time

And in your spare time, fully understand I'm a rare find

You know, so pick a day and pick a place and we there
for sure

Slow up the pace, this ain't no race, and there you go

I'm dope money, girl, that mean I got cash to blow

She love it though, she so international

Not around the way, around the world

And you be stunting when you around your girls

But you classy, though, I'm feeling your vibe, you
feeling the high

The G4 is ready to fly, is you ready to ride?

Let's go

[Chorus: Erick Sermon (Method Man) {Redman}]

International (Now we can creep, we can lay on the
beach, you know

Then hit the sheets, I'll let you play with my feet, you
know

She keep it low, she so international)

International {Hey, I like a girl that'll roll me a blunt,
you know

With pretty feet, cook me something to eat, you know

You not a groupie, you're international}

[Redman]

Hey, you know me, girl, who I be, girl
The big whale that bailed outta SeaWorld
What's your name, show me I.D., girl
You look black and a little Chinese, girl
Hey, wait a minute, where you going, shorty?
Try to sneak past me like you ain't balling
You look sweet like Tweet, baby, c-c-call me
Matter of fact, wasn't you on Maury?
I'm just playing, hey miss thang
Hey, hey, miss thang, how you gon' miss me?
I got tickets, let's roll to the Knicks game
You Teena Marie, and baby, I'm Rick James
Excuse me, where you going, mama?
I wanna change, I voted for Obama
Bring in the new, kick out the old timers
Let's talk while we go and meet your mama

[Chorus: Erick Sermon (Redman) {Method Man}]

International (Hey, I like a girl that's thick in the waist,
you know
The kind of girl, that'll finish your plate, you know
You not greedy, you international)
International {The type of chick I like'll wheelie your
bike, you know
Rock the mic, roll a Philly uptight, you know
I like it though, she so international}

[Method Man]

Seems to me, me, you a queen to be
You mean girl, but you don't mean to be
Got your crown and your throne, little castle you can
rest your dome
And we can smoke a little greenery, you know?
You getting that dough, let's get it and go on this
cruise
I'm taking it slow, you painting your toes, and it's cool
Fuck with your dude, I'm fucking with you
Like an overnight celebrity, Miss Nothing to Lose

[Redman]

Yo, hey, hey, miss lady, my boricua
I heard your Applebum like Bonita
Your accent telling me you from the eastside
Take off your shoes, you bout five feet high
I get high, what about you?
A jungle brother, and baby I house you
Your feet looking real good in them house shoes
You're not a groupie, you international

[Chorus: Erick Sermon]

International...

International...

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