

Method Man

"Neva Herd Dis B 4"

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[Intro: Method (Redman)]

Deeper than Atlantis (yeah)
I pray like a prayin mantis (yeah)
It's all day (yeah!)
Doc and Meth nigga (Red and Meth's in the
motherfuckin buildin yo)
Brick City, yeah! Staten Island, yeah!
Let's go (oh, yup! Let's go, yo)

[Chorus: Redman]

Yeah, I'm comin down yo' block
And my sound's so loud it'll make a nigga STOP
He recognize who remains on top
Let a motherfucker know, you never heard this befo'
Yeah, I'm comin down yo' block
And my sound's so loud it'll make a bitch STOP
She recognize who remains on top
Let a motherfucker know, you never heard this befo'

[Redman]

Y'all already know nigga...
Yo, it's Funk Doc, my style never change
Boy I think I still got it, like Eddie Cane
Cause, nights like this, I bring the pain
Introducin 11th member of Wu-Tang, Liu Kang
Doc's spittin, fire out the palms
Sign the check and, me and the world get it on
If rap fail, you can bet I'm doin porn
My Mobb is Deep, we know how to ride in the (Storm)
I'm like Vince Vaughn, I keep it (Old School)
For the family I go to war like two-twos
Throw it on YouTube, tell 'em I'm ready
Biggie said he got room for me when I'm ready
Fast lane livin, Mario Andretti
Greasy lookin like them characters in "Belly"
Close your eardrums, this a recordin
Don't be unaware like the mayor of New Orleans,
nigga!

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

These niggaz, wanna be Biggie, niggaz wanna be
Tupac
The only problem niggaz is you not - look
I got this two-shot dillinger, one shot for killin ya
If you ain't la familia nigga, I'm not feelin ya
Tsst, hot; wheelie the block, watch the billin
We are hip-hop, real and you not, lock the buildin
Got them Ziplocks, ounces of weed, countin some G's
up in this bitch spot, a nigga like me, I don't do tight
tees
or flip-flops, been a goon since the womb
And my dad had that herringbone chain with the
spoons
Check the wristwatch - deposit the guns
Ain't hard to tell that he a big shot - don't plot on my
ones
I carry the (Faith) like Big 'Pac - I carry the weight
See y'all don't get too carried away, and pay me what
my salary say
Ha, Meth Doc, gettin that guap
Fuck your feelings, this is hard rock, stirrin the pot
Watch me get 'em with this, hah

[Chorus w/ Redman ad libs]

[Redman]

Yeah, aiyyo, get that rap game on lock, NOTHIN
Rhymes like ours need E on production
Lil' kids listenin, we might corrupt 'em
(Public Enemy), Chuck D can't trust 'em
Name ain't Justin, but I rock (Timberlands)
Doctor, right, with the penicillin in
Get it? New Jersey Drive like midget
Ask five-oh and Dee-Bo how I whip it
Yo Meth, can you kick it?

[Method Man]

Yes I can
And the (Kid) stay (Frost) like a Mexican
What's good vatos? Crops and candy cane, I got those
357's and three dice, I shot those
Every rapper talkin 'bout he hot, he not though
Hate to bust bubbles but that's what niggaz get popped
fo'
Look - I got my glove, bat and ball
Catch me pitchin in the trap slingin drug raps and all
Let's go!

[Chorus]

[Redman] Ha ha!

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