

Method Man "Walk On"

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(feat. Redman)

[Intro: sample (Method Man)]

"Walk on" (yeah, yeah, yeah)

[Method Man]

It's Meth, back on that old shit
Pick my ho's with the same finger I pick my nose with
These flows get, hotter than most chicks, get the
picture
I'm focused, got nothing but cock for cock-roaches,
bitch, I'm gone before you noticed
Ducking these coppers, try'nna make the coldest
Spot you with the bricks and the baking sodas
Me and my soldier, we taking over, taking payola
From all these stations and record labels, they killing
culture, tell 'em niggaz
"Walk on"

[Redman]

Yo, I blow ya minds, like Kurt Cobain
My block is hot like Lil' Wayne, I'll pop ya little chain
I'm ready, hip hop is not gon' be the same
Like the Roc and Dame, I'll dot the little change
Nigga, I ain't scared, boy, yes sir
If I wasn't a beast, you niggaz wouldn't whisper
I'm like, y'all can fuck y'all self, I'm getting paid daily
Plus keepin' it real, keep you broke, can't tell me, nigga
"Walk on"

[Method Man]

Huh, now go say that I don't quiver, and any chick
Caught with dirt under her nail's a gold digger
Yeah, I tell the people, like I told RZA
Man, I got Meth and on the day that I don't, I'll let you
know, nigga
Nah, no carbon copies, they ain't got me, but they can
watch me
Jewels jingling, middle finger at paparazzi
Not too cocky, but still, ain't too many niggaz can top
me

So bounce you foes and pull ya shoes up, nigga "Walk on"

[Redman]

Don't even blink, think fast, make the right move
Got a gun on ya, like Pinky had on Ice Cube
I don't play, homey, I got my stripes, too
I'mma sky high-a-trist, I smoke in a flight suit, nigga
Recognize, like Sam Sneed'll "back down"
You sick and tired of wack niggaz, then act now
I show you how it's done, nigga, Gilla House
Give you a whole clip, turn your ruby glitter out, nigga
"Walk on"

[Method Man]

And beat ya feet up, I'm sick with these dice, so put ya
g's up
Then back a lighter tree, about to get the energy up
I milk like double D cup, plus, I air it out just like a
sneaker
Will win, and then "key" your car like Alicia
Yup, my Meth is off the meter, more Yankee caps than
Derek Jeter
Try'nna catch me a diva, then I'mma catch and meet ya
Might spill a thong, but still a don, still got
Love, for my baby moms, we just don't get along, hold
the fuck on "Walk on"

[Redman]

Allow me to reintroduce -- nah, I don't need it
If you ain't got it since '92, nigga, beat it
Hop in the 4 of ya 7, black two-seater
Pull out a hammer, big as a vacuum cleaner
Nigga, I roll heavy, bitch, I roll steady
Get that dough Reggie, me fall off, really?
You better ask who the best rapper in ya hood
And when you mimick me, muthafucka, do it good,
nigga "Walk on"

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