

## Redman & Method Man "Errbody Scream"

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(feat. Keith Murray)

"Everybody just scream!"

[Intro: Redman (Method Man) {Keith Murray}]  
Gilla House, aiyo, Meth, nigga? (What up?)  
Aiyo, Keith Murray, nigga, pass the muthafucking  
weed, nigga  
{Meth, got that joint} (Nah, you got that shit, nigga,  
stop playing)  
You know how I do when I come in the muthafucking  
building, man  
Redman, nigga

"Everybody just scream!"

[Redman]  
Call your moms on the phone, it's the jam  
I got jet ski's that ride over land  
Since a young buck had fire in my hands  
When I was bumping "Roxanne, Roxanne"  
I got gin and an O.J.  
Rock 'friday' to 'next friday' like O'Shea  
Hit the west coast, six four on tray  
Doctor Bombay, sick flow all day  
I don't play fair, niggas can't see me  
That's why I make it do what it do, baby, yeah  
You want some, yeah, niggas hit the floor  
When I kick in the door, wave in the four four  
For sure, Uncle Snoop, where's the coupe?  
Cuz I keep a hoe fighting like New York and Hoopz  
Strap up your boots, move around  
Pick it up like engine number nine  
It's mine, homey, Tech, what's good?  
And it ain't hard to tell how I rep my hood  
You a beast like me, rep your hood  
Sign the check when I mic check, one-two

[Chorus: all]

West Coast niggas love getting it started  
Down South niggas love getting it started

East Coast niggas love getting it started  
But when we in the house shit get retarded  
When we in the house shit get retarded  
When we in the house shit get retarded  
We came to finish what ya'll done started  
"Everybody just scream!"

[Keith Murray]

Aiyo, fuck your prognosis on who's the dopest  
You get skate like super chronic holitosis  
If you looking for beef, you know you gon' get it  
Got ya'll niggas yellin' 'callin' the cops, get the  
paramedics'  
Keith Murray, Method Man, Redman  
Hip hop got Barack in his B-Boy stance  
Like a nigga with no legs, you don't stand a chance  
Against the Wu-Tang, Def Squad, L.O.D. wardance  
One glance, watch Keith Murray hop out  
In a hurry, cold like a McFlurry  
No Mickey D's, show me the money like Jerry Maguire  
L.O.D. for hire, I'm ready  
I rep Strong Island, bums get rushed  
I pack house like Biggie in Notorious  
We warriors, who the fuck are you?  
I pop an E and the gun go Pikachu  
Niggas know how deep the crew, get at me  
I'm nasty, but I went from ashy to classy  
Got badunkadunks waving all at me  
Cuz I be, doing my thing and making everybody  
scream

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

Yo, Brick City, Staten, Long Island, we back  
More violent on the track, black talent and a gat  
Bomb shit, like a nigga wilding in Iraq  
See the truth of the fact, niggas lying in they raps  
Me? I'm a diamond in the rough in the cut  
Like paroxide, got mine frying in the Dutch  
Forget about your top 5, try and top mines  
Take shine like I got mine ironing your guts  
You know I keep it fired up, fire in the hole  
To the game, old and tired, I be tired when I'm old  
I'm trying to keep it hot like the pile up in the stove  
While these rappers losing power putting powder in  
they nose  
Meth, Keith Murray and Redman, yo  
Fuck you and your mama on a headband, hoe  
You can call the kid a modern day Van Gogh  
Take the art to a place where the fake can't go

My chain and my pants hang low  
Got my own namebrand, I'm the man made, bro  
Cash in advance, I'mma blow up with the dough  
Whoa ho ho, don't let me like slow up with flow

[Chorus]

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