

Redman & Method Man

"Four Minutes To Lock Down"

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[Redman]

Yo, let's get it, yeah, I'm with it
Streets on fire, I'm frying my dinner
Quick like Sugar Ray Leonard, one love
Any boy get served like tennis
Menace, you call a rap bulldog
Me and my pen form into Voltron
Cold, my heart built with a snowball
And I fuck old women like Zohan
Roll on like Michem, Barry Bonds this bitch
When the beat start pitching
I'm broke, my ATM ain't kicking
But what I drive, I build expensive
Look at me, nigga, I got it
In pocket, ask Houston how I 'rock-it'
If I go hungry, you getting robbed
By me, Biggie Smalls and The Delfonics

[Interlude: Raekwon]

Yo, man, yeah, yeah, take it back to Rae shit
Straight off the muthafucking concrete, nigga
You know how I go, word up, let's go
Three minutes left...

[Raekwon]

Before all the cussing and the gunfights
don't wanna run Nikes, yeah, scramble when it sunlight
G's in my pocket of juice, blue goose
I'm a goon under the moon, glow on the boosters
Yeah, deadily my sons regret me
Windpipe writing, the mic fighting, respect me
I'm from where it get down, machete your mother
Snatch your brother, scrap you down
You know the deal, when we do this, chill
Catch me in Brazil, ratchet on, little glass of Tequil'
I swear to the real, my real, if I don't win
Then I won't spend, I'm grabbing bill
that's the hammer, I'mma do this, nana
Niggas who hunt, snatch 'em up, bite the clip, the
banana
And this is for them good niggas, blow that L

And that blow that well, and watch the book, niggas

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[Interlude: Raekwon (Method Man)]

Yeah, watch them jooks, niggas, you know what it be,
man

Word up, niggas staying alive (Gotta
kill these voices in my head)

Two minutes left Bunch of fucking roaches, man

[Method Man]

Jeter, married to the game without a pre-nub

And she don't act up, if I don't eat her

Damn, now that's what I call a diva

You sick, man? I'm what you call a fever

And I don't put no snow up in my cheeba

Pack a little heater, the game get colder in the freezer

Hit your little corner with the sweeper

Dance with the reaper, sharper than a fuck

Plus I'm laying in the cut like a half-moon Caeser

What you getting is the truth

My bird eye visions spot the pigeon in the coup

Same way I live it, how I spit it in the booth

Next to RZA, ain't no nigga bigger than the group

Stat, fuck that, we come strapped

Bust gats, drug raps, and pump cracks

What you trying do nigga, we done done that

I'm off the gunrack, nigga put ya gun back

[Interlude: Method Man (Ghostface Killah)]

Yeah, you slow your blow, boy

You gon' lay where you lie, nigga

(Get rid of the crack, and flush that dust

Hurry, where the L, move, come on, freeze, freeze)

One minute left

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, I woke up in handcuffs, heard

the police wanted me dead

Big bullets and splashing all over

Kingpin's still moving that weight

And his main goon burned up a discotech

he's a hazard, classic, nigga, we got a flick of him

He jacked Nate, while he took the picture

And we tapped his crib, bugs all in the jacuzzi

Under the seeds bed, we found an uzi

Trully, and we know about his bitch in Charlotte

Pulled her over, State Troopers found two revolvers

And she told us them handguns "That's my fathers

And I'm licensed to carry those shits regardless

Ya'll just played my man, caught

her with a million dollars
Worth of fireworks, coming back from Japan
it's nothing, ya'll police be fronting
And stop looking at my pussy, like
ya'll want to suck it, I'm out
On ya'll pussies, catch me next time, bye bye"

[Outro]

Alright, fellas stand back and watch the closing doors
Lock 'em up! Let's go, lights out

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