

## Redman & Method Man

### "Hey Zulu"

Visit "[Hey Zulu](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(feat. Poo Bear)

[Intro: Redman]

Turn the beat up a little bit  
Got to get that part, baby  
I'mma do it like this, baby, I don't give a fuck, baby  
Yo, yo

[Redman]

I walk in the spot, and I see niggas standing 'round  
So I ask what's going down  
Got a girl in the back, a blunt in the mouth  
And a chain on my neck, hang to the ground  
Hey, I said how you feel?  
Baby look tough with a gangsta grill  
I ain't rich, but I pay my bill  
I'm like Jay, I'm trying to drop me 'a mil'  
My hood tripping, chrome wheel whipping  
With all these hoes, you can tell I'm slipping  
Shots of Patron, got bird eye vision  
Even broke niggas wanna learn my pimping  
Yeah, yo, let's be clear  
You're unaware what's in the underwear  
She said 'yeah', I said 'yeah'  
Pulled the purp' out and put it in the air

[Chorus: Redman (Method Man) {Poo Bear}]

Aiyo, I smell something burning up  
So I throw it up, and I put it in the air  
(Tell that DJ, turn it up  
While I roll it up, and I, put it in the air)  
{Higher, we gon' take it, higher, watch me move it  
Higher, we put money in the air} Put, put, put, put  
Put it in the air

[Method Man]

When I come up in the club, and I see my niggas on the  
wall  
And I'm like 'yo, what's wrong with ya'll ?'  
Got these girls in the spot, and I don't care if she a bird  
or not

Cuz I ain't really tryna talk to ya'll  
Got a pocket full of stones, grown with a pocket full of  
bones  
I'm a class act, I follow with the chrome  
Lane switching, got your misses on the phone  
Baby girl, turn ya head and teeth missing out her comb  
Look, I want this money off the books  
Little kush, and a Playboy bunny that can cook  
You wan't the truth? Man, you fucking with a crook  
But these niggas want the juice, now they fucking up  
the jooks  
Jimmy Crack Corn, and I don't muthafucking care  
Cuz the green is the only thing puffin' over here  
So be clear, put this bug up in your ear  
Meth and Doc put it down, yo, put it in the air

[Chorus]

[Redman]

A dude like me, keep a boom boom in the truck  
So you hear Doc rolling up  
Middle finger in the air, to my haters, yo, what's up?  
You can tell Doc fuck shit up  
Hey, nigga, I'm so hood  
My hand on the pump, niggas understood  
Bitch, I'm no good, I swear  
Light shit up like Times Square, put it in the air

[Method Man]

I got a bottle of Patron, I'm the only one that spent that  
cash  
But everybody try to get they glass  
Now we can all have a drink, if you trying to put some  
dough in the bank  
But if not, ya'll can kiss my ass  
I need a, Cinderella that can give me the loot  
Better yet, a French vanilla that can give me the scoop  
Oh yeah, just so we clear, put this bug up in your ear  
Meth and Doc put it down, yo, put it in the air

[Chorus]

Visit [Redman & Method Man](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.