

Redman & Method Man

"How Bout Dat"

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(feat. Ready Roc & Streetlife)

[Redman:]

Yo, I hit the 'freeway' after I 'rock the mic'
Light up like Showtime when they about to fight
How bout dat, boy, when that truck ride 38's
Your middle finger up at the light, I'm nice
Doc ride or die, I bubble up when the pouring peroxide
It's dirty, lookie here
Still sharp like I'm back in school
It's like Wonder Blade, cut a nigga smooth
Whoo-who-who-who, who let the dog loose?
Whips and chains, I don't wanna argue
The big whale that's writing fishscale
Like me, better believe, I'm too hard to harpoon
My goons, think like Chris Wallace
'Give me the loot' and I don't wanna talk about it
When my niggas 'get 'em', that's when I
Crush the building, how about that?

[Chorus: Ready Roc (Redman) {Streetlife}]

Look at my shoes, how about that, nigga?
(My car, how about that, nigga?)
{Getting money, how about that, nigga? }

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

[Ready Roc:]

How about it, any nigga realer than me? I doubt it
Catch Ready hop out of v, low mileage
You see the way I play with money, I'm so childish
And, so stylish, looking like Gucci my sponsor
Kicks crazy, jewelry is bonkers
Whether in the club or you see me in concert
I go hard, who created a monster?
Me, Gilla be the click that I ride with
Talk slick, get flipped like a Sidekick
You wonder why your bitch is on my dick
Cause the boy flow dooper than five bricks
The MC wishing I simply
Be remembered like Big Pun, Biggie or Pimp C

And when my niggas say 'get 'em', that's when I
Blocka blocka, how about that, nigga?

[Chorus: Streetlife (Ready Roc) {Method Man}]
Look at my house, how about that, nigga?
(Sour dies', how about that, nigga?
{Big paper, how about that, nigga? }

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

[Streetlife:]
How bout that, ten years plus in the rap game
And still getting cream like a fat cat
Plus, I'm grossing money off of ASCAP
Plus, my publishing, yea I owns that
First of all, my royalty come quarterly
My hoes, my niggas, all move accordingly
Streetlife, I'm so international
My foreign exchange, but always in the capitol
Straight cash advances, while you be calling
Your label all day, hoping someone answers
I flow with no auto-tone, just me and my bitch
My blunt, my beat, my microphone
I shine with no jewelry on, another star is born
Watch me perform, beyond the norm
And when my niggas 'get 'em', that's when I
Brr stick 'em, haha, stick 'em, how about that, nigga?

[Chorus: Method Man (Streetlife) {Redman}]
f**k what it cost, how about that, nigga?
(I'm a boss, how about that, nigga?)
{Straight pimping, how about that, nigga? }

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

[Method Man:]
Pimp game, soak it up, you dig?
Hope your haters want beef, cause I don't touch the pig
How about that, boy, I'm a G, ain't another MC
Or pedophile that can touch the kid, I do it big
Like Chris Wallace, big bank, big wallet
Got a flow that go straight to the pros, forget college
I still got it, if I got an issue, I flow the pistol
And I'm offical, just like them niggas that low the
whistle
Word, man, I shoot to kill 'em, you heard?
If you nasty, I shoot 'em with penicilen, you heard?
I'm like Cali, so carry, when I'm flipping the words
Flip the script on your bitch ass while I'm flipping the
bird
Meth sick with the pen, stick a few in your men

Then again, stick with my pen through the thick and the thin

Look, when my niggas 'get 'em', I send 'em to hell
And ride with 'em, how about that, nigga?

[Chorus: Redman (Method Man) {Ready Roc}]

Look at my crew, how about that, nigga?

(Gun bigger than you, how about that, nigga?

{Pop bottles, how about that, nigga? }

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

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