

## **Redman & Method Man**

### **"Neva Herd Dis B 4"**

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[Intro: Method (Redman)]

Deeper than Atlantis (yeah)  
I pray like a prayin mantis (yeah)  
it's all day (yeah!)  
Doc and Meth nigga (Red and Meth's in  
the motherfuckin buildin yo)  
Brick City, yeah! Staten Island, yeah!  
Let's go (oh, yup! Let's go, yo)

[Chorus: Redman]

Yeah, I'm comin down yo' block  
And my sound's so loud it'll make a nigga STOP  
He recognize who remains on top  
Let a motherfucker know, you never heard this befo'  
Yeah, I'm comin down yo' block  
And my sound's so loud it'll make a bitch STOP  
She recognize who remains on top  
Let a motherfucker know, you never heard this befo'

[Redman]

Y'all already know nigga...  
Yo, it's Funk Doc, my style never change  
Boy I think I still got it, like Eddie Cane  
Cause, nights like this, I bring the pain  
Introducin 11th member of Wu-Tang, Liu Kang  
Doc's spittin, fire out the palms  
Sign the check and, me and the world get it on  
If rap fail, you can bet I'm doin porn  
My Mobb is Deep, we know how to ride in the (Storm)  
I'm like Vince Vaughn, I keep it (Old School)  
For the family I go to war like two-twos  
Throw it on YouTube, tell 'em I'm ready  
Biggie said he got room for me when I'm ready  
Fast lane livin, Mario Andretti  
Greasy lookin like them characters in "Belly"  
Close your eardrums, this a recordin  
don't be unaware like the mayor of New Orleans,  
nigga!

[Chorus]

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[Method Man]

These niggaz, wanna be Biggie, niggaz wanna be  
Tupac  
The only problem niggaz is you not - look  
I got this two-shot dillinger, one shot for killin ya  
If you ain't la familia nigga, I'm not feelin ya  
Tsst, hot; wheelie the block, watch the billin  
We are hip-hop, real and you not, lock the buildin  
Got them Ziplocks, ounces of weed, countin some G's  
up in this bitch spot, a nigga like  
me, I don't do tight tees  
or flip-flops, been a goon since the womb  
And my dad had that herringbone chain with the  
spoons  
Check the wristwatch - deposit the guns  
ain't hard to tell that he a big  
shot - don't plot on my ones  
I carry the (Faith) like Big 'Pac - I carry the weight  
See y'all don't get too carried away,  
and pay me what my salary say  
Ha, Meth Doc, gettin that guap  
Fuck your feelings, this is hard rock, stirrin the pot  
Watch me get 'em with this, hah

[Chorus w/ Redman ad libs]

[Redman]

Yeah, aiyyo, get that rap game on lock, NOTHIN  
Rhymes like ours need E on production  
Lil' kids listenin, we might corrupt 'em  
(Public Enemy), Chuck D can't trust 'em  
Name ain't Justin, but I rock (Timberlands)  
Doctor, right, with the penicillin in  
Get it? New Jersey Drive like midget  
Ask five-oh and Dee-Bo how I whip it  
Yo Meth, can you kick it?

[Method Man] Yes I can

And the (Kid) stay (Frost) like a Mexican  
what's good vatos? Crops and candy cane, I got those  
357's and three dice, I shot those  
Every rapper talkin 'bout he hot, he not though  
Hate to bust bubbles but that's  
what niggaz get popped fo'  
Look - I got my glove, bat and ball  
Catch me pitchin in the trap slingin drug raps and all  
Let's go!

[Chorus]

[Redman] Ha ha!

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