

## **Method Man & Redman "4 Seasons"**

Visit "[4 Seasons](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Bitch  
Brick City, yo

Yo, yo Funk Doc straight lunatic since young  
At 8 paint chips the rare moon  
That pair mics, my maintenance  
I battle you and then me and Meth exchange shifts

For money, to your house arrest anklet  
I take it all, if not, here's a thousand  
Bricks, be shooting fair ones with bail bonds men  
I'm constant, on that paper chase

Blow zip codes from bricks to 8 1 8  
Doc serve to you to liquor in the plate  
Battle royal, in the ring smoking like ought to owe ya  
Fire thrown to the roof of you apartment

Hit 95 then I hide with the Waltons, Down South, the  
forty-four feela  
I'm a Dolo nigga, you a Polo nigga  
I'm an Uptown shopper, you a Soho nigga  
West side highway running, homo nigga

I'm the sultan of the ghetto, the homicidal aficionado  
I empty niggas out like Cristal bottles, uh  
When I battle, I'm breaking Bentleys down to gravel  
I got the heat right here, we ain't got to travel

I'm bigger than producers, I figured out you losers  
I knew my longevity confuse ya  
Big paper game, come on run into these flames  
Recognize the power of the royal King James

Phantom Menace, that's why niggas make faces  
Like they drinking Guinness  
When they realize I'm not finished  
I've been paid, I've been platinum, been spittin', uh  
Been eatin', been ballin' and you know I'm shittin'

Platinum links, chicky-eyed blonde hair  
Honeys sippin' rainbow colored drinks

Black thugs with white minks, ready to jack the brink  
Bend your little wifey over help her stretch out the kinks

That's why ya niggaz freeze when I step up in the  
building  
The Godfather's here giving blessings to his children  
Carrots shine, the world all mine  
Can't believe these cats is poppin' shit about papers in  
their rhymes

Or bodies they collect, black Gotti shot a tech  
Them gangsta visions will have you ass up in an  
ambulance  
Cats ain't live, look up in my eyes  
We can do this one more time, I'll let you decide

The Alizae swigger, I clock twelve figgas  
Think Goulianni's rough I got some real shit for niggas  
Never been defeated, niggas retreated  
Made the choice to be seated until my mission's  
completed

Get loose, get loose, Method Man get loose  
What the world gonna do when my dogs get loose?  
(Blaze one, blaze one)  
Blaze one, blaze one  
Blaze, blaze, blaze one

Now four corners, 4 seasons  
Four MC's with four reasons to bring this game to it's  
knees  
And why you down there, suck my dick  
My whole motto is fuck it

Hit the smoke shop and blow my budget  
MC's abusing my bitch, using my shit  
I'm hanging off the roof with one hand, losing my grip  
Now y'all don't wanna see me do that, now do you?

Go straight cuckoo and terrorize rap, do you?  
I do my best work stressed out and under pressure  
Deep inside the mind is where you'll find my buried  
treasure  
I'm still wild, still Tical, still gritty style, foul, crimi-  
nimal, individual

Sing a song a six street, pocket full of chits  
Too many rappers be on John Gotti's dick  
Now this is something that we don't rehearse  
Put that rap shit second and hip-hop first

Easy, ain't Nann niggas spitting like me  
Nor Murderers motherfuckin' INC  
Niggas will pass me, look me in the face, ask me  
Are y'all really holdin' weight or did somebody ask me?

Ja the myth, ready hand me the fifth let me explain  
Your lil' man made me give him a lift  
So you ridin' with gangstas  
I'm up to a whole lot of other shit

Murderers is the clique, niggas can't deal with  
Try it, you gonna get yours to the heart  
(Hataz)  
Lesson tonight by the four-four  
Niggas want more than a little bit, hot shit  
L.L. an Red

Ja Rule with Hot Nix I'm the best at that shit  
So bitches explain this  
We ride dick so well, head game from hell  
I love making them yell, my name  
Rule baby and ain't shit gon' change, uh, uh

Yo Meth, why don't you ask where all the ladies at?

Where all the ladies at?  
All the ladies in the house with the real hair  
The clean underwear and she don't need welfare,  
make some noise  
Check this shit out

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.