

Method Man & Redman "Big Dogs"

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(Check it, check it out)
(Check it, check it out)
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(Check it, check it out)

Yo yo method man
(Check it, check it out)
Yo yo iron lungs
(Check it, check it out)
Yo yo yo
(Check it, check it out)
Yo yo
(Check it, check it out)

Call us Gorillas Of The Myst, Raunchy Vocalist
Your code name Doc
Whats yo' name? Hot Nix
Who them slick kids puffin that shit holdin' they dicks

Yo them same two drivin yo whip fuckin' yo bitch
Hold me down son
Yo, I hold you down with the pound
You got a lot of biscuits ayo but where they at now?

Diggy down yo we resevior dogs, you puppy chow chow
Got my mittens on the kitten, lickin' it now now
Yo we bring the beef to you
Infest it with the mad cow disease

We set to load cock and squeeze
Booya! We too hard to hold off
One arm slam ya like Nicoli Volkov

When I dip dip dappa dappa
The anti-socializa liza
Everything be ice cream
I'm served the food and glass ya

We rock ya, knock ya fuckin'
Whole team off the roster
Starting lineup, iron lung
The funk docta

Don't fuck with the big dog
Don't fuck with the big dog
Don't fuck with the big dog
Don't fuck with the big dog

Johnny blaze the ghost rider uh
Ghost stories by the campfire uh
The night breed vampire!
Duckin' from the head rushin' uh Wu Tang production

Precussions bringin reprecussions
I hold my mike sideways bustin'
Another one bites the dust and cardiac arrest
Clutchin' your chest suckin' your last breath

In awe period meth
Nigga dyin from papercuts, bleedin' to death
Down these mean streets Johnny Quest uh
From Ascap to Nasdaq get that money sack uh

These habitats aint no place to raise family at
These alley cats be at war with these dirty rats
So watch you back when you come to the slum
There ain't nowhere to run from the iron lizard lung

Blazes on stunts I be dippin' in the sun
My plates bear no one
My uzi weighs a ton
Word up now uh

Don't fuck with the big dog
Don't fuck with the big dog
Don't fuck with the big dog
Don't fuck with the big dog
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Pon cocked the Don Juan doc
Send crews back to the shoe shine box
Connect the dot's my description
Black Mel Yellow da mellow

I make it hard for MC's to run neck and elbow with D O
Penal code, we both to duck when he hear the bike
Wit the squeaky clutch
Swallow this hard act to follow

You could parachute off my slang
And use my rhymes to toggle
I'm tense, so smooth I cant be fingerprinted
I stomp harder in slow motion

Yo fuck your appluad
Bitches still rush me like they rushed the store
Before the soul train award
Incorporate a law

Whoever ain't raw get they hand chopped
By Jamal with the wu sword
My crew specializin'
Snakin' yo bitch

Robbin' you while you on the floor
Shakin your shit
I'm doin' me now I'll do you
Yo who you?
Doc

I bomb shit through the conflicts crucial
I be da black El Nino I mean yo
I'm supreme like the team show
With the pay to cream fo

To see you sit down?
Yo, na we get the fuck up
And leave the one you wit
Then take off of Usher

That's right, six double oh with chrome pipes
U.S. marshals out to pen us up like snipes
Throw it in drive fuck takin' me and meth alive
Yo, you look that away, you look out the other side

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