

Method Man & Redman

"Dis Iz 4 All My Smokers"

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[Intro: Redman (Method Man)] "This is for, all my smokers" Whoo, one more, just keep the thing at the end of it Alright, give me one more time on the count of three 1, 2, 3 "This is for, all my smokers" (Yo, ya'll done made the album, you heard) Yes sir "This is for, all my smokers" "This is for, all my smokers" [Redman] Aiyo, Meth, what's up, nigga? [Method Man] Doc, what's really good? Got that bush and that Backwood, light up in any hood Yup, I'm that hood, my brother, love me some Cali kush Never thought that little bush in that baggie would have me hooked I'm a pothead, everyone look, and point your fingers At the bad guys, with the cottonmouths and glass eyes Huh, fuck it, I'm that high, I'm blowing smoke clouds Got my head in the clouds, fuck it, I'm that fly Doc, what's up, nigga? [Redman] Yo, you know how I bust Find me drunk, fucked up at the Cannabis Cup For those who don't smoke, get the middle finger up You smoke more than us, nigga, it's beginner's luck My truck, ride with 5-0 eyes on it It's like the blunt, when you ain't got five on it I challenge any opponent, who wanna smoke? We can puff til our voice get lower than Tone Loc, like [Chorus: Redman (Method Man)] Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Ain't nobody smoking more than me, up in here (Aiyo, pump this shit, you get high off this here, because) "This is for, all my smokers" (I'm like yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Ain't nobody smoking more than Meth up in here) Aiyo, bump this, bitch, you get high off this here, because) "This is for, all my smokers" [Redman] Yo, I'm like oh my God, oh my God I start growing sour dies' in my home garage Now niggas on the block, say I'm on my job Cuz now I rock more chains than Amistad This my 'entourage', this not HBO A bitch see me, she like, oh there he go You can smoke with the bro, if you got ass and nice tits But fuck you, with that, I'm 'high off of life' shit [Method Man] They tried to make me go to rehab, no Tell my P.O. that I ain't trying let the weed bag, go You can catch me in the whip, pushing the seats back slow My chick's a Rican, that mean she off the meat rack, though Look ma, I'm eating, cuz when it's time to

get that dough I sink my teeth in, and turn around and
spit that flow They call me beasting, I monster the
booth, so in the cut I leave 'em bleeding, little swag',
with some Miss Dashing season [Chorus] [Method Man]
I got flavors, I major, baby, send in the troops That
Johnny Blaze ya, leave dashes in your Timberland
boots Can't fuck with haters, just mad I got a pocket of
loot I'm chasing papers, ya'll try'nna be a rock in my
shoe I'm a father, I don't drink with kids, these
youngers thinking they hard I think harder than they
think they is I'm by as proper as my English is, and
hope I did my thing Before I die, for the things I did
[Redman] Everybody light it up and smoke with your
man And cigarette smokers, change ya game plan Cuz
this is for all my, marijuana smokers Backwoods,
Swisher sweets, and Dutch rollers Yeah, I pull over,
start pulling out money Cuz I by weed, like everyday
420 You know what else funny, I found was so gutter
I'm Cheech and Chong brother, just got different
mothers [Chorus]

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