

Method Man & Redman

"Do What Ya Feel"

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Yeah, follow
Just do what ya feel and I'ma follow
I'ma follow

Just do what ya feel and we gon' follow
Just do what ya feel and I'ma follow
Just do what ya feel and I'ma follow
Ha, ha, meth tical

Who wanna flip with the acrobatic
From ground zero all the way to attic?
Where we be smokin' tical
The reservoir is now open
I swim the English Channel, backstrokin'

You don't know me or my style
We hold court and blow trial
You catch Cal
When you browse through my x files

Who be next now? Man's down, hands down
Hold ground by your side when it go down
I dedicate this next dart to my fucking heart
Little Meth pea, the best part
Now walk with that one

Word, time, time for sum action, dreamin' 'bout Toni
Braxton
Blowin' her back out like Bob Backlund, I'm throwin'
wrestling holds
Tag team with Funk Doc, we in funk mode
Take yo' best shot

If it don't hip, it don't hop
If it don't quit, it don't stop
That's the life

I be the super lyrical individual
I be splittin' through that Teflon material
To knock Big Ben off of schedule
Better move with a set of tools

I be doin' it to mics when I'm a heterosexual

I load the mic then cock, drop it like three quarters
When I slaughter, don't get caught in the water
'Cause the brick's got it's own world order
Leave your bitch in shock like the third rail caught her

Styles stay deeper than Orca
I float the seven seas with ease
Did more drugs than pharmacies
So call me that lyrical genovese

You can't compare
Get you steppin' like stairs, frats, sororities
Don't make me bring it on back
I fuck up the majority

Of niggaz lookin' hard at me, I port 'em like authority
And when my nigga, Meth, shine
Out the inner how high mobile
Rollin' three dimes at a time

Redman and Method Man still
It's that Jersey representer
Get hit from the bottom to your head when you enter

Word
Just do what ya feel and I'ma follow
Just do what ya feel and I'ma follow
Just do what ya feel and I'ma follow
Funk Doc, break it down

Yo, suck my dick out of animosity
The velocity will fly that head and freeze your camps
like pottery
To give lobotomies to all you rap colonies
And shut your million dollar investment, to economy

Impossibly, might be the one in black leather
Name tag sayin' 'Caution when wet by the track wetter'
The hash spreader, I love the grimy shit
Even my girl did grimy shit to me and I went back with
her

Three years for carrying a loaded handgun
But it's forever when a nigga
And he lands one to your cranium
That red dot on your forehead
It's not 'cause you're Arabian
Watch what you say to him

You're caught up in a tight situation
I should start erasin' your whole organization
For makin' wack tunes
While my whole platoon rock the basement

You couldn't come close if I gave you my bookin' agent
Or producer, royalty points, twelve shot loaded Luger
Even a crowd to get you souped up, you're still wack
I peel caps, on the regular, destroy MCs, etcetera

Creep like the predator
Fuck you, your label moms and your editor
Give you two to the jugular
Blood be spreadin', all on my shirt
The king of the flirt, shittin'
Bitches hit me off more than new edition

I make the pig's heart skip a beat
From the steel physique
So iron lung
Get on the mic and break 'em off a somethin',
somethin'

We moonshine and grow crops
Purchasin' the handhelds with the sure shots
It got me spittin' these slugs at my competition
In rap sessions

You ain't be got no weapon, you lip professin'
Next in line, parental discretion advised
These explicit, street linguistics
Better than yo' momma biscuits, we bomb shellin'
I might know but ain't tellin', too bad you missed it

Johnny, dangerously blaze
Another enemy made, another due paid
Color-safe bleach so I don't fade
Scar your mental with my double edged blade

Razor sharp, get yo' Band Aids, hold that
Like he said, get the bozack
Show them wack niggaz where the dough's at
On the case like I'm Kojak
Kissin' the grits on that flo', bitch
Flip scripts, take long shits

Raider ruckus
One, I come with premeditated red rum
Gingivitis to your filthy ass gums
Bottom line, either get down or get done, motherfucker

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