

Method Man & Redman

"Father's Day"

Visit "[Father's Day](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Method Man (Redman)] I wanna deal, with a bigger asshole The streets, it's coming down hard We got to get our shit together We always had music, eating off the game Like you was never gon' run dry, that ain't no business (No other game is run so disorganized Look around you, every hood that's taking care of business Is together, dig it, tight?)

[Method Man] I can't spend my life running away For what it's worth, how much dirt can I get done in a day? I got, clip in the AK (a blunt in the tray) I'm a beast (Fuck the police) N.W.A. Ya'll play this game that the huster's play And if you dress in the metrosexual way, then muthafucka, you gay Ya'll can save this drama for Kay Slay, like who's fucking my chick Or writing books about sucking my dick Now I don't give a fuck what they say, cuz once I put on my cool They see my life and wanna put on my shoes Top of the world, ma, look at your dude I dig a chick with an attitude, but I don't let her cook up my food It's like these young niggas hugging the strip Who got the power to move bricks and buildings never loving the bitch Stripping with game, ya'll can guzzle a sip, ain't nothing change My niggas is off the chain, and we don't muzzle the pit, a-ha "Can I get a suuuuuuuu?" "Aiyo, this bounce right here for all my Wu-Tang muthafuckas in the house, tonight"

[Redman] Soon as I, pick up my pen, I begin my flow I close my eyes then write rhymes in a Blackout mode My uzi, weigh over a ton, CD plays over I do my crime with baking soda, with no odor Pull out like boat motor streams, crack your shoulder wing Def Squad decoder ring, psychopath bordering My dogs shitting on your lawn, while you watering Pay the fine, audit him and shit on your lawn again D.O.C. get it, C.O.D., my hood P.O.P., nigga, N.J. deep, baby Jersey state of mind, Method Man, lock 'em in Ya'll niggas give a fuck, punk, we the opposite, yup I hear you gossipping, cuz we on Just because I rock, don't mean I'm made of stone My bones is sturdy, I wake up to get it early When I bully the streets, my Co-D is Keith Murray In a hurry, back down, the boy roll with us This how it sound when them boys is transmitted Bricks to Staten Island, where

babies turn into killers That's why my Cadillac bare
more arms than caterpillars, let's get it "Can I get a
suuuuuuuu?" "Aiyo, this bounce right here for all my
Wu-Tang muthafuckas in the house, tonight"

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

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