

## Method Man & Redman

### "Neva Herd Dis B 4"

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[Intro: Method] + (Redman) Deeper than Atlantis (yeah) I pray like a prayin mantis (yeah) It's all day (yeah!) Doc and Meth nigga (Red and Meth's in the motherfuckin buildin yo) Brick City, yeah! Staten Island, yeah! Let's go (oh, yup! Let's go, yo) [Chorus: Redman] Yeah, I'm comin down yo' block And my sound's so loud it'll make a nigga STOP He recognize who remains on top Let a motherfucker know, you never heard this befo' Yeah, I'm comin down yo' block And my sound's so loud it'll make a bitch STOP She recognize who remains on top Let a motherfucker know, you never heard this befo' [Redman] Y'all already know nigga... Yo, it's Funk Doc, my style never change Boy I think I still got it, like Eddie Cane Cause, nights like this, I bring the pain Introducin 11th member of Wu-Tang, Liu Kang Doc's spittin, fire out the palms Sign the check and, me and the world get it on If rap fail, you can bet I'm doin porn My Mobb is Deep, we know how to ride in the +Storm+ I'm like Vince Vaughn, I keep it +Old School+ For the family I go to war like two-twos Throw it on YouTube, tell 'em I'm ready Biggie said he got room for me when I'm ready Fast lane livin, Mario Andretti Greasy lookin like them characters in "Belly" Close your eardrums, this a recordin Don't be unaware like the mayor of New Orleans, nigga! [Chorus] [Method Man] These niggaz, wanna be Biggie, niggaz wanna be Tupac The only problem niggaz is you not - look I got this two-shot dillinger, one shot for killin ya If you ain't la familia nigga, I'm not feelin ya Tsst, hot; wheelie the block, watch the billin We are hip-hop, real and you not, lock the buildin Got them Ziplocks, ounces of weed, countin some G's up in this bitch spot, a nigga like me, I don't do tight tees or flip-flops, been a goon since the womb And my dad had that herringbone chain with the spoons Check the wristwatch - deposit the guns Ain't hard to tell that he a big shot - don't plot on my ones I carry the +Faith+ like Big 'Pac - I carry the weight See y'all don't get too carried away, and pay me what my salary say Ha, Meth Doc, gettin that guap Fuck your feelings, this is hard rock, stirrin the pot Watch me get 'em with this, hah [Chorus] w/ Redman ad libs

[Redman] Yeah, ayyo, get that rap game on lock,  
NOTHIN Rhymes like ours need E on production Lil' kids  
listenin, we might corrupt 'em +Public Enemy+, Chuck  
D can't trust 'em Name ain't Justin, but I rock  
+Timberlands+ Doctor, right, with the penicillin in Get  
it? New Jersey Drive like midget Ask five-oh and Dee-Bo  
how I whip it Yo Meth, can you kick it? [Method Man] Yes  
I can And the +Kid+ stay +Frost+ like a Mexican  
What's good vatos? Crops and candy cane, I got those  
357's and three dice, I shot those Every rapper talkin  
'bout he hot, he not though Hate to bust bubbles but  
that's what niggaz get popped fo' Look - I got my glove,  
bat and ball Catch me pitchin in the trap slingin drug  
raps and all Let's go! [Chorus] [Redman] Ha ha!

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