

Method Man & Redman "Run 4 Cover"

Visit "[Run 4 Cover](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, yo, enta, enta
Enta, enta

It's the synical lyrical rap individual
On my death bed I spit sick flows that's critical
I'm not a fan of this, I'm a mic vandalist
Thug therapist my clan's too original
My slang bang to wax, words that's visual
Too digital for y'all common street criminals
Who wanna come test, lick the sweat from my genitals?
We can get off the mic, and get a little physical

I was born a rock, since they cut my umbilical
Cord, I swing swords behold the prolific
Rhyme writer, hip-hop provider prize fighter
Live wire, quick to set the mic on fire
I speak legalized dope, hit man for hire
I quote murderous notes dope rhyme supplier
Hang glide on the mic like a stunt driver
And I won't stop rockin' till I retire

When it comes to the darts, I throw 'em, flame thrower
Blow your section eight home to your pay phone up
Grass smoker, in the cut for the Lawnmower
I water, I ride the wale that ate, Jonah
Over, your faced wit the black cape over
You woke up four Gorillas wit a makeover
Packin' a punch asthma pump takeover
My crew boards, and the whole plane lays over

Yo, yo you can't talk wit the tape over
Pass the pussy, get out, date's over
Back to your gray Nova that's way slower
Redline to five on the highway shoulder
Enemies say, "Doc the one to play closer"
This baboon loose off the chain choker
Hardcore, Jacore, I hate poker
But y'all spread when my bullet's daytona

Comin', comin' through duck
Run 4 cover
Comin', comin' through duck

Run 4 cover
Comin', comin' through duck
Run 4 cover
Comin', comin' through duck
Run 4 cover

Comin', comin' through duck
Run 4 cover
Comin', comin' through duck
Run 4 cover
Comin', comin' through duck
Run 4 cover
Comin', comin' through duck
Run 4 cover

Yo, this ain't ya granddaddy music, it's hip-hop
Comin' through your woofer like a mute kit
Hundred thousand watts on some bullshit
I blackout eclipse wit the semi bust a full clip, clap out
Touch one if any, that's my complexin' conquest
Now tell that shit to the court, I plead no contest
From none of y'all, please

I potty train pussy ass rugrat for free
Keep the cake for the family and off Sarah Lee
That's how we do, powerful, movin' on ya left
Mista who Meth, black gorilla beatin' on his chest
I suggest, you pay yo' debt or Protect Ya Neck
I suggest, you wear a vest makin' all them threats
Here's a chin check that cash and splash niggas in half
Smash rappers like hash, soke 'em down to ashes
At last it's the crew that party crashes the masses
Madness wildin' out like special ed classes

Straight out the gate, meet Tony
Don of all dons, behind New York King Tut wit one arm
Been at nutcrunch last cinnamon toast wit power rose
Whips dirty dustin' my bitch, fuck Parole
Peace shout he's Wallee Timb's, wild out
We in the spot guns go off though
Came out his mask it was Ollie North
Oh shit, what up what up Ghost
Congratulations on your new flick
Burn it dead who max the most

Word up you got the most Clarks
Brave hearts spin this
For under come down in the pale he need minutes
Told y'all before I kick doors off the hinges
Ain't no cooler and there ain't no Guinness
Money like Barry Blue, Keanu Reeves wit bench slippers

Play the PGA Tour wit Jack Nicklaus
Statues of Mary, gas that bust mercury
Sit through the biggest storm and hand out turkey

That's the way I like it
Pussy ass rusty ass niggas
07103, 10304

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

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