# Method Man & Redman
# "Tear It Off"

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Yo, man glorious, this is protected
By the Red and Tical
Slap it down, way out of bound
Roll in a towel, fo' we gun down

Yo, flip mode, toilet bowls explode
When Doc come drop a shit load
Grip fo's, mushrooms, dick those
Deep pistol, whip hoes, I bitch O's
Money, Roll, I stick a zip code
Tiptoed before Doc escape row
Thirsty, snippin' out a pig nose
My Benz too with wings and 6-0's

My flows is North Pole cold
My hands got area's that fits snow
Doc, fixin' hoes in disco's
My dogs let 'em walk with ripped clothes
Shows, Niggas pack 6 rolls
We're losin' 'em, his hart won't get pulse
Pack you bags off a 10 percent doze
Lip closed? I can hum and shit gold

Yo, yo, tear the roof off
Yo, yo, tear the roof off
Back off, don't make me shoot y'all
You don't want to fuck with us, you don't

I gets down, rip sand with this stick style
Pistol, lick ground, get off my dick now
Get crabbed, hostile, you kids is all sound timid
Scared to get in it, these dogs is Rock wild
Unchained, untamed, you know my name
Act strange, pack flame, it's not a game
Just ill flows that kills shows, you can feel yo
Kickin in you do', like a steel toe for real doe

Y'all gon' learn, I spit germs
When you come short on Big Worm, you get burned
Punks don't get turned, they get done and get sun
Come, get some, the last victim lie in a ditch

Now who wanna fuck with Hot Nick
Niggas chew gum with they ass and pop shit
Me and Funk Doc get, toxic
A bowl of rice, different chopsticks
Go make your Wu just impostors

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Okay Corral with Doc and Meth Tical
Bar saloon fight without weapons out
Stretch marks like belly on Kevin? Lous?
One yard to score, only second down
Hoes play wifey, wanna settle down
Tryin' to lock cash? Bitch better bounce
Boyfriend jump in, Meth shut him down
Pound to echo loud 'bout seven miles

Doc, Dirty Jersey hunt 'em down
Uncut rhymes won't even fit the file
Baddest man out the bunch, pick him out
Drunk with a gun, miss you hit the crowd
Snitches, someone kiss to stitch your mouth
Wilder then winos on liquor droughts

Mrs. Howell, Mary-Ann, dig 'em out
Ginger, watch with the gun in Skipper mouth
Love Da Ruckus and love to dish it out
Pre-washed MC's, start rinsin' out
Get your whole camp put on the missin' file
Pushin' twelve out, bumpin' digital

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We Just-Ice, men or mice, ain't nuttin' nice
Fuck your life, your type just too light to fight
We move right on Fright Night when niggaz bite
We bust pipe condo's that suck tight
We alright, you all hype and all tripe
In the Source with half mic, you half liked
And half dead, blasted on flatbed
I'm past dead, eyes red, the hash head

Burn somethin', earn somethin' and learn somethin'
Take my turn frontin', Def Jam ain't heard nuttin' yet
Suspect, ruff necks, book 'em Dano

You get busted, never leave home without my mustard
Trust this out for justice, clown
And caught on Judgment Day, call Joe Brown
Take MC's to town if they star bound
Ashes to ashes, they all fall down

Master you bastards with hazardous tactics
Semi-automatic full rap metal jacket
Blasted in plastic your brain on the mattress
All you kids is ass-backwards and vice-a versa

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Come on, yo tear the roof off
Nigga, yo tear the roof off
Back up, don't make me shoot y'all
You don't want to fuck with us, you don't

Yo, you don't want to fuck with us, you don't
Yo, you don't want to fuck with us, you don't