

## Method Man & Redman

### "Y.O.U"

Visit "[Y.O.U](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Meth]

Traces of lipstick on my collar

Baby you got to do some more to get this last dollar

Hotter than lava when you come believe that I'ma follow

Lady Medana like the drink-machine I like to swallow

Rockin' that Prada, Honey stay up in the beauty parlor,

Girl it would be my honour, make you my babymomma

Holler she hella proper, fuck with tha dumbin' cousin

Sucka for lovin'-buggin', shockin' them duckin' buckin'

Suckin' then finga-fuckin', then let me say you somethin'

I'm not to stuffin' of that English muffin

Can't tell me nuthin', uhn uhn

Pushin' yo' ? in when I'm stuckin'

All of a sudden, baby gun-duckin', BBC! Oh girl you nasty

[Redman]

Yo' I get it on poppin'

Doc, unlockin' yo' doors, clockin' my drawers

Suckin' your mouth with a torn stockin'

Rapped around ? , I'm creepin' when you parkin'

Shoot out the lights, darkening the area, then hop in

Pick up my bigga nigga who helped me figured the  
plottin'

Droppin' the tops, splittin' the dough

Shoppin' in rotten--New York, first flockin'

Because I'm heavy like Bo stockin' coat

Watch ya coat from Fo sparkin', they leave the parking

Niggaz unforgettable can be forgotten

Doc and Meth ? the top ten!

Choppin' it raw, lockin' 'n blockin',

Only raw choppin' his metaphores, so cops can stop  
watchin'

I put 'em in and cock 'em, ready to rock 'em stock 'em

Renevate your apartment, when these two things  
barkin'

My Mackamichi knockin', bougie holes be spottin' on  
they trampers

I get 'em dripplle like Lickey Falses

[Chorus]: Redman, [Meth]

Now who a bitch nigga?!

[Now who a snitch nigga?!]

Now who the shit nigga?!

[Now who the sick nigga?!]

Now who you with nigga?!

[With who you with nigga?!]

Who rock shit nigga?!

[Who pop shit nigga?!]

[Come on!] Come on! [Come on!] Come on!

[Come on!] Come on! [Come on!] Come on!

[Come on!] Come on! [Come on!] Come on!

[Come on!] Come on! [Come on!] Come on!

[Redman]

I figured it out: ya'll niggaz ain't as big as yo' mouth

My street-value well it ain't won't even fit in yo' couch

When I bust titties come out

No matter what city hardcore committee's dumb to  
fuck out

Son's ya duck out! Nuthin' to lose, poppin' a two up in  
ya goose

Buckle yo shoes, cuffle my boots, fuckin' with you

Blow my Anaconda like Nirvana

Marijuana got bitches on they knees in they Gabbanas

Gettin' 'em dirty dirty with the hersey and the bombin'

Holla the drama, fire two in ya armor

Ya pigeon betta call ma, the ice is a honour

To in help me lift an arm up, lebaba(?) with ya momma

Even dirty her donna, my dick is heronomic

Pull out a young Geroni-mo, BBC! Oh girl you nasty

[Meth]

Itchin' to start the mission, flippin' so keep yo' distance

Ain't go no pot to piss in? Ain't got no competition

Listen, I slip the clippin', trippin' you get me lippin'

Come mis and catch a whippin', now kids is actin'  
different

Ditchin' them double-dippin', chickens that keep

forgettin'

I ain't the one for trickin', or anybody-kickin'

Rippin' these compositions, scrippin' them paper-written

Hold 'em and hit 'n stickin', ballin' like Scottie Pippen

It's hot in Hell's Kitchen, but still I'm forced bittin'

Shittin' like 'No he didn't', wipin' my ass and splittin'

Chattin' like Joe gettin'

All in the zone settin' it off like Big Daddy

It ain't no half-steppin'...I keep rappin'

Staten you keep sweatin', frontin' and ass-bettin'

Duckin' my Smith & ? , trashin' the Meth and catchin'

Hell, we leave you restin' in PEACE, BBC! Oh girl you nasty

[Chorus]

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

---

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