

Man Method

"Big Dogs"

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Featuring Redman]

[Redman]

Def Squad Wu Tang

laugh

(check it check it out)

Verse 1: Method Man [Redman in brackets]

[Yo yo Method Man yo yo Iron Lungs]

[Call us gorillas in the myst]

[Raunchy vocalist]

Your code name

[Doc]

[Whats yo' name]

Hot Nix

Who them slick kids puffin that shit holdin they dicks

[Yo them same two drivin yo whip fuckin yo bitch]

Hold me down son

[Yo I hold you down with the pound]

You got a lot of buiscits

[Ayo but where they at now?]

Diggy down yo we resevior dogs, you puppy chow-chow

Got my mittens on the kitten, lickin it now-now

[Yo we bring the beef to you, infest it with the mad cow]

Disease

[We set to load]

Cock and squeeze

[Booya!]

We too hard to hold off

[One arm slam ya like Nicoli Volkov]

When i dip dip dappa [dappa]

The anti-socializa [liza]

Everything be ice cream from _?_

[We rock ya, knock ya fuckin whole team off the roster]

[Starting lineup, Iron Lung]

The funk docta

Verse 2: Method Man

Johnny blaze the ghost rider [uh]

Ghost stories by the campfire [uh]

The night breed [vampire!]

Duckin from the head rushin [uh]

Wu Tang production

Precussions bringin reprecussions

I hold my mike sideways bustin [bustin]

Another one bites the dust and

Cardiac arrest

Clutchin your chest suckin your last breath

In awe, period meth

Nigga,

dyin from papercuts, Bleedin to death

Down these mean streets johnny quest [uh]

>From ASCAP to NASDAQ

Get that money sack [uh]

These habitats aint no place to raise family at [family
at]

These alley cats be at war with these dirty rats

So watch you back when you come to the slum

There aint nowhere to run from the iron lizard lung

Blazes on stunts

I be dippin in the sun

My plates bear no one

My uzi weighs a ton

[Word up]

Verse 3: Redman

Pon Cocked

The don juan doc

Send crews back to the shoe shine box

Connect the dots

My description

Black mel

Yellow da mellow

I make it hard for mc's to run neck and elbow

With d-o

Penal code

We both to duck when he hear the bike

Wit the squeaky clutch

Swallow this hard act to follow

You could parachute off my slang and use my rhymes
to toggle

I'm tense, so smooth i cant be fingerprinted

I stomp harder in slow motion

Yo fuck your appluad

Bitches still rush me like they rushed the store

Before the soul train award

Incorporate a law

Whoever aint raw get they hand chopped

By jamal with the wu sword [whoo-ee!]

My crew specializin

Snakin yo bitch

Robbin you while you on the floor

Shakin your shit

I'm doin me now i'll do you

[Yo who you?]

Doc

I bomb shit through the conflicts crucial

I be da black el nino

I mean yo

I'm supreme like the team show

With the pay to cream fo

[To see you sit down?]

Yo, na we get the fuck up

[And leave the one you wit]

Then take off of usher

Thats right, six double oh with chrome pipes

U.S. marshals out to pen us up like Snipes

[Throw it in drive]

Fuck takin me and meth alive!

[Yo, you look that-a-way]

You look out the other side

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