

Man Method

"Dog In Heat"

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Missy]

Gimme that funk, mmm..

Funk, mmm.. yo gimme that

Funk.. sho' nuff that

Funk..

[Redman]

Yo, yo

Beware of the dogs, off the chain

Fuck your whips at the club we piss in the parkin lanes

Blow it up ten frames so you see it wide

If your broad ain't fuckin she don't need to ride (beat it)

She can crawl in the trunk with her knees inside

by the spare, she hungry I'll feed her fries

Cause I'ma, dog nigga, shot-call nigga

My shotgun talk with a lecture hall scripture

Applaud {*ahh*} bitch, shake that ass

I getcha, drunk and high and duct tape that ass fast

Then leave you on your daddy front lawn (ding dong)

with your hair all fucked up, with one pump on

Get stomped on, I take the money and run

I'm a dog, shit I fuck right in front of your son

If you ain't got Missy and Meth

want me to spit the hot shit for you? Nigga, write your check

[Missy]

When you come home from work, I'm gon' make you do more work

Pour some wine in the cup, sip sippin on sizz-urp

Ohhh.. ohhh.. now we gon' make love to and in ya

SLIDE, wanna take a ride

When you with me oh so right, tell them boys not tonight

Say you chillin witcho bitch and this is one y'don't wanna miss

Uhh uhh.. cause this love right here is on fire (fire)

SLIDE, wanna take a ride

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I love it boy when you play this song

Dead wrong, you know this record be turnin me on

You keep me growlin like a dog in heat

Hey wodie put it down make me sleep for weeks

[Missy]

You on the block layin low, from the cops layin low

When you done let me know cause my love make you be like WHOA

Ohhh.. ohhh.. cause I got yo' mind in the trenches

SLIDE, let's take a ride

Baby come give me some HEY WODIE ain't no other one

can shine on my life and make me wanna stay the night

Mmmm mmmm.. cause you put butterflies on my
stomach

SLIDE, baby won't you slide

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

Yo yo I wanna gangsta BOOGIE with my GANGSTA
BITCH

Love it when the pussy talk back thanks to dick

All my dogs (woof) playin the wall, get at these broads

You ain't got no-ass-at'all, we ain't fuckin wit y'all

I'm not your smooth lovin, see me at Casbah thuggin

Hands where your Stove Top be stuffin

Never catch Tical hand-cuffin, I'm in your party puffin

Smellin like that Wu-Tang production

Cousin tried to tell me pussy come a dime a dozen

And when it come around I'll beat it down like
percussion

Missy come and get me, I'm bout to call Doc

We can all meet up at Peanut's, I heard it was the spot

Somebody roll the weed up, push the car lighter, kick
your feet up

Saturday Night, who got the Fever?

Brought the flavor, of indonesia

Puff puff give type procedures

and this joint bumpin out your speakers

[Chorus]

[Missy]

I'm gonna take you high to the top
and let your body not reject me babe
I'm gonna make you really love me
I'm gonna make you scream don't stop
But you must first respect his lady
You must respect this lady

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