

Man Method

"Run 4 Cover"

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Run 4 Cover"

(feat. Redman, Ghostface, Street Life)

[Street Life]

Yo yo, enta, enta, enta, enta yo

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 to rock since they cut my umbilical

Cord, I swing swords, behold the prolifical

Rhyme writer, hip-hop provider, prize fighter

Live wire, quick to set the mic on fire

I speak legalized dope, hitman 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

[Redman]

Yo yo yo

When it comes to the darts, I throw em

Flamethrower, blow your section-eight home to your
payphone 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

[Chorus 8x]

Comin through, comin through duck

Run for cover (BASS!)

[Method Man]

Yo 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 complexing conquest

Now tell that shit to the court, I plead no contest

From none of y'all, please

I potty train pissy-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 (smoke em down to ashes)

At last it's the crew that party crashes the masses

Madness wildin out like special ed classes

[Ghostface Killah]

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 (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

Bravehearts 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

[Redman]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, WHUUUA!!!

That's the way I like it

[Method Man]

PISSY ASS RUSTY ASS NIGGAS!!

(0-7-1-0-3) 1-0-3-0-4

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