

## Tool

### "4 Horsemen"

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[Intro - Phife Dawg]

Lo, Bay, Snag, and Phife

This is how we hold it down every night

Aiyyo it's Lo, Bay, Snag, and Phife

Money in our pocket and our chicks is right

Aiyyo it's Lo, Bay, Snag, and Phife

This is how we hold it down every night

Aiyyo it's Lo, Bay, Snag, and Phife

Aiyyo, money in our pocket and our chicks is right

[Verse One - Big Lo]

There's a lot of niggas out there that spit that shit

And there's alot of motherfuckers that just talk shit

But a nigga like me, I got hundred percent G

To get a homeless nigga come and cop a tape off me

I do my thing with the flows, do my thing with the hos

And my nigga Bay Lloyd keep a fresh pair of both

When it's time to rock raps you better be on your toes

It's Big Lo, I come through with the murderous rhymes

Man, Mike got shit but he ain't fuckin' with mine

Chick be like, yo who the fuck left the pussy open?

Feelin' fucked up in his skins while he strokin'

Mad cause a nigga like me left it open

I'm the cat on the low in the hood, who be creepin'

Catch me with a hot black chick or a Rican

If shorty blow the spot, fuck it we just won't be speakin'

But trust me she'll be back by the motherfuckin'

weekend

Cause I stays on my toes when it comes to the freakin'

I kick the hot shit that keep my whole team eatin'

[ Verse Two - Bay Lloyd]

When it comes to rap, I got a arm like a quarterback

The nigga to but your daughter on the track, and sell  
her body

Not stressed for paper, there's more to rap

It's the fans, they like to see me pop bottles at every  
party

Got our band's website, for fiends to order crack

I'm the man of my hood, I thought I told you that, don't  
be nervous

You're worthless, BE ALL YOU CAN BE!  
Y'all niggas better off joinin' the service  
Don't hustle y'all baby (mama), why don't you sell  
garbage  
Twelve-twelve fifty eighths, hear me take off like Curtis  
Mayfield, and reach a nigga, stay still  
Y'all niggas, don't you know can't fuck around with  
Bay's skills  
Come in heavy like Durangos with thick soles  
I'd rather hair stores sell weave to Kim Coles

[Chorus 2x]

This here hold it down for Lynden, Bully like what!  
Runnin' through life and not givin' a fuck  
Gotta get your paper, never mind these sluts  
They ain't goin' nowhere we can always get butt

[Verse Three - Snag]

Hit the record button Snag's about to floss logic, tape  
deck  
I spit more classics then niggas been raised by poppin'  
acid  
Now peep my tactics, flat on they back, without a  
mattress  
When I go birdy, Snag in the Gucci casket  
I brought platinum back, but it's only on the plastic  
It's the fourth quarter, peep the Snag as he stretches  
Y'all niggas claim you playas but you warmin' up the  
benches  
I back-crack bitches on mats, whip out extensions  
Hit the box on your backboard, piss on your track boy  
Hijack a car for the landin' and then kill you  
Shea Stadium, on the roof of the Paladium  
And get head, 'til I bob through, this chick is premium  
If any gun's pulled Snag'll be the one aimin' 'em  
Lettin' off like a menace, all at your fuckin' tree  
And leavin' you careless, Snag said it it's time to end it

[Verse Four - Phife Dawg]

Last but not least it's Mutt Ranks  
Nice with the mic and you can take that to the bank  
Knockin' all you maggots out the park like the Yanks  
First nigga on stage, that's my word he's gettin'  
shanked  
No longer Phife Dawg, see them bloody days are done  
with  
Mutt Ranks now! Time that I get on some dumb shit  
It's great goin' solo thats my motherfuckin' word!  
You know my style Bay, gotta put myself first  
Anybody poppin' shit then they get what they deserve  
With chicks I get more action than a motherfuckin' verb

Come one, come all and you all will get served  
Cats is hard-headed when the fuck will they learn  
Too many fraud rappers, I don't know 'bout them I deal  
with  
For those that's hard of hearin', G I'ma make you feel it  
Fuck your pot smokin' and your sips of Hennesey  
The pussy that you get, what the fuck that mean to me?  
Handcuff these clowns and the rhymes they be sayin'  
One smack to the mouth and they know you ain't playin'  
When I'm on the mic, son there won't be no delayin'  
Them niggas frontin' hard be the same niggas prayin'  
Knaamsayin'?

[Chorus 2x]

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