

## **Method Man % Redman F/ LL Cool J % Ja Rule**

### **"Four Seasons"**

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[Redman]

Bitch!

Brick City, yo

Yo, yo Funk Doc straight lunatic since young

At 8 paint chips the rare moon ----

That pair mics, my maintenance

I battle you and then me and Meth exchange shifts

For money, to your house arrest anklet

I take it all, if not, here's a thousand

Bricks, be shooting fair ones with bail bonds men

I'm constant, on that paper chase

Blow zip codes from bricks to 8-1-8

Doc serve to you to liquor in the plate

Battle royal, in the ring smoking like ought to owe ya

Fire thrown to the roof of you apartment

Hit 95 then I hide with the Waltons

Down South, the forty-four feela

I'm a Dolo nigga, you a Polo nigga

I'm an Uptown shopper, you a Soho nigga

Westside highway running, homo nigga

[LL Cool J (Method Man)]

I'm the sultan of the ghetto

The homicidal aficionado

I empty niggas out like Cristal bottles, uh

When I battle, I'm breaking Bentleys down to gravel

I got the heat right here, we ain't got to travel

I'm bigger than producers, I figured out you losers

I knew my longevity confuse ya

Big paper game, come on run into these flames

Recognize the power of the royal King James

Phantom Menace, that's why niggas make faces like  
they drinking

Guinness

When they realize I'm not finished

I've been paid, I've been platinum, been spittin', uh

Been eatin', been ballin' and you know I'm shittin'

Platinum links, chicky-eyed blonde hair, honeys sippin'  
rainbow colored

drinks

Black thugs with white minks, ready to jack the brink  
Bend your little wifee over help her stretch out the kinks  
That's why ya niggaz freeze when I step up in the  
building  
The Godfather's here giving blessings to his children  
Carrots shine, the world all mine  
Can't believe these cats is poppin' shit about papers in  
their rhymes  
Or bodies they collect, black Gotti shot a tech  
Them gangsta visions will have you ass up in an  
ambulance  
Cats ain't live, look up in my eyes  
We can do this one more time, I'll let you decide  
The Alizae swigger, I clock twelve figgas  
Think Goulianni's rough I got some real shit for niggas  
Never been defeated, niggas retreated  
Made the choice to be seated until my mission's  
completed  
Get loose, get loose, Method Man get loose  
What the world gonna do when my dogs get loose?  
(Blaze one) Blaze one (Blaze one) Blaze One  
Blaze, blaze, blaze one

[Method Man]

Now four corners, four seasons  
Four MC's with four reasons to bring this game to its  
knees  
And why you down there, suck my dick  
My whole motto is fuck it  
Hit the smoke shop and blow my budget  
MC's abusing my bitch, using my shit  
I'm hanging off the roof with one hand, losing my grip  
Now y'all don't wanna see me do that, now do you?  
Go straight cuckoo and terrorize rap, do you?  
I do my best work stressed out and under pressure  
Deep inside the mind is where you'll find my buried  
treasure  
I'm still wild, still Tical  
Still gritty style, foul, crimi-niminal, individual  
Sing a song a six street  
Pocket full of chits  
Too many rappers be on John Gotti's dick  
Now this is something that we don't rehearse  
Put that rap shit second, and hip-hop first

[Ja Rule]

Easy, ain't Nann niggas spitting like me  
Nor Murderers motherfuckin' INC  
Niggas will pass me, look me in the face, ask me  
Are y'all really holdin' weight or did somebody gas me?  
Ja the myth, ready hand me the fifth let me explain

Your lil' man made me give him a lift  
So you ridin' with gangstas  
I'm up to a whole lot of other shit  
Murderers is the clique, niggas can't deal with  
Try it (Hataz) you gonna get yours to the heart  
Lesson tonight by the four-four  
Niggas want more than a little bit, hot shit  
L.L. an Red  
Ja Rule with Hot Nix I'm the best at that shit  
So bitches explain this  
We ride dick so well, head game from hell  
I love making them yell, my name  
Rule baby, and ain't shit gon' change, uh, uh

[Redman]

Yo Meth why don't you ask where all the ladies at?

[Method Man]

Where all the ladies at?  
All the ladies in the house with the real hair  
The clean underwear and she don't need welfare,  
make some noise  
Check this shit out

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