

**Method Man f/ Carlton Fisk, RZA, Streetlife****"4:20"**

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[Intro: RZA (Method Man)]

Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it (roll it up niggaz)

Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it (4:20, y'all, it's time, it's time)

Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it (it's been a long time for this man)

Niggaz been sleeping on the kid, man, everybody got some sideways shit to say)

Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it (Carlo! Know what I'm saying, man?)

Yeah)

[Method Man]

Fast or slow mo, oh no, Meth done made a killing

Call the po-po, oh niggaz is squealing, oh, y'all ain't feeling

Niggaz no more, the bigger they are, harder they go though

Good pussy put a hump in my back like Quasimoto

Hah, my sex ain't homo, season vet, hold the adobo

Got rappers on that low carb diet, y'all can't get no dough

I keep a low pro, file, excuse me as I get smoked out

Put hands on these niggaz, then put the roach out

Go head, I'm wishing you would, ask if it's good

Man, this Tarzan shit in the woods, my shit is hood, bitch

That means I'm hood rich, telling you lies

Straight out the pull-pit, it's like Merrill Lynch I'm on that bullshit

Real spit, money come first, and even worse

You need all your toes & fingers to count up what I'm worth, trick

So when I blow a smoke cloud in your face, just take a hint

Dick, you crowding my space, it's Mr. Meth, pa

[Chorus: Carlton Fisk]

It's 4:20, roll up, nigga getting smo-ked out

No seeds, California weed have you choked out

No doubt, roll up, which rims spoked out

4:20 mean you either roll up or roll out

[RZA]

Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it  
Roll that shit, light that shit, smoke it

[Method Man]

So on and so on, I flow on  
Power to our people, get your smoke on  
And I'm so gone, off, that sour diesel  
Hard to hold on, but hold on, it's like I'm Pretty Toney  
With that robe, got terrorist shook, because I'm so  
bomb  
The hood, put, me in position, I'm in the kitchen  
With that cook book, the service I'm giving, birds they  
vision  
Not a good look, told ya my nigga, Tical deliver  
Hook or crook, lots of asses to kick, wish I had a bigger  
foot  
Yeah, taking it there, hating who care  
Y'all stay out my mental, I got killas waiting in here  
To get you, as I sharpen my pencils, tear apart  
instrumentals  
Fuck it, y'all niggaz is pussy, so is the dick that sent you  
RZA, we done it again, Co-D occasion  
Here's to short skirts and Ol' Dirt McGirt, okay, then  
Let's get it popping, like it ain't nothing to get it  
popping  
The big and rotten's the city, too good to be forgotten

[Chorus 2X]

[Streetlife]

The rap game won't like me  
You can tell that a nigga is shiesty  
If I die, my second born'll be like me  
Slide dick to your wifey  
Never know your baby boy just might be  
Quick to rob a jack, he's so icy, stay dressed to kill  
From the Hill, never ran, never will  
Attitude, like, fuck you still, I see you missing the point  
This is not a rap song, you get clapped on  
Bullets break the bone, like the joint, call you out your  
name  
Disrespect ya moms, spit on your dame  
Go public, then, shit on your fame, you overlooking the  
fact  
Where you from, is where we at  
And y'all don't want no, parts, in that that  
Caught your verse for sale, but real niggaz don't shoot  
& tell

We'd rather do the time and rot in the cell

[Carlton Fisk]

The inner outer state, bi-coastal smoker  
Inhale, Cali piff with a swift of glaucoma  
Black jeans, black Timbs, black Benz roaster  
Smoke rise, out the sun roof when I roll up  
Verrazano, with no relation to Gravano  
Carlo, shots are hollow, still cop a bottle  
And pour some out, moment of silence, then I swallow  
I'm still alive, and still the sun'll come out tomorrow  
Shine shine shine, and grind, cuz it's money on my  
mind  
And I'm moving like my life is on the line  
For the bullshit, I really got no time, a full clip  
Really gon' let ya niggaz know what's on my mind  
When ya getting out of line, have them choppers lit up  
You won't need a camera phone to get the picture  
Chalk down, tape around, body bag zipped up  
Carlo Verrazano, you can call me mister

[Chorus]

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