

Method Man, Cheka

(feat. Redman)

[Redman]

Bricki-di-roaw!
Steppin' out the crowd throwin' bolo's
Flicki-di-flame, owh! when chrome .44's
Loadin' it up, packin' it back, ready to splash for real
Spit flows out the gail, God tried to bail
It's hectic, 45-6 gimme ya grips
That's more dollars in them tongues in them go-go chicks
Bitch I'm drunk, pumpin' slugs out of canon
Shot ya after-party down with Meth and Red in
Check it, Bricks and Shaolin, NO JOKE!
And when I hit the pussy call me Daddy Long Strope
Or Ana, I'm hittin' pigeons out in Atlanta
Banana--Split, HOT TWO..SPIT! OOH SHIT!
Spickin' ya rippin' ya four or ya funds
I wet ya like a 141 watergunz
Cocky like Rocky, got ya scared to death!
So hold on ya bitches, cuz here come RED-METH!

[Chorus:]

Microphone-check, mirco-microphone checka!
Microphone-check, mirco-microphone checka!
Microphone-check, mirco-microphone checka!
Fuck with me and Meth and we break ya fuckin' neck-a
Rememba these?!
Microphone-check, mirco-microphone checka! Rememba these?!
Microphone-check, mirco-microphone checka! Rememba these?!
Microphone-check, mirco-microphone checka! Rememba these?!
Microphone-check, mirco-microphone checka!

[Meth]

Okay the 'hey hey' baby, me and Doc about to blow
My Saturday night's so special and they pointin' at yo nose
Aiiyo, save the speculations and the rumours
Comin' sooner then you think I knock a phat bitch outta blumors
Givin' tumors, hardcore, givin' it to 'em raw
Landshark, Southpaw, so kids say I jap-a-jaw
One-two, no ending or beginning to my cypher
I'm winning, tell the news like Peter ?
Depending on any givin' day I'm representin'
The struggle, my great grand who lived thru the linchin'
Oh yes ya'll, if you got the weed, who got the blunts?
Take a guess ya'll, Kool-Aid bustin' thru the wall
Mr.Meth ya'll, HAH-CHU! Comment allez-vous
I used to hawk chickens, now I'm maxin' with Badu
I represent Wu, my uzi weighs a ton
I'm swingin' a track from Staten, cuz that is where I'm from

[Chorus til the end]