

Method Man, Rodeo

(feat. Ludacris)

[Intro: Method Man]

Yeah... yeah (come on ride in my rodeo, come on ride in my rodeo)
This one of another one of them nasty M-E-F joints, come on, come on
Come on (come on ride in my rodeo, come on ride in my rodeo)

[Method Man]

To all the chicks with they asses thick
Out the whole click, she the baddest bitch
Dose-doh, round your partner, switch
Clan in Da Front, we be starting shit
No don't trip, dog, spark 'em, quick
Holla when a real nigga talkin', trick
We got grip, but we ain't spendin' shit
You and your friends, stop pretendin' trip

[Ludacris]

Let a nigga get nut pushed, better yet let a nigga get some head
I work 'em, work 'em or feed 'em, burp 'em, then jerk 'em, instead
I get my nuts pushed, on the bottom to the top of your gums
I feel your slurpin', slurpin, I'm skeetin' and squirtin' your tongue
And I got about 5 grand, but I won't be spendin' a dime
See cuz overspendin's a crime and I can't be spendin' my time
If you get your guts pushed, could be of cuz Luda and Meth
Could be of cuz we do it best, could be of cuz we screw 'em to death

[Chorus: Method Man (Ludacris)]

Come up out of them dirty clothes (bend on over and touch them toes)
Uh-oh, we-oh, we-oh! (Come on and ride this rodeo)
(Meth & Luda we lock and load) Round your partner, now dose-doh
Uh-oh, we-oh, we-oh! (Come on and ride this rodeo)

[Ludacris]

I wonder where about five bottles of gin, models that wanna swallow
And wobble, gobble again, tell a couple of friends
I slap that ass, bitch, take a look and see what you got in
Cuz I've been schemin' and plottin', to have you breathin' and stoppin'

[Method Man]

What we talkin' bout? Pussy poppin', car hoppin' women
See 'em watchin', clockin', pigeons
Flockin' Luda they jockin', lightin' buddha, and boots is rockin'
Nameless hoes, take 'em brainless with painted toes
Famous, she code, twerkin' pussy, hurtin', workin' that pose

[Ludacris]

They wanna raise that pussy tab, price and position
Enticin' these women, given the proper juice
Life that they livin', hope that they double deuce
Shifted ass cheeks, last week and Ludacris is backseat
Afraid so, ask son, taste them

[Method Man]

Now watch me, dog 'em, freak 'em
Out every weekend, she puttin' APB's on my dick
I keep on bettin' and breathin', where's my pants, I'm leavin'
I'm speakin' facts, mamies creepin' and they cheatin'
They even sleepin' with mats, some be eatin' that cat
I'm teasin', indecent expose, Method be tweakin'
Keep pussies leakin' through pantyhoes, marijuana smell on my clothes
This evening, these bunnies got me on swell, I bust and reload
Honey, break out the 'dro and give me some mo', on the rodeo

[Chorus w/ Luda & Meth switching lines]