

# Run 4 Cover (feat. Ghostface & Street)

## Method Man & Redman & Ghostface Killah

Yo, yo, enta, enta  
Enta, entaIt's the synical lyrical rap individual  
On my death bed I spit sick flows that's critical  
I'm not a fan of this, I'm a mic vandalist  
Thug therapist my clan's too original  
My slang bang to wax, words that's visual  
Too digital for y'all common street criminals  
Who wanna come test, lick the sweat from my genitals?  
We can get off the mic, and get a little physical  
I was born a rock, since they cut my umbilical  
Cord, I swing swords behold the prolifical  
Rhyme writer, hip-hop provider prize fighter  
Live wire, quick to set the mic on fire  
I speak legalized dope, hit man for hire  
I quote murderous notes dope rhyme supplier  
Hang glide on the mic like a stunt driver  
And I won't stop rockin' till I retireWhen it comes to the darts, I throw 'em, flame thrower  
Blow your section eight home to your pay phone up  
Grass smoker, in the cut for the Lawnmower  
I water, I ride the wale that ate, Jonah  
Over, your faced wit the black cape over  
You woke up four Gorillas wit a makeover  
Packin' a punch asthma pump takeover  
My crew boards, and the whole plane lays over  
Yo, yo you can't talk wit the tape over  
Pass the pussy, get out, date's over  
Back to your gray Nova that's way slower  
Redline to five on the highway shoulder  
Enemies say, "Doc the one to play closer"  
This baboon loose off the chain choker  
Hardcore, Jacore, I hate poker  
But y'all spread when my bullet's daytonaComin', comin' through duck  
Run 4 cover  
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Run 4 coverYo, this ain't ya granddaddy music, it's hip-hop  
Comin' through your woofer like a mute kit  
Hundred thousand watts on some bullshit  
I blackout eclipse wit the semi bust a full clip, clap out  
Touch one if any, that's my complexin' conquest  
Now tell that shit to the court, I plead no contest  
From none of y'all, pleaseI potty train pussy ass rugrat for free  
Keep the cake for the family and off Sarah Lee  
That's how we do, powerful, movin' on ya left  
Mista who Meth, black gorilla beatin' on his chest  
I suggest, you pay yo' debt or Protect Ya Neck  
I suggest, you wear a vest makin' all them threats  
Here's a chin check that cash and splash niggas in half  
Smash rappers like hash, soke 'em down to ashes  
At last it's the crew that party crashes the masses  
Madness wildin' out like special ed classesStraight out the gate, meet Tony  
Don of all dons, behind New York King Tut wit one arm  
Been at nutcrunch last cinnamon toast wit power rose  
Whips dirty dustin' my bitch, fuck Parole  
Peace shout he's Wallee Timb's, wild out  
We in the spot guns go off though  
Came out his mask it was Ollie North  
Oh shit, what up what up Ghost  
Congratulations on your new flick  
Burn it dead who max the mostWord up you got the most Clarks  
Brave hearts spin this  
For under come down in the pale he need minutes  
Told y'all before I kick doors off the hinges  
Ain't no cooler and there ain't no Guinness  
Money like Barry Blue, Keanu Reeves wit bench slippers  
Play the PGA Tour wit Jack Nicklaus  
Statues of Mary, gas that bust mercury  
Sit through the biggest storm and hand out turkeyThat's the way I like it  
Pussy ass rusty ass niggas  
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