

Tear It Off

Redman & Method Man

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Yo, man glorious, this is protected
By the Red and Tical
Slap it down, way out of bound
Roll in a towel, fo' we gun downYo, flip mode, toilet bowls explode
When Doc come drop a shit load
Grip fo's, mushrooms, dick those
Deep pistol, whip hoes, I bitch O's
Money, Roll, I stick a zip code
Tiptoed before Doc escape row
Thirsty, snippin' out a pig nose
My Benz too with wings and 6-0's
My flows is North Pole cold
My hands got area's that fits snow
Doc, fixin' hoes in disco's
My dogs let 'em walk with ripped clothes
Shows, Niggas pack 6 rolls
We're losin' 'em, his hart won't get pulse
Pack you bags off a 10 percent doze
Lip closed? I can hum and shit goldYo, yo, tear the roof off
Yo, yo, tear the roof off
Back off, don't make me shoot y'all
You don't want to fuck with us, you don't
I gets down, rip sand with this stick style
Pistol, lick ground, get off my dick now
Get crabbed, hostile, you kids is all sound timid
Scared to get in it, these dogs is Rock wild
Unchained, untamed, you know my name
Act strange, pack flame, it's not a game
Just ill flows that kills shows, you can feel yo
Kickin in you do', like a steel toe for real doeY'all gon' learn, I spit germs
When you come short on Big Worm, you get burned
Punks don't get turned, they get done and get sun
Come, get some, the last victim lie in a ditch
Now who wanna fuck with Hot Nick
Niggas chew gum with they ass and pop shit
Me and Funk Doc get, toxic
A bowl of rice, different chopsticks
Go make your Wu just impostorsYo, yo, tear the roof off
Yo, yo, yo, tear the roof off
Back off, don't make me shoot y'all
You don't want to fuck with us, you don'tOkay Corral with Doc and Meth Tical

Bar saloon fight without weapons out
 Stretch marks like belly on Kevin? Lous?
 One yard to score, only second down
 Hoes play wifey, wanna settle down
 Tryin' to lock cash? Bitch better bounce
 Boyfriend jump in, Meth shut him down
 Pound to echo loud 'bout seven miles Doc, Dirty Jersey hunt 'em down
 Uncut rhymes won't even fit the file
 Baddest man out the bunch, pick him out
 Drunk with a gun, miss you hit the crowd
 Snitches, someone kiss to stitch your mouth
 Wilder then winos on liquor droughts Mrs. Howell, Mary-Ann, dig 'em out
 Ginger, watch with the gun in Skipper mouth
 Love Da Ruckus and love to dish it out
 Pre-washed MC's, start rinsin' out
 Get your whole camp put on the missin' file
 Pushin' twelve out, bumpin' digital Yo, tear the roof off
 Yo, yo, tear the roof off
 Back off, don't make me shoot y'all
 You don't want to fuck with us, you don't We Just-Ice, men or mice, ain't nuttin' nice
 Fuck your life, your type just too light to fight
 We move right on Fright Night when niggaz bite
 We bust pipe condo's that suck tight
 We alright, you all hype and all tripe
 In the Source with half mic, you half liked
 And half dead, blasted on flatbed
 I'm past dead, eyes red, the hash head Burn somethin', earn somethin' and learn somethin'
 Take my turn frontin', Def Jam ain't heard nuttin' yet
 Suspect, ruff necks, book 'em Dano
 You get busted, never leave home without my mustard
 Trust this out for justice, clown
 And caught on Judgment Day, call Joe Brown
 Take MC's to town if they star bound
 Ashes to ashes, they all fall down Master you bastards with hazardous tactics
 Semi-automatic full rap metal jacket
 Blasted in plastic your brain on the mattress
 All you kids is ass-backwards and vice-a-versa Yo, yo, tear the roof off
 Yo, yo, tear the roof off
 Back off, don't make me shoot y'all
 You don't want to fuck with us, you don't Come on, yo tear the roof off
 Nigga, yo tear the roof off
 Back up, don't make me shoot y'all
 You don't want to fuck with us, you don't Yo, you don't want to fuck with us, you don't
 Yo, you don't want to fuck with us, you don't

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>