

Dat's Dat Shit (feat. Mally G)

Method Man & Redman & Mally G

(feat. Redman, Mally G (Jamal), Young Zee)[Method Man]

Uh, get ya stank on[Radio voice]

WWKYA, WE'RE KICKIN YOUR ASS![Mally G/Jamal]

My receipts is worth ten titles

I shit on wrote Bibles, if you don't like me I don't like you

I liable to load the rifle, hit the roof and snipe you

The shit I spit damaging your vitals

Nobody ride through like my squad do

Got all y'all players suicidal

Actin niggas, take two

You heard the news, I'ma break it to ya

We're here to headline the bill and

Featuring Funk Doc, Tical and the villain

A mic murder for hire, ten grand a killin

Yo Funk Doc, pass the glock, this bitch nigga grillin

I make moves wit my big dog? bounce?

Staten Island to the Bricks for mo' chips and mo' pounds

Y'all know who really lockin this shit down

When we rock it, don't we all stand out?

Y'all hazardarious, clear out

Get ya ass out 'fore I tear it out

And show you what I'm talkin 'bout

[Chorus: Redman, Method Man (Young Zee)]

Yo get ya up and get ya high, ha!

Get ya stoned and get ya wide

Dat's dat shit (like or not, niggas sleepin wit the fifth)

Dat's dat shit (like or not, bitches fightin over dick)

Aiyyo we get ya up and get ya high (yeah)

Get ya stoned and get ya wide

Dat's dat shit (like or not, niggas sleepin wit the fifth)

Dat's dat shit (like or not, bitches fightin over dick)[Redman]

I'm high-powered, the dog rott weiler

Chocolate thai showers got Doc cookin minute rice for five hours

You wet cowards, I'm live wire

Ya bitch ass probably wash ya hands wit Palmolive

Yo Bricks holler, I got the plan printed

Load it and it goes like summer jam tickets

Fam can't dig it, pop goes the wea-sel

You be hidin under your peacoat wit people

I told cops, roll blocks, no props

Fo' pops, Hennessy back and we both shot

That's how we go out, are you the thug type?

To ride down like Hopper from a Bug Life?
 Watch the movie, haters tried to eye screw D
 Your beef in small claims court, Judge Judy
 When you and I meet up, the fight heat up
 Bloody up ya wife beater then light weed up
 [Chorus][Method Man]
 I melt wax, Cuban Link chain react
 Breezin through these tracks wit the highest of velocity
 Play me like Monopoly
 Pay me everytime you trespass on my property
 I'm Dick Dastardly, no use in cop blockin me
 Sloppily, your woman on the stop-watch clockin me
 Possibly I rock well, somebody always watchin me
 Livin in the street life, my eyes seen atrocity
 Undress a kid properly
 When I keeps it movin that means there ain't no stoppin me
 Constant motivation, the god fiend bury kings
 Proper education, Allah sees everything
 How High, just another form of elevation
 That's why I choose to build from the basement
 Twelve-thirty-one-ninety-nine, times are wastin
 More these Hot Dog MC's next to Nathan
 Allah Math, break the phonograph in half
 Promoters on some bullshit, short wit Johhny cash
 (Dat's dat shit) They got snitches rattin on the click
 (Dat's dat shit) They got bitches fightin over dick
 WHERE THE LOVE AT, when you're young, broke and black
 It's over there, in the ashtray, who got a match?[Chorus][Young Zee]
 Yeah yeah yeah, Young Zee got bitches fightin over dick[Redman]
 Get ya up and get ya high
 Funk Doc got bitches fightin over dick[Method Man]
 Yeah yeah yeah yeah, Meth-Tical got bitches fightin over dick[Redman (Young Zee)]
 Get ya up and get ya high (All y'all stupid bitches keep fightin over dick)
 Get ya stoned and get ya wide
 Get ya up and get ya high (HIIIIIGH!)
 Get ya stoned and get ya wide wide (Yeah yeah)
 Get ya stoned and get ya high (Fightin over dick)
 Get ya stoned and get ya high ha
 Get ya up and get ya high ha (Fightin over dick)
 Get ya stoned and get ya high ha

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