

Therapy (Clean) [feat. Method Man & Redman]

Masta Killa

Masta Killa:

Yo, I gotta be around this music, it's therapeutic
The first fresh [?] of the day is so clear
When I walk, in my head, there's a voice that talks
In my ear I can hear so clear, you think I'm buggin' right?
I'm just contemplating the silent [?]
Out to the Westside my killer Cali gangstas ride and get the head right
Yo son, I'm on the next flight in
Twist some [?] I'm guaranteed the right of his psalm before we reach
Throw the instrumental on it, watch [?] pattern of speech
[?] military arm ready to swarm, get your party on
Drinks on the house tonight, ladies lookin' right
Atmosphere nice and warm, we backstage like a hundred thieves strong
Ghost want the red light on before we get on
An hour's too short [?], we got a million songs

Method Man:

Yo I gotta be around this music, it's therapeutic
Like my first blunt of the day to start the movement
I'm sittin' in the room with a view, there's always room for improvement
So I grab my coat and go and prove it
Just me against the world, you can find me in the streets
She'll spot me in the lobby, probably find me in the free
Cop a 'Rari, the [?] in the lining of my seats
Tryna put me in a lineup til' I wind up in the beast
That's the belly, how dare they tryna tell me when to eat
With a plate of food barely in my reach
My team shoot dice, we used to shoot skelly in the streets
Wear the same Pelle-Pelle's for a week
But now we livin' life, and such a good life I wish that I could live it twice
I'd probably make [?] my wife
It's Wu-Tang Clan, always collect cheddar
Proper education, always correct errors

Redman:

Yo, bananas, Redman so gorilla
Chi-town know I'm pimping the mic, nigga
One hit, and chicks follow me like Twitter
Crack when I talk, I like the mic [?]
The fiends hit it, chicks swing wit' it
I'll box niggas in like Dom King did it
I get dough, [?] for the sick flow

My weed more greener than Lou Ferrigno
My right-hand man hand on the pistol
I crack these squares up like Nabisco
Oh, look at me, I'm lightweight
But with the heart to peel back your white meat
Yo wifey want me to make her wifey
Hit it, make the bitch hyphy at high speed

Doc

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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