

Run 4 Cover (feat. Ghostface Killah & Streetlife)

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
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 Run 4 cover Yo, 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, please I 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 classes Straight 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 most Word 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 turkey That's the way I like it
 Pussy ass rusty ass niggas
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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