

# Mi Casa

## Method Man & Redman

[Redman]

[Verse 1] Whatcu crazy?!?

Since a buck tooth baby, Doc

Was like straight fuck you pay me like Jay-Z

Lazy Niggas complain

Doc load up the cartridge and start kickin game like Acclain

Those who you call Doggs rat your name

Those who say they love you attack your change

Thats why i fold down 4 fingers

Say fuck the world and Jimmy da earth out with Coat hangers

Rap game n street game dont sleep

Its a cold world betta pack yer own heat

Niggas aint happy to the cash on "E"

Then the hash and the cat and a bag is on me

Yeah Right!

My bear hugz air tight

New Yorkerz no no turnin on a redlight

Me against 40 of you? a fair fight

Microphones get took you shook wear white

[Chorus] You don't got no wins in Mi Casa

And it's your stopper meth tical man and funk docta You don't got no wins in Mi Casa

Bomb Droppa throw you ouch ya mind who shot ya You don't got no wins in Mi Casa

Hit it Hip Hoppers turn it up a notch make it it hotter You don't got no wins in Mi Casa

I'm warnin' you partna meth tical man and funk docta [Method Man]

[Verse 2]

Every time I turn around somebody in my business

Time for you to testify can I get a witness

Actin like bitches

Dirty Dick niggas look suspicious

Ain't physically fit for the fitness

Welcome to the game of death

Polly wanna biscut?

First prize a one way ticket to my shit list

And I spread it like a rumour or a sickness

Stand-by let a chicken head lay a chicklet

Can I slap a fat ass with da quickness

Stupid ass niggas goin abroad nigga get tha syphilis

Comin' through son I'ma fuck you and your district

Misrepresentin' misinterpreting and des misfit

Playboy, you ain't got no balls plus you're dickless

And I'm like a plumber layin' pipe up in your missus

No man can hold hold me nor can control me

Next time you see me, holla like you know me! [Chorus] You don't got no wins in Mi Casa  
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I'm warnin' you partna

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