

4:20

## Method Man

Roll that s\*\*\*, light that s\*\*\*, smoke it  
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Roll, roll, roll that s\*\*\*, light that s\*\*\*, smoke it  
Roll that s\*\*\*, light that s\*\*\*, smoke it Yeah, fast or slow mo, oh no, Meth done made a killing  
Call the po-po, oh n\*\*\*\*\* is squealing, oh, y'all ain't feeling  
N\*\*\*\*\* no more, the bigger they are, harder they go though  
Good p\*\*\*\*\* put a hump in my back like Quasimoto Hah, my sex ain't h\*\*\* season vet, hold the  
adobo  
Got rappers on that low carb diet, y'all can't get no dough  
I keep a low pro, file, excuse me as I get s\*\*\*\*\* out  
Put hands on these n\*\*\*\*\*, then put the roach out Go head, I'm wishing you would, ask if it's  
good  
Man, this Tarzan s\*\*\* in the woods, my s\*\*\* is hood, b\*\*\*\*\*  
That means I'm hood rich, telling you lies  
Straight out the pull-pit, it's like Merrill Lynch I'm on that bulls\*\*\*  
Real s\*\*\*, money come first, and even worse  
You need all your toes and fingers to count up what I'm worth, t\*\*\*\*\*  
So when I blow a smoke cloud in your face, just take a hint  
D\*\*\*\*\*, you crowding my space, it's Mr. Meth, paIt's 4: 20, roll up, n\*\*\*\*\* getting smoked out  
No seeds, California w\*\*\* have you choked out  
No doubt, roll up, which rims s\*\*\*\*\* out  
4: 20 mean you either roll up or roll out Roll that s\*\*\*, light that s\*\*\*, smoke it  
Roll that s\*\*\*, light that s\*\*\*, smoke it So on and so on, I flow on, power to our people  
Get your s\*\*\*\*\* on and I'm so gone, off, that s\*\*\* d\*\*\*\*\*  
Hard to hold on, but hold on, it's like I'm Pretty Toney  
With that robe, got terrorist shook, because I'm so bomb The hood, put, me in position, I'm in  
the kitchen  
With that cook book, the service I'm giving, birds they vision  
Not a good look, told ya my n\*\*\*\*\*, Tical deliver  
Hook or crook, lots of a\*\*\*\*\* to kick, wish I had a bigger foot  
Yeah, taking it there, hating who care  
Y'all stay out my mental, I got killas waiting in here  
To get you, as I sharpen my pencils, tear apart instrumentals  
Fuck it, y'all n\*\*\*\*\* is p\*\*\*\*\*, so is the d\*\*\* that sent you RZA, we done it again, Co-D  
occasion  
Here's to short skirts and Ol' Dirt McGirt, okay, then  
Let's get it popping, like it ain't nothing to get it popping  
The big and rotten's the city, too good to be forgotten It's 4: 20, roll up, n\*\*\*\*\* getting smoked  
out  
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 No doubt, roll up, which rims s\*\*\*\*\* out  
 4: 20 mean you either roll up or roll out Roll that s\*\*\*, light that s\*\*\*, smoke it The rap game  
 won't like me  
 You can tell that a n\*\*\*\*\* is shiesty  
 If I die, my second born'll be like me, slide d\*\*\* to your wifey  
 Never know your baby boy just might be Quick to rob a jack, he's so icy, stay dressed to kill  
 From the Hill, never ran, never will  
 Attitude, like, fuck you still, I see you missing the point  
 This is not a rap song, you get clapped on B\*\*\*\*\* break the bone, like the joint, call you out  
 your name  
 Disrespect ya moms, spit on your dame  
 Go public, then, s\*\*\* on your fame, you overlooking the fact  
 Where you from, is where we at and y'all don't want no, parts, in that that Caught your verse for  
 sale, but real n\*\*\*\*\* don't shoot and tell  
 We'd rather do the time and rot in the cell Roll that s\*\*\* The inner outer state, bi-coastal smoker  
 Inhale, Cali piff with a swift of glaucoma  
 Black jeans, black Timbs, black Benz roaster  
 Smoke rise, out the sun roof when I roll up Verrazano, with no relation to Gravano  
 Carlo, shots are hollow, still cop a bottle  
 And pour some out, moment of silence, then I swallow  
 I'm still alive and still the sun'll come out tomorrow Shine, shine, shine and grind, 'cause it's  
 money on my mind  
 And I'm moving like my life is on the line  
 For the bulls\*\*\*, I really got no time, a full clip  
 Really gon' let ya n\*\*\*\*\* know what's on my mind When ya getting out of line, have them  
 choppers lit up  
 You won't need a camera phone to get the picture  
 Chalk down, tape around, body bag zipped up  
 Carlo Verrazano, you can call me mister It's 4: 20, roll up, n\*\*\*\*\* getting smoked out  
 No seeds, California w\*\*\* have you choked out  
 No doubt, roll up, which rims s\*\*\*\*\* out  
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