

# Da Rockwilder

## Method Man

Oh my God, oh my God Microphone checka, swingin' sword lecture  
Closin' down the sector, supreme neck protector  
Better warn 'em kid, Mr. Meth's a boiling pot  
About to blow his lid from the pressure, too hot for TV For cheesy, too many wanna be hard be easy  
It's all an' together, going all out together  
It don't take much to please me  
Still homes I'm never satisfy like the stones  
We don't condone bitin' see them skull and crossbones Protecting what I'm writing  
Don't clash with the Titan who blast with a license  
To kill rap reciting  
Come on, in the zone with ya nigga from the group home  
Tical, fuck your lifestyle Put your lights out  
Get the shit to crackin' got you feelin' with your pipes out  
Time for some action, surfen' the avenue  
Mad at you, where I used to battle crews  
Back when Antoinette had that attitude Cover me I'm going in, walls closing in  
Got us bustin' off these pistols  
My niggas got issues, again, same song  
Armed with the mega bomb  
Blow you out the frame and then I'm gone Yo, I was going too but we roam, cellular phones  
Doc-Meth back in the flesh, blood and bones  
Don't condone, spit bank loans and homegrown  
Suckers break like turbo and ozone When I, grab the broom, moon-walk platoon hawk my goons bark  
Leave you in a blue lagoon lost, true  
Three nines and a glove with Nasu he dying in the car  
While we behind on the bars Haters don't touch, what? Weigh us both up  
Now my neighbor dope up  
Got the cable hooked up, all channels  
Lift my shirt all mammals  
You ship off keys and we ship grand pianos Sawed off shotgun hand on the pump, sippin' on a forty  
Yo smokin' on a blunt  
Bust my gun and red and Meth gettin' jumped  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
Yeah, come on, red and Meth gettin' jumped  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la

Lyrics provided by

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