

# What You Getting Into (Instrumental)

## Method Man

What you getting into, I ain't doing nothing  
Same old shit, making money, niggas frontin  
What you getting into, I ain't doing nothing  
About to cop a bag, get a dutch, and fuck something  
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This is what I'm into Strollin to the building, collect the money, than tell shorty get the rental  
We going cross the bridge, we heading up town  
Cop a couple hundred grams, bring it back make it triple  
Stop at the smoke shop, cop them double zero bags  
Yeah we got big rocks, those up the block, niggas mad, call up bullet man  
I need some more shells, I heard you got the ap9, out the box for sale What you getting into, I ain't doing nothing  
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This is what I'm into I wake and I'm high, I be sleeping on the clouds, like I wake up in the sky  
I roll up another one and then I'm getting fly  
Then I load up a couple guns, because it's time to ride  
See the money's what I'm into, ima keep it simple  
It I ain't getting guap, that shit is poppin like a pimple  
Holy as a temple, hair pin trigger so gentle, can't print you  
Only way to ID you is through your dental What you getting into, I ain't doing nothing  
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This is what I'm into I'm all about this caper, in the group with 9 members  
I ain't trying to split this paper, but that's another issue  
I ain't rappin with you haters, send you back to meet your maker  
And I bet nobody missed you

The island be official, without the striped jersey and the whistle  
Put the pistol to you dog, Michael Vick you  
Method I'm the Shih Tzu, It only take a word for me to sic you  
I mean get you and them goons are going with you What you getting into, I ain't doing nothing  
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This is what I'm into

Songwriters

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