

# Method Man (Remix)

## Wu-Tang Clan

From the slums of Shaolin, Wu-Tang Clan strikes again  
The RZA, the GZA, Ol Dirty Bastard, Inspecktah Deck, Raekwon the Chef  
You-God, Ghost Face Killer and the Method Man  
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN  
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN  
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN  
Hey, you, get off my cloud  
You don't know me and you don't know my style  
Who be gettin' flam when they come to a jam?  
Here I am here I am, the Method Man  
Patty cake patty cake hey the method man  
Don't eat Skippy, Jif or Peter Pan  
Peanut butter, 'cause I'm not butter  
In fact I snap back like a rubber  
Band, I be Sam Sam I am  
And I don't eat green eggs and ham  
Style will hit ya, wham!, then goddamn  
You be like oh shit that's the jam  
Turn it up now hear me get buck wu-wu-wild  
I'm about to blow light me up  
Upside downside inside and outside  
Hittin you from every angle there's no doubt  
I am, the one and only Method Man  
The master of the plan wrappin' shit like Saran  
Wrap, with some of this and some of that  
Hold up (what?) I tawt I tat I putty tat  
Over there, but I think he best to beware  
Of the diggy dog shit right here  
Yippy yippy yay yippy yah yippy yo  
Like Deck said this ain't your average flow  
Comin' like rah ooh ah achie kah  
Tell me how ya like it so far baby paw  
The poetry's in motion coast to coast and  
Rub it on your skin like lotion  
What's the commotion, oh my lord  
Another corn chopped by the Wu-Tang sword  
Hey hey hey like Fat Albert  
It's the Method Man ain't no if ands about it  
It's the Method All right, y'all get ya White Owls, get ya meth, get ya skins  
Don't forget your forty

And we gonna do it like this I got, fat bags of skunk  
I got, White Owl blunts  
And I'm about to go get lifted  
Yes I'm about to go get lifted I got, myself a forty  
I got, myself a shorty  
And I'm about to go and stick it  
Yes I'm about to go and stick it Uhh  
H-U-F-F huff and I puff  
Blow like snow when the cold wind's blowin'  
Zoom, I hit the mic like boom  
Wrote a song about it like to hear it here it goes  
Question what exactly is a pantie raider  
Ill behavior savior or major flavor  
All of the above oh yeah plus I do so  
Also flam I'm the man call me super  
Not an average Joe with an average flow  
Doing average things with average hoes  
Yo I'm super I'll make a bitch squirm  
For my, Super Sperm (check it)  
Check it I give it to ya raw butt naked  
I smell sex pass the Method  
Let's get lifted as I kick ballistics  
Missiles and shoot game like a pistol  
Clip is loaded when I click bang dang  
A Wu-Tang slug hits your brain  
J-U-M-P jump and I thump  
Make girls rumps like pump and Humpty Hump  
Wow, the Shaolin' style is all in me  
Child, the whole damn isle is callin' me  
P-A-N-T-Y R-A-I-D-E-R mad raw I don't cry  
Meaning no one can burn or toss and turn me  
Ooh I be the super sperm  
Chim chimmeny chim chim cherie  
Freak a flow and flow fancy free  
Now how many licks does it take  
For me to hit the Tootsie Roll center of a break  
Peep and don't sleep the crews mad deep Wu-Tang  
Fading motherfuckers like bleach  
So to each and every crew  
You're clear like glass I can see right through  
You're whole damn posse be catchin' 'em all cause you vic'd  
And ya didn't have friends to begin with  
I'm M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN  
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN  
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN

M-E-T, H-O-D, MANHere I am, here I am, the Method ManStraight from the slums of Shaolin  
Wu-Tang Killa Bee's on a swarm  
(Your soul have just been taken through the 36 chambers of death, kid)(Word to mother, Method Man signing  
off, peace)

Songwriters

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LAMONT HAWKINS, ROBERT F. DIGGS, ROGER TROUTMAN, RUSSELL T. JONESPublished by  
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