What's Happenin'

Method Man

Aiyo, Tical?
What up, fam?
You know Busta-Bust had to come see you
God, it's good to see you, God
Good too see you too, God
Let's take the streets for a little ride
Okay, we ridin' high
Yeah, you better light your L, smoke your L
And just
Kiss the sky
Huh! And if you ever disrespect the Bust or Meth
Find their mentor
Yeah, I-I-I think the streets been lookin' for this one for a long time
Yeah, aiyo
Come on!
I came to bring the pain, more hard to the brain
Tical, I'm bustin' that ass again
I burn like acid rain, that acid slang
These niggaz try'nna see how I come ash again
Main and evident, I'm huntin', yes, Meth for president
Be in hell with Dazel and George just for the hell of it
And I ain't yellow kid, flows hot as kettle get
Now if you ain't fuckin' with that, you must be celibate
Spaz! Just a little, got a sack lookin' fizzle
Little hash in the middle, where it at? In the middle, yup
Mommy if you got a fat ass, make it jiggle, yup
Put it in my next video shot by Little X
And M E F gon' work 'til their ain't any left
I'm tryin' get what I'm worth and not a penny less
Think fast
(Come on)
Bank cash
(Come on)
Everybody do it with your stank ass
(Just come on)
Make you rob somebody
(What?)
Grab somebody
(What?)

Stomp somebody
(What?)
Slap somebody
(What?)
Make you wanna step to the bar and sip Bacardi
(What?)
Wild out, spaz in the club, we in the party
(What?)
Brooklyn
(Come on)
Shaolin
(Come on)
Queens bridge down to Long Island
(Come on)
Bronx, nigga
(Come on)
Manhattan
(Come on)
To each and every hood what's happening?
(Come on)
Yeah, let 'em talk, nigga, come on Bust
(Aiyo, Meth, let me get at these niggaz)
Yeah!
Now watch me back your shit up, I hope your people pull up
And pick up and pack your shit up, homie, it's time to move
While I'm singin', ma, do you let relieve you of all of your
Figure seating sketching, never believe in your niggaz
(Come on!)
Go head and babble you can watch me patiently waiting
Aimin', attackin', instead I'ma let one of my bitches slap you
I ain't watch you when your niggaz'll try
To feel a wrath of the un-rudely waking of a sleeping giant
(Very defiant)
Once I give you the pressure
And then I apply it and then your breathing is stop and totally quiet
Captain of this ship, so call me the pilot
I leave you and your crew to collide with me
Die, stomp on a nigga, just like a herd of a thousand cattle
That'll travel over your face and frazzle your shit
Shot you, worst than a brick and then be torturin' you
And then get the reverend and get to steppin', nigga!
This shit'll make you
Make you rob somebody
(What?)
Grab somebody

(What?)
Stomp somebody
(What?)
Slap somebody
(What?)

Make you wanna step to the bar and sip Bacardi
(What?)
Wild out, spaz in the club, we in the party
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Brooklyn
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Queens bridge down to Long Island
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Bronx, nigga
(Come on)
Manhattan
(Come on)
To each and every hood what's happening?
(Come on)
Haha, that's the truth, my nigga
(Nigga, listen, listen, let me talk)
Let me talk!
Can't you see what I got for you now?
Shake your big fat ass in front of me now
To all my high bidders
To all my live niggaz
We here to blackout, follow the story now
Just feel my heat, and you know I'm gonna
Just keep the street, but nigga did you
Know when you bout to lose it, my nigga
And you know we gon' get real stupid, my nigga
See the police coming
(What?)
Fireman coming
(What?)
Street niggaz ready to riot and start dummin'
(What?)
I love to see it, whenever you and your man frontin'
(What?)
Me and Meth'll step to you, quick! And smash somethin'
(What?)
Now who is he? Dope M.C. killin these cowards

Wack niggaz get pimp slapped, give me some powder
Click-clack, one in your back, now think about it
Get back, runnin' your gap, I can't allow it
Well every nigga
(Set it off)
You know we seeing it through God
The streets be needing niggaz like me and you, God
Aiyo, I think we're up, seen it from here, we got a mile, yo
Logical, we should of done this shit a long time ago
I got that shit that make rappers shit in they shoes
Nasty M.C., I spit flows and spit in they food
Man, don't tempt me, I'm nothin' like a curious child
I'm simply a boy in the hood with furious childs
(This shit'll make you)
Make you rob somebody
(What?)
Grab somebody
(What?)
Stomp somebody
(What?)
Slap somebody
(What?)
Make you wanna step to the bar and sip Bacardi
(What?)
Wild out, spaz in the club, we in the party
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Brooklyn
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Queens bridge down to Long Island
(Come on)
Bronx, nigga
(Come on)
Manhattan
(Come on)
To each and every hood what's happening?
(Come on)
Every day, every rotation, come with it!
Let me talk, come on, hah
Aiyo God
Yeah, lord?
Flipmode, Wu-Tang, nigga, ain't that some shit?
That's some shit, actually truthfully, Busta Bust!
Meth Tical!

Yeah
Yeah, let me know when you wanna do that again, God
Shit we can do that right now, shout out to New Jersey, hahaha, yeah!

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