

N.Y.C. Everything

Method Man

Yo, yo, yo
From the heart of Medina to the head of Fort Greene
Now I see everything
Niggas who sling
Shaolin' cats thrown inside a bing
Bobby Digital got the golden seal sting
Rhyme star, I write a hundred thousand dollar bar
My pinstripe comma deletes your power bar
Dr. Octopus tentacles same as different song
Bob Digital instrumental; nothing's identical
You biter, non-writer, Mr. Potato Head or Ida
Deep-fried crinkle cut; one nickel-cup fucked your whole LP up
You must be stupid, you liar
I'm the purifier, live wire, hip-hop revival
A suicide mission you're committin'
Go against the Wu-Tang henchmen
Perfect precision marksman
Spit darts and flip charts, and
Archery shots aimed at your heart then
Daffy Duckest will still bring da motherfuckin' ruckus
Project Killa Hill be the buckest
Smoke blunts, drink Bud Light beer wit' Buzz Light-year
Wet from here to infinity for them white hair
Bobby Digital, overthrow your whole citadel
Mista pitiful, your whole shrap stack is despicable
Undernourished, your shit cannot flourish
Cherish every moment of his love before you perish
Bitch, chicka, chicka, chick, watch me switch
Lookin' for a bird I can hitch into your atmosphere
Take your pussy out like a pap smear
Make you smile, at the same time crack a tear
Smack ya rear, vagina saliva, Trojan wear, rough rider
Up inside ya, dick apple head opens up your clit wider
Taste the apple cider, you become strong then become a prider
(Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Digi, Digi, Digi)
Stuck to your ass like a Victoria's Secret wedgie
Heart of Medina to the head of Fort Greene
Now I see everything is N.Y.C. Everything
Niggas who sling

Shaolin cats thrown inside the bing
 Bobby Digital got the killa bee sting
 From the heart of Medina to the top of Fort Green
 Now I Everything
 Niggas who sling
 Shaolin' cats is thrown inside the bing
 Bobby Digital got the killa bee sting
 Drink a Heineken, as we go inside the mind again
 Nevermindin' men droppin' gem - can he shine again?
 Most definite; let this be my last will and testament
 For the pessimist, exercise for the Exorcist
 Johnny Treacherous, like Three, I'm supposed to be
 Perpetuous, decimate the poetry 'cause everything is close to me
 The lecherous Jonathon, king of the seven seas, battle wit' Leviathan
 The Methodist, poly to your deficit; hit it up
 If I can't live it up, somebody gotta give it up
 John J., blow 'em out the water, adopt the Bombay
 Your bitch look like Stronjay, rubbin' me the wrong way
 Burn one and sautÃ©, bringin' you different ways to sword play
 They bustin' bullets over broadway, Deep Cover
 I'm like Larry when the fish burn; I burn rubber
 'Cause I'm not an easy lover
 To the midnight, butt naked wit' a knife
 Ask my alien likes - I've been crazy all my life
 Hard time homicide, time flies, do or die
 Crooked ass and crooked eye, scripture from the dark side
 Johnny Five, I reside in the killa bee hive
 Only the strong gon' survive
 From the depths of the killa to the top, we're now born
 Wildin' on Staten Island be the poet John John
 Can't forget Bobby; if I did, I'd feel gyp
 Like my sandwich, ain't a sandwich without Miracle Whip
 From the depths of the killa to the top, we're now born
 Wildin' on Staten Island be the poet John John
 Can't forget Digi; if I did, I'd feel gyp
 Like my sandwich ain't a sandwich without Miracle Whip

Songwriters

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