

# Method Man (home Grown Version)

## Method Man

M E T H O D man  
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M E T H O D manHey you get off my cloud  
Let me get raw with my southpaw style  
Mover, puffin' on a fat blunt from Cuba  
It's the Meth Tical jet to Cal, I'm the BuddhaMonk on the hunt for machine gun foes  
I keeps you open like a slug from the shotgun punk  
Double-barrel, yeah Meth bring it to them proper  
Partner, you ain't got no wins in Mi CasaStraight up, you movin' too fast so baby wait up  
Took one, added seven more, now you eight up  
Get on down wit' your bad self  
Get on down, listen to the sound, come onFew can ever get this whole commit legit  
See you all up in my, but you don't know  
What's your definition of a real M C  
From what you dedicated, hey it must be meMeth Tical, a lewd descendant of the loud hip hop  
I go on to the break of dawn and just don't stop  
Give me the green light and the sign one way  
Have you had your left todayMove it in, move it out, stick it in, pull it out  
Shake it up, shake it down, come on down, Meth Tical  
Oh I often pray that I will, but today I am still just aM 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, ManRappers can't get with the style extra wicked  
Rap flow is bangin' like butter on a biscuit  
A tisket, a tasket I'm not tryin' to have it  
Mic show up [Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible]  
[Incomprehensible]  
I break it down, I get down for my crowd  
[Incomprehensible], dirty like a worm underground[Incomprehensible] early bird, that's my word  
Before I kick the bucket, I'm a kick 'em to the dirt  
Check out the cloud, smoke out from the mouth  
Other brothers got mad love for new style for the hoodHey enter the square if you dare without a fro, I'm so raw  
that I'm real  
I'm goin' to the country, I'm goin' to the fair  
To see the Senorita, with flowers in her hair  
And get mine, 'cuz she love me long timeBartender bring more wineGet in line for the  
M E T H O D, Man  
M E T H O D, Man

M E T H O D, Man

Here I am, here I am, the Method ManWu-Tang, killer bees on the swarm

It ain't safe no more

[Incomprehensible]

1993 to '94, the rugged raw

It's our secret, never ditch the Wu-Tang

Lyrics provided by

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