

# Y.O.U.

## Method Man

Traces of lipstick on my collar  
Baby, you got to do some more to get this last dollar  
Hotter than lava when you come believe that I'm a follow  
Lady Madonna like the drink, but she don't like to swallow  
Rockin' that product, honey, stay up in the beauty-polla'  
Girl, it would be my honour  
Make you my baby-mama  
Holler, she hella proper  
Fuck with tha dumbin' cousin  
Sucka for lovin', buggin'  
Shockin' them, duckin', buckin'  
Suckin' then finga-fuckin'  
Then let me show you somethin'  
I'll knock that stuffin' off that English muffin  
Can't tell me nuthin', uhn uhn  
Pushin' yo' panic button in when I'm stuckin'  
All of a sudden, baby gun-duckin', BBC!  
Oh, girl, you nastyYo', I get it on poppin'  
Doc, unlockin' yo' doors, clockin' my drawers  
Suckin' your mouth with a torn stockin'  
Rapped around ya noggin'  
I'm creepin' when you parkin'  
Shoot out the lights, darkening the area, then hop in  
Pick up my bigga nigga, who helped me figured the plottin'  
Droppin' the tops, splittin' the dough  
Shoppin' in rotten New York, first flockin'  
Because I'm heavy like Bo stockin' coat  
Watch ya coat from Fo sparkin'  
They leave the parking  
Niggaz unforgettable can be forgotten  
Doc and Meth album enterin' the top ten!  
Choppin' it raw, lockin' 'n blockin'  
Only raw choppin' his metaphors, so cops can stop watchin'  
I put 'em in and cock 'em  
Ready to rock 'em, stock 'em  
Renevate your apartment when these two things barkin'  
My Mackamichi, knockin'  
Bougie holes be spottin' on they tampons  
I get 'em drippe like leaky faucetsNow who a bitch nigga?

(Now who a snitch nigga?)  
Now who the shit nigga?  
(Now who the sick nigga?)  
Now who you with, nigga?  
(With who you with, nigga?)  
Who rock shit, nigga?  
(Who pop shit, nigga?)(Come on!) Come on! I figured it out  
Y'all niggaz ain't as big as yo' mouth  
My street value, well, it ain't won't even fit in yo' couch  
When I bust, titties come out  
No matter what city hardcore committee's dumb to fuck out  
Sons, ya duck out!  
Nuthin' to lose  
Poppin' a two up in ya goose  
Buckle yo' shoes scuff on my boots, fuckin' with you  
Blow my anaconda like Nirvana  
Marijuana got bitches on they knees  
And they gon' bind us  
Gettin' 'em dirty, dirty, with the hersey and the bombin'  
Holla the drama  
Fire two in ya armor  
Ya pigeon betta call ma  
The ice is a honour  
To in help me lift an arm up  
Lebaba with ya momma  
Even dirty her donna  
My dick is heronomic  
Pull out a young Geronimo, BBC!  
Oh, girl, you nasty Itchin' to start the mission  
Flippin', so keep yo' distance  
Ain't got no pot to piss in?  
Ain't got no competition  
Listen, I slip the clippin'  
Trippin', you get me lippin'  
Come, miss, and catch a whippin'  
Now kids is actin' different  
Ditchin' them double-dippin'  
Chickens that keep forgettin'  
I ain't the one for trickin'  
Or anybody-kickin'  
Rippin' these compositions  
Scrippin' them paper-written  
Hold 'em and hit 'n stickin'  
Ballin' like Scottie Pippen  
It's hot in Hell's Kitchen

But, still, I'm frost bittin'  
Shittin' like 'No he didn't'  
Wipin' my ass and splittin'  
Chattin' like Joe gettin'  
All in the zone, settin' it off like Big Daddy  
It ain't no half-steppin'  
I keep rappin'  
Staten you keep sweatin', frontin', and ass-bettin'  
Duckin' my Smith and Wesson  
Trashin' the Meth and catchin'  
Hell, we leave you restin' in peace, BBC!  
Oh, girl, you nasty  
Now who a bitch nigga?  
(Now who a snitch nigga?)  
Now who the shit nigga?  
(Now who the sick nigga?)  
Now who you with, nigga?  
(With who you with, nigga?)  
Who rock shit, nigga?  
(Who pop shit, nigga?)(Come on!) Come on!

Songwriters

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