

# Afterparty (feat. Ghostface)

## Method Man

[Intro: Method Man]

Damn... yo, yo[Method Man]

Woke up in the morning, like ten A.M

Walked passed the Listerine, went straight for the gin  
Osama Bin Laden on my chinny chin chin[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, Meth, the mailman![Method Man]

Yo, Ghost, let him in![Ghostface Killah]

Will you sign, Mr. Ghostface, package for a friend, here

Right by the X, my bad, here's a pen[Method Man]

Gucci flip flops, I box my way to the kitchen

My keys is missin', my trees is missin'

No more parties, 'cause Doc need to listen[Ghostface Killah]

'cause something in my closet, go look (he's a pissin')

I cursed this bitch out, we be laid back[Method Man]

Half a box of cereal gone, my milk's warm

Mad strong, this is John John, pro and con phenomenon

Stretch with a morning yawn, party 'til the break of dawn

Ladies throw your faces on, sing it when the break come on[Chorus: Method Man (Ghostface Killah)]

Each (meet) son (see)

Boats (suites) dough (beats)

No cat give you these, rap flow triple g's

Meth, Ghost, Killa Beez, you know we ride[Ghostface Killah]

Wu-Tang, the best rap group of all time

Rush little shotgun, rest around nine

Refrigerator, fish and sweets with no swine

Dirty and Meth guest room with four dimes

And you-G. had a master headache

Him and Genius flew back from, Uganda black, gettin' that cake

Where Divine at? Wine at

Tell a DJ to rewind that, Killa killed it wit a blind back

Dime sack, you know we blew that wit the cognac

Them bowling ball lead head niggaz, we call them pawn yacks[Method Man]

I say my girl, like to party all the time, Ghost

Spend up my ends, every week, she always crime broke

Thank God it's Friday, I just got paid

Feelin' good like I just got laid

The next drink's on me, instead of, oh God, you think O.G

White girls they comin' out, like they Pink on E

So you better get the party started, we get it crunk regardless

We got the 'dro and hypnotic, them kids is puffin' garbage  
Is where it's crackin' at, Street is you passin' that?  
Mami's is grabbin' ass, Johnny, I'm grabbin' back  
You know my habitat, you know my peoples  
If you wit me, where you at  
There ain't nothin' compared to that, come on! [Chorus: Method Man (Ghostface Killah)]  
Each (meet) son (see)  
Boats (suites) dough (beats)  
No flows ill as these, him and Ghost, nigga please  
Meth, Ghost, Killa Beez, you know we ride [Hook 2X: Method Man (Ghostface Killah)]  
I got me some Seagram's gin  
Everybody got they cup, but they ain't shit there  
(These cheap muthafuckas be grown ass men  
Tight muthafuckas finish your shit then they bounce off with them)  
Come back again, drunk off your gin  
And when they try to get you for they ends, that's no friend  
That's no friend, eh, eh [Outro: Method Man]  
Yeah, greedy muthafuckas, always wanna get high  
But never wanna buy, first one to come to the party  
Last one to leave, man, fuck all that  
Aiyo, Mr. Streetlife, tell 'em where we come from man..

Songwriters

COLES, DENNIS DAVID / SMITH, CLIFFORD / HORNE, CLEVELAND / PRUITT, JOSEPH / TILMON,  
ABRIM JR. Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>