

Ya'Meen (Feat. Fat Joe & Styles P)

Method Man

Yo, I'm bout to hit you with this ya'meen
On top of the ya'meen, with a lil' bit of ya'meen mixed in
Ya'meen? Yeah... yeah... yoHow should I get it started, fuck it, just get it started
These trash talking artists is nothing, niggaz is garbage
When Meth strike his target, leave it dearly departed
His flow is clearly the hardest, y'all gon' feel me regardless
Might break a promise, but never, breaking the code
Some get popped and call for they mamma, when the drama unfolds
My block, hot as a sauna, never wind up and joke
Crack deals on every corner, fiends wanna foam you with soap
And, if life's a bitch, then I bet she bitter and cold
Everytime she thinking I fold, seven figures get sold
Meth, all in your chest, or inhale it all in your nose
Cops don't know about this Method, but smell it all in his clothes
Yup, I'm still intact, how real is that, I'm back
With enough, fits a million, to figure vanilla wraps up
New York, New York, rock tube socks and Timberlands
'Cause hip hop ain't feeling them flip-flops, they feminineI'm the one shot dealing, one shot killing it (ya'meen)
Yeah, it's the top billing, the block feeling like (ya'meen)
Yeah, fuck with me (ya'meen), yeah, fuck with me (ya'meen)
If you not for squealing, and for spilling the (ya'meen)
The streets is watching the apple rotten like (ya'meen)
Plus the B.B. hot and the towers dropping like (ya'meen)
Yeah, fuck with this (ya'meen), yeah, fuck with this (ya'meen)
If you get it popping, or get to popping 'em (ya'meen)You know the haters diss you, let's deal with bigger issues
You know New York is dying after all the shit we been through
And we done lost B.I.G., we done lost Pun
Homey, you can't live, gotta go and get them guns
You know the hammers'll lose your cabbage, them dudes do damage
Send Zulu Nation through Reaganomics, we move them package
We pushing rain pain, gotta go and get that money
Y'all going "hey hey", but don't that pen look lovely
You - must - not - know - who - y'all niggaz is fucking with
I - can - take - life - nig... just for the fuck of it
Crack's crazy, that nigga'll smack babies
Clap ladies for yackin' you gon' catch shady
Call it a mass shower, the way them hollow's drizzle
Mr. Potato Head, you know them things can't miss you
The Average Joe, with an average flow

Me and Meth bringing back New York, niggas I'm the one shot dealing, one shot killing it (ya'meen)
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If you not for squealing, and for spilling the (ya'meen)
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Yeah, fuck with this (ya'meen), yeah, fuck with this (ya'meen)
If you get it popping, or get to popping 'em (ya'meen) You don't like me, you can get what's right above the
testicles
S.P., turn your top five into vegetables
You don't believe me, get 'em all in a room
And the next five, I plan to getting all of them soon
Y'all can meet me at the table that's round, or get ya place in the ground
That's what you get, when you facing me, clown
Who got the crown, I'm piss on it now, while you wearing it
Nobody nicer than Ghost, I ain't hearing it
Been Nike Airing it, white tee out
Stick-up kid season when the dice be out
I'm a thug or star investing in living, niggaz sippin' soup
Ghost rapper, knocking out your icy mouth
Niggaz in the East wanna unite, not me
If you ain't sayin' I'm the best, you ain't come to be right
Knew I mean? If you don't, then you not of being
Your four-four, knock little pieces off of your spleen, niggas I'm the one shot dealing, one shot killing it
(ya'meen)
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Songwriters

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