

Shaolin What (Skit)

Method Man

I'm the bastard, the total package like Lex Luger
Pull a sting like a yellow jacket makin' maneuvers
Through the slums nigga, Iron Lung, Ladies and Gentlemen
Welcome to my torture chamber pen and the pendulum
Foul play year T2000 be Judgement Day
Face millennium hell to pay
My knuckles soft from the star wars of han solo
South paw, ring your bell like it's Quasimodo, what is the law?
Stay hardcore, my clan logo, move too quick to catch a photoJettin' on land like jet motto, now we Lord on the
conduit?
These niggaz actin' like they've been through it
As if the hardcore to the truest
I can't lose like Parker Lewis
Set in my ways
Got you corny niggaz askin' who is Johnny Blaze
Get a late pass stinkin' ass sucker ass
Now you sufferin' like succotash
While Johnny Cash, makin' moves on your moneybagsI'm strict lovin', stickin' hundreds in your honeys ass
My verbal bucket in the background
Holdin' me down, watching these clowns
As they eyeballin' all day in the mind
Gettin' high y'all, put it on the sky fold
The night troll, rap infected, get the Lysol to disinfect it
You don't know me or my fuckin' method
That's the shit that made me tip
When I wrote a pitch, how many leech it?Stapleton, the Wild West Park Hill, poor pitch man
Now Borne jungle nils one more game, hit me with
That shit they be smokin'
Got cali niggaz loc'in, New York niggaz open
John Hay phenomenon, the mega bomb
Transformed in a firearm like Megatron
You get stepped on and shit upon, I'ma stay calm
Knowin' brothers wanna do me harm
Shaolin' whylen what punks

Songwriters

HENRIQUES, SEAN PAUL/SMITH, CPublished by

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