

Ya'meen

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, f*** it, just get it started?
These trash talking artists is nothing, n*****z is garbage
When Meth strike his target, leave it dearly departed
His flow is clearly the hardest, y'all gon' feel me regardlessMight 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, n***** w*** u* a** j***
C***** deals on every corner, fiends wanna foam you with soapAnd, if life's a b*****, then I bet she bitter and
cold
Every time 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 clothesYup, 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, f*** with me, yeah, f*** with me
(Ya'meen, ya'meen)
Yeah, if you not for squealing and for spilling the
(Ya'meen)The streets is watching the apple rotten like
(Ya'meen)
Yeah, plus the B.B. hot and the towers dropping like
(Ya'meen)
Yeah, f*** with me, yeah, f*** with me
(Ya'meen, ya'meen)
Yeah, 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 g***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 lovelyYou must not know who y'all n*****z is f***ing with
I can take life n** just for the f*** of it
Crack's crazy, that n*****'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, n****I'm the one shot dealing, one shot killing it
 (Ya'meen)
 Yeah, it's the top billing, the block feeling like
 (Ya'meen)
 Yeah, f*** with me, yeah, f*** with me
 (Ya'meen, ya'meen)
 Yeah, if you not for squealing and for spilling the
 (Ya'meen)The streets is watching the apple rotten like
 (Ya'meen)
 Yeah, plus the B.B. hot and the towers dropping like
 (Ya'meen)
 Yeah, f*** with me, yeah, f*** with me
 (Ya'meen, ya'meen)
 Yeah, 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 soonY'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 itBeen Nike Airing it, white tee out
 Stick-up kid season when the dice be out
 I'm a thug or star investing in living, n*****z sippin' soup
 Ghost rapper, knocking out your icy mouthN*****z in the East wanna unite, not me
 If you ain't sayin' I'm the best, you ain't come to be right
 Know what I mean? If you don't, then you not of being
 Your four-four, knock little pieces off of your spleen, n****I'm the one shot dealing, one shot killing it
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