

Method Man (Home Grown Version)

Wu-Tang Clan

From the slums of Shaolin, Wu-Tang Clan strikes again
The RZA, the GZA, Ol Dirty Bastard, Inspecktah Deck, Raekwon the Chef
You-God, Ghost Face Killer and the Method Man

M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN

M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN

M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN Hey, you, get off my cloud
You don't know me and you don't know my style
Who be gettin' flam when they come to a jam?

Here I am here I am, the Method Man

Patty cake patty cake hey the method man

Don't eat Skippy, Jif or Peter Pan

Peanut butter, 'cause I'm not butter

In fact I snap back like a rubber

Band, I be Sam Sam I am

And I don't eat green eggs and ham

Style will hit ya, wham!, then goddamn

You be like oh shit that's the jam

Turn it up now hear me get buck wu-wu-wild

I'm about to blow light me up

Upside downside inside and outside

Hittin you from every angle there's no doubt

I am, the one and only Method Man

The master of the plan wrappin' shit like Saran

Wrap, with some of this and some of that

Hold up (what?) I tawt I tat I putty tat

Over there, but I think he best to beware

Of the diggy dog shit right here

Yippy yippy yay yippy yah yippy yo

Like Deck said this ain't your average flow

Comin' like rah ooh ah achie kah

Tell me how ya like it so far baby paw

The poetry's in motion coast to coast and

Rub it on your skin like lotion

What's the commotion, oh my lord

Another corn chopped by the Wu-Tang sword

Hey hey hey like Fat Albert

It's the Method Man ain't no if ands about it

It's the Method All right, y'all get ya White Owls, get ya meth, get ya skins

Don't forget your forty

And we gonna do it like this I got, fat bags of skunk
I got, White Owl blunts
And I'm about to go get lifted
Yes I'm about to go get lifted I got, myself a forty
I got, myself a shorty
And I'm about to go and stick it
Yes I'm about to go and stick it Uhh
H-U-F-F huff and I puff
Blow like snow when the cold wind's blowin'
Zoom, I hit the mic like boom
Wrote a song about it like to hear it here it goes
Question what exactly is a pantie raider
Ill behavior savior or major flavor
All of the above oh yeah plus I do so
Also flam I'm the man call me super
Not an average Joe with an average flow
Doing average things with average hoes
Yo I'm super I'll make a bitch squirm
For my, Super Sperm (check it)
Check it I give it to ya raw butt naked
I smell sex pass the Method
Let's get lifted as I kick ballistics
Missiles and shoot game like a pistol
Clip is loaded when I click bang dang
A Wu-Tang slug hits your brain
J-U-M-P jump and I thump
Make girls rumps like pump and Humpty Hump
Wow, the Shaolin' style is all in me
Child, the whole damn isle is callin' me
P-A-N-T-Y R-A-I-D-E-R mad raw I don't cry
Meaning no one can burn or toss and turn me
Ooh I be the super sperm
Chim chimmeny chim chim cherie
Freak a flow and flow fancy free
Now how many licks does it take
For me to hit the Tootsie Roll center of a break
Peep and don't sleep the crews mad deep Wu-Tang
Fading motherfuckers like bleach
So to each and every crew
You're clear like glass I can see right through
You're whole damn posse be catchin' 'em all cause you vic'd
And ya didn't have friends to begin with
I'm M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN

M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
Here I am, here I am, the Method Man
Straight from the slums of Shaolin
Wu-Tang Killa Bee's on a swarm
(Your soul have just been taken through the 36 chambers of death, kid)
(Word to mother, Method Man signing off, peace)

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