

# What the Blood Clot (LP Version)

## Method Man

All I hear is gun shots  
Can I touch something?  
What the blood claat!  
Niggaz want tical make it happen  
You know my fuckin' style fuck the rappin'  
We can take it back to eighty five if you want to start actin' like you live  
It's all good, I'm rollin' with my clique  
Owls Packwoods & Phillies smokin' sess blunts mixed with illy  
Got me bustin' now the whole world looks dusted  
I'm in the area with the skill that never rusted  
For real, nigga, touch it & you burn, when will motherfuckers learn  
What be spreadin' like a germ? Ha ha, it's Meth, word  
I be that early bird that got the worm & if you check it  
I'm on point, like a fax machine you get the message  
It be no question & them bust the second guessin's  
Keep your thoughts on your lessons  
What the blood claat!  
To tell the truth, you don't amaze me Killa Hill project  
A Star Trek phaser couldn't phase me what  
Check the Raderuckus fuck this  
Smoke a Dutchmaster, have 'em screamin' for the duchess  
Yeah, I gotta have it, so I strive to stick my piece  
If I don't do it for myself, I'm a do it for Kase  
'Cause that's my peoples, I'm giving you injections that be Lethal  
Weapon, when niggaz start the half steppin'  
Then I get evil. But don't let that negative vibe right there  
Mislead you, I'm humble, a fucking Killer Bee  
Far from bumble, I sting you BZT and I bring you  
Thirty-six chambers of head banger, bitch  
Why I deal with? I think the mic is on the fritz  
Faggot soundmen! They be sabotagin' shit  
Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane  
Methical, let the whole world know my fuckin' name  
What the blood claat!

Songwriters

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