

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 pendulum Foul play T two thousand be judgment day
Face millennium hell to pay
My knuckles soft from the star wars of han solo
South paw ring your bell like its quasimodo what is the law? Stay hardcore my clan logo move to quick to catch
a photo
Jettin' on land like jet motto now we lord on the conduit?
These niggaz actin like they be actinen' 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 is makin moves on your moneybags I'm strict love stickin' hundreds in your honeys ass
My verbal bucket in the background
Holdin me down watching these clowns
As they eyeballin all day eyeballin in the mind Gettin' high y'all, put it on the sky fold the night trol night
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
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 megabomb
Transformed in a firearm like megatron
You get stepped on and shit upon, I'm a stay calm
Knowin' brothers wanna do me harm
Shaolin Whylen what punks
We got love for those who got love for us
Now go to your home

Songwriters

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