

Intro

Method Man

Stop look and listen, guess who coming up?
And y'all was dumb enough to think that Method's number's up
Pockets so fat, they need a tummy tuck, you hungry fucks
Can sum it up, I give my money up, spit at a honey
Then split a honey Dutch, roll it up, can't roll with us
If you can't hold your liquor, throw it up, y'all know what up
See we them niggas, ain't no ho in us, the flow is nuts
I'm off the meter, momma wished that I was off the reefer
But, for now, I got this game up in the cobra clutch
Plus, the silverback gorilla swigger, shot of Tequila to the gut
Nigga, trust, I got that Killa up
What y'all ain't feelin' us? Ain't feelin' ya
When half ya niggas posing similar, yea
Ladies and gents, I think this game need a enema, yea
It's "common sense", I Used 2 Love H.E.R., now they pimpin' her, yeah
But if you Enter the Wu-Tang, you tripping
Like somebody tied together your shoestring, now listen
I'm the, real deal, come on, come back to get ya like bad karma
Y'all niggas is throwing rocks with glass armor
Fuck the court system, pleading the fifth
And if Def Jam is deaf, start reading my lips
I'm cocky, possibly I got my reasons and shit
They ain't built a man that can stop me from feeding my kids
And if you don't know where I'm coming from,
never know where I been
Most likely, where ya start at will be the place where you end
And anybody hating on him, hating on them
That's right, anybody hating on him, hating on them, motherfuckers

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