

# Fall Out

## Method Man

This, this is brought to you  
By the K-1, Emergency Broadcasting System  
In the, in the event of an actual emergency  
You will be told to fall outS.I. rockin' it, N.Y. rockin' it  
S\*\*\* we stay poppin' it, 4-5 rockin' it  
Game stay on top of it, lame, just the opposite  
It's no thang, when I "bring the pain" ain't no stopping itWho the f\*\*\* is this? About to bring the ruckus  
This just ya boy, I'm some on other s\*\*\*, my n\*\*\*\*, take a puff of this  
Piff man, I'm loving this, is Staten Island up in this?  
B\*\*\*\*, like we running it, and somebody wanna publicTurn it up a bit, so my thugs can thug a bit  
If I got my brother get, K, we got another hit  
L\*\*\*\*\* please, where y'all puffin' them trees?  
I'm damaging M.C.'s, oxygen, you can't breathe, fallFall out, yeah, I'm going all out  
Hold on, man, what's really going on  
And when I'm coming, a hundred miles and running  
Keep back, y'all ain't got it like thatFall out, yeah, I'm going all out  
Hold on, man, what's really going on  
And when I'm coming, a hundred miles and running  
Keep back, y'all ain't got it like thatHere we go again, h\*\*\*-smoke, blowing in the wind  
Cops chasing, wanna throw him in the pen  
And the day he leave the game, yo, he going in the Benz  
On them 24's looking like he rolling on the rimsAll daying, know what I'm sayin', I'm staying up to par,  
parleyin'  
While y'all hating, I'm splitting this cigar  
Man, it's nathan, all y'all do is aim and start spraying  
'Cause tonight's the night, and me and my n\*\*\*\*z ain't playingY'all done did it now, another critic kicked Tical  
Alotta n\*\*\*\*z mad 'cause I ain't fold like they figure now  
Let me put my fitted down, spit around  
Listen when this hit the ground, y'all gon' hear the difference nowHere I got that miracle, sickest individual  
Flow that's so original, see this is what they meant to do  
It's not an act, it's all actual fact  
The kid is back, making tracks, catch panic attacks, and fallFall out, yeah, I'm going all out  
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And when I'm coming, a hundred miles and running  
Keep back, y'all ain't got it like thatAww s\*\*\*, ain't this about a b\*\*\*\*  
Give a f\*\*\* about a b\*\*\*\*, I'm more about a grip

And I'm all that a n\*\*\*\* got, the more he gotta get  
Feeling like a million dollars, buyin' million dollar s\*\*\*What y'all dealing with, one shot killing it?  
Stop changing my style, when y'all stop stealing it  
Meth is chillin' like milk top killing  
If it ain't got no real in it, I'm probably not feeling itI'm deadin' ya kids and burn another blizz  
What it is, what it is, Wu-Tang is for the kids?  
So n\*\*\*\*z please, why y'all puffin' them trees  
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Hold on, man, what's really going on  
And when I'm coming, a hundred miles and running  
Keep back, y'all ain't got it like thatRest in peace Ol' Dirty B\*\*\*\*\* a.k.a Dirt McGirt

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