Method Man (remix)

Method Man

METHOD man

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Hey you get off my cloud

Let me get raw with my southpaw style Mover, puffin' on a fat blunt from Cuba

It's the Meth Tical jet to Cal, I'm the Buddha

Monk on the hunt for machine gun foes

I keeps you open like a slug from the shotgun punk

Double-barrel, yeah Meth bring it to them proper

Double-barrel, yeah Meth bring it to them proper Partner, you ain't got no wins in Mi Casa

Straight up, you movin' too fast so baby wait up

Took one, added seven more, now you eight up

Get on down wit' your bad self

Get on down, listen to the sound, come on

Few can ever get this whole commit legit

See you all up in my, but you don't know

What's your definition of a real M C

From what you dedicated, hey it must be me

Meth Tical, a lewd descendant of the loud hip hop I go on to the break of dawn and just don't stop

Give me the green light and the gign one way

Give me the green light and the sign one way

Have you had your left today

Move it in, move it out, stick it in, pull it out Shake it up, shake it down, come on down, Meth Tical

Oh I often pray that I will, but today I am still just a

METHOD, Man

METHOD, Man

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Rappers can't get with the style extra wicked

Rap flow is bangin' like butter on a biscuit

A tisket, a tasket I'm not tryin' to have it

Mic show up [Incomprehensible]

[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible] I break it down, I get down for my crowd

[Incomprehensible], dirty like a worm underground

[Incomprehensible] early bird, that's my word

Before I kick the bucket, I'm a kick 'em to the dirt

Check out the cloud, smoke out from the mouth
Other brothers got mad love for new style for the hood
Hey enter the square if you dare without a fro, I'm so raw that I'm real
I'm goin' to the country, I'm goin' to the fair
To see the Senorita, with flowers in her hair
And get mine, 'cuz she love me long time
Bartender bring more wine

Get in line for the METHOD, Man

METHOD, Man

METHOD, Man

Here I am, here I am, the Method Man
Wu-Tang, killer bees on the swarm
It ain't safe no more
[Incomprehensible]1993 to '94, the rugged raw
It's our secret, never ditch the Wu-Tang

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