

# 1, 2, 1, 2

## Method Man

Come on  
1, 2, 1, 2, uh uh  
1, 2, 1, 2  
Mr. Meth and Doc  
1, 2, 1, 2  
Uh uh, 1, 2, 1, 2  
DJ scratch on the track  
1, 2, 1, 2  
1, 2, 1, 2  
Break your motha fuckin' back  
1, 2, 1, 2  
Ah yo, yoMy lyric is 8 ball, batter up play ball  
Fuck ya'll analog, niggas, we be digital  
Subliminal comin', from the five star general  
Attack you from the blind side  
Invisible to the naked eye, where them criminals  
Better have your eight essential vitamins and minerals  
The wu is comin' through you know the outcome  
Critical condition in your physical for injurin'  
The officer and gentleman who stack by the BenjaminOff a beat like this, I keep a night stick  
In case any stick up care, where heat might miss  
I chicken fry rice bitch in a white trench  
Bustin' off two macks, I'm like I'm hit  
Yo, I'm just playin', I clear the crowd out  
Like a peppa spray can sprayin'  
I throw lightin' out the arms raiden  
Go guard your prey  
Next year I do nothin' more than Y2KWe say  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
We say  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
We say  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2We say  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
And if you say fuck me  
I'ma say fuck you  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2From debutant down to stripper

I'm too nonchalant, a drink mixed with four kinds of liquors  
Catch me at the bar, 'Fu Bar', ladies know who we are  
And dream of fuckin' a star, who da scrub  
Shotgun in this man car  
Burnin' up, forever gettin' thrown out the club  
It be us Paul, shot out and bugged  
I smoke bud, sniff a bee's ass to get a buzz  
I'm everything you think you don't knowYo man, I throw a 5 in the power  
Poppa wheely with the front end hittin speed bumps  
40 miles per hour  
I'm out at Howard, next to Baltimore  
Takin' change out the fountains at shoppin' malls  
Rats can only afford chuck-e-cheese  
The blood in my jeans is tough like Buddy Lee  
Semi-dart auto off ya, blood coughin'  
Meth pull a last spark plug with a heart pumpWe say  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2 ,1, 2  
Yo, wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
We say  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
Ah yo  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2We say  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
Ah yo  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
And if you say fuck me  
I'ma say fuck you  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2Call me Will, enemy I state  
When four doc run the scam  
New jacks studderin', that the man from the upper hand  
Punch, atomic bomb I hit many  
From bricks to South Park, you dyin' with Kenny  
While you bailin', I'm trailin'  
Rockin' hard hat helmets, clip the satellite surveillance  
When I walk by you better not be kickin'  
Or I put two more in that Terriyaki chickenYou've just been fitted for them seaman shoes  
This is bottom of the lake raps  
Stab you in the back  
Kung fu  
Fifty-two cops can't withstand the fifty-two blocks  
Unless they bust like fifty-two shots  
I'm the has been that have not  
Battle kids at Maxwell's houseKnow when I'm good to the last drop  
What's my name, Meth, his name's Doc  
Just like urban

See me in the gran' transportation splurgin'  
Drivin' with a turban who push a black suburban  
Come on, we rollin' windows half down through the urban  
Network law lay it down like a Persian  
M to the E to the F, spell curtainGet out your car sucker  
This ain't yours  
Robbed you with a gun that filled with paint balls  
And brauds got the nerve to act funny  
You a champagne ho, with kool aide money  
Frown bitch, Doc up in that town quick  
You back down a point on NFL blitz  
I'm lyin', buddah break fool and take two  
And put your hole in the earth to escape throughWe say  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2 ,1, 2  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
We say  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
Ah yo  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2We say  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
Ah yo  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2  
And if you say fuck me  
I'ma say fuck you  
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2, 2, 2Yeah, yo  
DJ scratch  
Not ready for prime time playas  
Mr. Meth, funk Doc  
Def Jam 2000 mutha fuckas  
Calm me down, baby  
Nod your head to thisCome on  
Ah yo, this is WKYA Radio  
We are kickin' your motha fuckin ass  
Yo Flex  
Thats right it's goin' down  
Redman, method man, blackin the funk out  
Now listen

Songwriters

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