

# Konichiwa Bi\*ches

## Method Man

Konichiwa bi\*ches  
Konichiwa bi\*ches What up, what up, these n\*\*\*\*\*z suck?  
They can't hold a fort, better hold that thought, B  
If I can't get it off, see my attitude is MSG  
F\*\*\* it, I'm salty, the game been loss me Pay ya dues, it cost me, who acting like I'm past my prime  
Hey Carlton Fisk, n\*\*\*\*\*, pass the nine, who wanna cross me, now?  
And put my body in the lost and found  
You with the business, then bust off a round It's like the passions of Christ, get crucified just for having that ice  
And the audacity for having that life, while n\*\*\*\*\*z starving and s\*\*\*  
The main reason they be robbing and s\*\*\*  
The same reason you've been targeted b\*\*\*\*\*  
(These n\*\*\*\*\*z must of forgot) The thin line between a hoe and a trick  
Give 'em the clip between the four and the fifth  
(Yea, motherf\*\*\*er I'm high)  
There I go again, blowing a spliff  
When I exhale, it's like I'm blowing a kiss  
(Konichiwa bi\*ches) N.Y.C., is all I see, O.D.B., n\*\*\*\*\*, R.I.P.  
(Konichiwa bi\*ches)  
This Killa Beez on ya M.I.C., you want it all  
Well, then y'all like me  
(Konichiwa bi\*ches) Come on, come on, I think they playing my song  
I came to blow them out the frame and I'm gone  
(Konichiwa bi\*ches)  
M E T, to the H O D, why motherf\*\*\*ers wanna hate on me?  
(Konichiwa bi\*ches) For every rhyme, there's a hair on my chest  
Scared of the Man, you should be scared of the Meth  
Now every damn that I drop, is homicidal, that could dare to be done  
There's no survival, now who care to be next?  
(If you don't know me by now) Know where the borough is, doing it for  
The most thoroughest, you doing the most, pa  
The French call it "forpa" when f\*\*\*ing with son  
The odds a hundred to none, too many flavors  
Y'all ain't f\*\*\*ing with one It's getting deep, see the plot thicker  
No place to be, if you b\*\*\*\*\*, n\*\*\*\*\*  
Outside the Clan, we always got RZA  
I put it down, like I don't give a  
One in the head, I bet he don't get up We drinking malt liquor out of your Benz  
Just to talk slicker then paint a scene that you can all picture  
You going in? Well, let me walk with cha

It's Method Man, but for short Mr., Mef  
(Konichiwa bi\*ches)N.Y.C., is all I see, O.D.B., n\*\*\*\*, R.I.P.  
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