The What

The Wackness Soundtrack

I used to get feels on a bitch
Now I throw shields on the dick
To stop me from that HIV shit
And niggaz know they soft like a Twinkie filling
Playing the villain, prepare for this rap killingBiggie Smalls is the illest
Your style is played out, like Arnold wondered
"What you talking 'bout Willis?"
The thrill is gone, the black Frank White
Is here to excite and throw dick to dykesBitches, I like 'em brainless
Guns, I like 'em stainless steel
I want the fuckin' Fortune like the Wheel
I squeeze gats 'til my clips is empty
Don't tempt me
(T H O D Man)
You don't want to fuck with BiggieHere I am, I'll be damned if this ain't some shit
Come to spread the butter lyrics over hominy grit
It's the low killer death trap, yes, I'm a jet black ninja
Coming where you rest at, surrenderStep inside the ring, you'se the number one contender
Looking cold booty like your pussy in December
Nigga stop bitching, button up ya lip and
From Method, all you getting is a can of ass whippingHey, I'll be kicking you son, you doing all the yapping
Acting as if it can't happen
You front and got me mad enough to touch something
Yo, I'm from Shaolin Island and ain't afraid to bust somethingSo what cha want, nigga? Ya punk, nigga
I got a six-shooter and a horse named Trigger
It's real, ninety-four, rugged raw
Kicking down your goddamn door
(And it goes a lil' something like this)Fuck the world, don't ask me for shit
And everything you get, ya gotta work hard for it
Honies, shake your hips, ya don't stop
And niggaz pack the clips, keep onVerse two, coming with that Olde E brew
Meth Tical, putting niggaz back in I.C.U.
I'm lifted, troop, you can bring yours wack ass crew
I got connections, I'll get that ass stuck like glueNo question, I be coming down and shit
Yo, I gets rugged as a motherfucking carpet get
And niggaz love it, not in the physical form but in the mental
I spark and they cells get warm, I'm not a gentle, manI'm a Method Man
Baby, accept it, utmost respect it
(Assume the position)

Stop, look and listen
I spit on your grave, then I grab my Charles DickensWelcome to my center
Honies feel it deep in they placenta
Cold as the pole in the winter
Far from the inventor but I got this rap shit sewedAnd when my Mac unloads
I'm guaranteed another video
Ready to die, why I act that way?
Pop duke left Mom duke
The fagot took the back waySo instead of making hoes suck my dick up
I used to do stick-up
'Cause hoes is irritating like the hiccups
Excuse me, flows just grow through meLike trees to branches, cliffs to avalanches
It's the Praying Mantis
Deep like the mind of Farrakhan
A motherfucking rap phenomenonPlus
(I got more glocks and techs than you)
I make it hot
(Nigga, won't even stand next to you)
Nigga, touch me, you better bust me
Three times in the head
Or motherfucker's dead, ya thought soFuck the world, don't ask me for shit
And everything you get, ya gotta work hard for it
Honies, shake your hips, ya don't stop
And niggaz pack the clips, keep onFuck the world, don't ask me for shit
And everything you get, ya gotta work hard for it
Honies, shake your hips, ya don't stop
And niggaz pack the clips, keep on

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