

# Shaolin What?!?

## Method Man

I'm the bastard, the total package like Lex Luger  
Pull a sting like a yellow jacket makin' maneuvers  
Through the slums nigga, Iron Lung, Ladies and Gentlemen  
Welcome to my torture chamber pen and the pendulum  
Foul play year T2000 be Judgement Day  
Face millennium hell to pay  
My knuckles soft from the star wars of han solo  
South paw, ring your bell like it's Quasimodo, what is the law?  
Stay hardcore, my clan logo, move too quick to catch a photo  
Jettin' on land like jet motto, now we Lord on the conduit?  
These niggaz actin' like they've been through it  
As if the hardcore to the truest  
I can't lose like Parker Lewis  
Set in my ways  
Got you corny niggaz askin' who is Johnny Blaze  
Get a late pass stinkin' ass sucker ass  
Now you sufferin' like succotash  
While Johnny Cash, makin' moves on your moneybags  
I'm strict lovin', stickin' hundreds in your honeys ass  
My verbal bucket in the background

Holdin' me down, watching these clowns  
As they eyeballin' all day in the mind  
Gettin' high y'all, put it on the sky fold  
The night troll, rap infected, get the Lysol to disinfect it  
You don't know me or my fuckin' method  
That's the shit that made me tip  
When I wrote a pitch, how many leech it?  
Stapleton, the Wild West Park Hill, poor pitch man  
Now Borne jungle nils one more game, hit me with  
That shit they be smokin'  
Got cali niggaz loc'in, New York niggaz open  
John Hay phenomenon, the mega bomb  
Transformed in a firearm like Megatron  
You get stepped on and shit upon, I'ma stay calm  
Knowin' brothers wanna do me harm  
Shaolin' whylen what punks  
We got love for those nigga who've love for us  
Now go to your room

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