

Release Yo Delf (Prodigy Mix)

Method Man

When I first stepped on the scene, niggas was petrified
Jet back to the lab like they were being chased by homicide
My rap flow does you like Tical, and it will never steer you wrong
And all you bitch-ass niggas in the industry
Your careers won't be lasting long
When I first stepped on the scene, niggas was petrified
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Check it, I'm the fuckin man, who they mention
Notice, that other niggas rap styles is bogus
Doo-doo, prepare for this verse Tical voodoo
Blazin, the stuff that ignites stimulation
Inside ya, cuz I be that house over water
Forgot in the realm that be deep as the Poseidon
Adventure, niggas need to touch they freakin tincture
For the sickness, that be spreadin with the quickness
Remedies, cousin I be doin on my enemies
Penalty, then I drink forties to they memories
Emotion, rushin through your down street vicinity
Blunt smoke, in the air reveals my identity
As I keep it movin, we keep it movin uh
Keep it movin, and keep it movin uh
Keep it movin baby we be movin uh
Keep it movin, we keep it huh RHARHHH
What's that rhythm what's that sound
Party people getting down
When it hit the baddest man
Just release, yo delf!!
My God, somebody said it's on, if it isn't I'll be set
To blow a nigga up, with my Five Fingers of Death
I bring it to his whole damn fam, understand
If he frontin, on any man down with the Clan
I be comin, for the headpiece you can't cope
For my brother, I bring it to the Pope, word to mother
Serial, killa, style from Big Isle
No Stat, my peoples are you with me where you at?
Shit's gettin deep in here, I mean like thick
Niggas lookin all in my face like they want dick
It's about to hit the fan, hit the flo'
That's all I can stands, and I can't stands no mo'
What is it? Niggas think they bigga

Cause they got the finga on the trigga of a pistol
They don't know I'm wicked, when I start to kick it
With the raw sound, wash it down with a Mystic
Better yet a Snapple, nigga want the juice
But he don't want the hassle
Then we try to overthrow the castle
Better yet the temple I'm comin to your town
Black man, the rental, God, the pistol
Cocked! If you don't want a burn from GLOCK
Then beware, I buck shots, we move up, the buck stops
Here, no more dough will be made
Unless it's being made by hoes
What's that rhythm what's that sound
Party people getting down
When it hit the baddest man
Just breathe in, till then
And keep it movin, baby keep it movin
I plan to keep it movin, you know we keep it movin uh
And keep it movin, baby we be movin uh
And keep it movin, you know we keep it movin uh
And keep it movin, you know we keep it movin
Baby we be movin, you know we keep it moo.
RARHRAH
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Throw your hands in the sky
And wave em from side to side
And if you're ready to spark up the Meth-Tical
Let me hear you say stim-uli
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Songwriters

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