

# Is It Me

## Big Nate

Uh, yeah, y'all, guess whose back?  
Heh, cauli' flavored, momma crack  
Yeah, yeah, Scott Storch, Mr. M E F  
Know what I said, black people don't use the T-H  
Yo, yo, yo  
Guess who back though, crack dough, yes, eyes is hat low  
Stash 'dro, pimp on the side, you know how that go  
Rap flow, major, taste the flavor, all natural high  
Y'all gotta love it when the track go  
Ask Def Jam what's hot, three letters, M E F Man  
Been stopped, that's off top, young, fresh to death  
And you're not, no matter what the job, I'm the best man  
Rap C.E.O. minus the yes man  
I know that's right, so act right, Staten on the map  
Like f\*\*\* y'all, get stuck, y'all and have a bad night  
As I brush off you my shoulder, that's right  
My n\*\*\*\* Scott Storch keep bringing it back like  
Oh boy, dig it, I talk about it and I live it  
Been there, did it, s\*\*\*ted and wiped my a\*\* with it  
These critics saw the train for brains and must of missed it  
If they ain't got the s\*\*\*, they'll never get it  
Is it me or is it these n\*\*\*\*\* in it for cheese  
Is it me all my enemies, hating on Killa Beez  
Is it me or is it me that ain't feeling M.C.'s  
With the top down wheeling the V, feeling the breeze  
Is it me or is it these n\*\*\*\*\* spitting the same  
Is it me all my enemies throwing s\*\*\* in the game  
Is it me or the industry that really got to change  
Once again it's Wu-Tang in case y'all forgot the name  
I spit germ, early bird gets worm, now  
Now that it's his turn, clowns don't get turns, now  
F\*\*\* with a chick perm, when she get hot, you get burned  
You see I'm not kidding, knowing these kids learn  
And and I'm that dude, ahh choo and allergic to wack jewels  
Blast if I have to and y'all don't give me no hassle  
Who rep Rotten Apple to death and get natural  
Make hard beats pound like the track do  
If you ask me, this raspy voice n\*\*\*\* is nasty  
Khaki's hanging off of his ass, eyes is glassy

That's f\*\*\*ed, that's us, n\*\*\*\*\* know where to catch me  
At 1-800 Get At Me

My flow's, no holds barred, Holy Jihad  
It's the head n\*\*\*\* in charge, Meth, back on the job  
Like back in the days, back when, the game was hard  
And when they reminiscence over Wu, my God  
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Until these rap n\*\*\*\*\* stepped up, checked up  
Man, this game is messed up, next up, you know what it is  
Don't get it f'd up Meth, what? F.Y.I., you need a heads up  
And I don't mean to beat you in the head but  
When you spit that, forget that, I eat these n\*\*\*\*\* food  
And the s\*\*\* wrapped, where Cliff at?  
Tell 'em Mr. Meth got his s\*\*\* back  
The gift back sign. sealed, delivered and gift wrapped  
And when you hear that click-clack  
That's real talk, some n\*\*\*\*\* will talk to the cops  
Get killed off, man how did you get caught with all the rocks  
And still walk, no matter what you mix with a pig  
You still pork and money is still forced  
Yeah, that was right on cue, new and improved  
All these dudes try'nna walk in my shoes, doing my moves  
But that's cool 'cause I'ma make it do what it do  
With this W, like I can I get a "Suu" motherf\*\*\*\*\*?  
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W T R B  
Wu-Tang Radio B\*\*\*