Who Ya Rollin' Wit

Method Man

Uh what's really good?

Yo, yo, yoIt's the unstoppable, over come any obstacle

Y'all know my flavor, pack more punch than Tropical

Any mission possible, do what I gots to do

Labels gettin' butterfingers, and next they droppin' youYou think you know, but you have no idea

The Diary of a Meth Man, what's this I hear?

Somebody told y'all, steppin' in shit was good luck?

I got the hood stuck, now give the goods up Y'all done pushed up, past the point of no return

It's Meth's turn, so roll that shit up and let's burn

I heard Philly got the best 'scherm, out in Cali, they got the best perms

Now that we know, when will the rest learn? Come on, each one, teach one, hear no evil and I don't speak none

Everything cool until that heat come

Just call my name, and I'll be there

Y'all kids is slum, like the jewelry in Albi SquareWe drinkin' Henny 'til we flip, poppin' bottles 'til we sick

All y'all haters eat a dick

Let's throw a party in this bitch, all my niggaz and my chicks

Tell me who ya rollin' wit? Method spits fire

(Fire)

The roof's on

(Fire)

My crew's on

(Fire)Method spits fire

(Fire)

The roof's on

(Fire)

My crew's on

(Fire)M E T H O DMan, I'm in the house like foreclosures

Talk sober, until some dog gets forced over

New York soldiers, be at ease, fall back

Never ever, I'm the New Era, like ball capsKid, whenever, whoever, whatever, y'all want it

Y'all can have it, the problem and answer, I'm all that

While we at it, let's tighten up our grips around that cabbage

Silly rabbit, how many kid's done tricked you on your carrotsThe product of a bad package, like Bishop Don Juan it's Magic

How I break 'em like a bad habit, hit tracks like it's target practice

Then let these darts take a stab at it, niggaz ain't got it, ain't never had itI jam like LA traffic, Jellyroll behind

the wheel

And the passenger seat behind the field

It's your boy, physically fit, mentally sick

Get dirty money, told you honey, I'm filthy richWe drinkin' Henny 'til we flip, poppin' bottles 'til we sick All y'all haters eat a dick

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My crew's onSix minutes, Method Man, you're on

If you thinkin' you gon' slip and be alright, you're wrong

You can see me lightin' the bong, while writin' the songs

That the crowd, is either singin' to or fightin' along, fightin' alongI'm tryin' tell you drugs is not your friends

And girlfriend, don't try and front like you got your friend

I'm at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn

And my chick's a man-eater, she be swallowin' menAight, live from New York, it's Saturday night

I got pipes that drain your confidence, and battery light

Aight, mami tight, but she ain't really my type

If y'all don't see me treat her right, then she ain't really my wifeWhen I was young, I was stayin' in school, obeyin' rules

Play with my food, what makes you think I'm playin' with you?

This is it, y'all better come on in, the water's fine

Jump on in, let's do it to 'em one more 'gainWe drinkin' Henny 'til we flip, poppin' bottles 'til we sick

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The roof's on

My crew's onYeah, Ladies Love Big John Studd

No doubt, dick up in your mouth

We do this shit everyday, I'm in the cut

With my main shit stain, Ray-Ray Gutter ButtAnd we holdin' it down for the whole Staten Island, man

Nothin' else but Staten Island, man

Y'all stand up, man, Stapleton, the Wild West, Park Hill

Port Richmond, Now Born, Jungle Nilz, hah Peace

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