

1, 2, 1, 2

Method Man

Come on

1, 2, 1, 2, uh uh

1, 2, 1, 2

Mr. Meth and Doc

1, 2, 1, 2

Uh uh, 1, 2, 1, 2

DJ scratch on the track

1, 2, 1, 2

1, 2, 1, 2

Break your motha fuckin' back

1, 2, 1, 2

Ah yo, yo

My lyric is 8 ball, batter up play ball

Fuck ya'll analog, niggas, we be digital

Subliminal comin', from the five star general

Attack you from the blind side

Invisible to the naked eye, where them criminals

Better have your eight essential vitamins and minerals

The wu is comin' through you know the outcome

Critical condition in your physical for injurin'

The officer and gentleman who stack by the Benjamin

Off a beat like this, I keep a night stick

In case any stick up care, where heat might miss

I chicken fry rice bitch in a white trench

Bustin' off two macks, I'm like I'm hit

Yo, I'm just playin', I clear the crowd out

Like a peppa spray can sprayin'

I throw lightin' out the arms raiden

Go guard your prey

Next year I do nothin' more than Y2K

We say

Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2

Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2

We say

Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2

We say

Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2

We say

Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2

Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
And if you say fuck me
I'ma say fuck you
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
From debutant down to stripper
I'm too nonchalant, a drink mixed with four kinds of liquors
Catch me at the bar, 'Fu Bar', ladies know who we are
And dream of fuckin' a star, who da scrub
Shotgun in this man car
Burnin' up, forever gettin' thrown out the club
It be us Paul, shot out and bugged
I smoke bud, sniff a bee's ass to get a buzz
I'm everything you think you don't know
Yo man, I throw a 5 in the power
Poppa wheely with the front end hittin speed bumps
40 miles per hour
I'm out at Howard, next to Baltimore
Takin' change out the fountains at shoppin' malls
Rats can only afford chuck-e-cheese
The blood in my jeans is tough like Buddy Lee
Semi-dart auto off ya, blood coughin'
Meth pull a last spark plug with a heart pump
We say
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
Yo, wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
We say
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
Ah yo
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
We say
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
Ah yo
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
And if you say fuck me
I'ma say fuck you
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
Call me Will, enemy I state
When four doc run the scam
New jacks studderin', that the man from the upper hand
Punch, atomic bomb I hit many
From bricks to South Park, you dyin' with Kenny
While you bailin', I'm trailin'
Rockin' hard hat helmets, clip the satellite surveillance
When I walk by you better not be kickin'

Or I put two more in that Terriyaki chicken
You've just been fitted for them seaman shoes
This is bottom of the lake raps
Stab you in the back
Kung fu
Fifty-two cops can't withstand the fifty-two blocks
Unless they bust like fifty-two shots
I'm the has been that have not
Battle kids at Maxwell's house
Know when I'm good to the last drop
What's my name, Meth, his name's Doc
Just like urban
See me in the gran' transportation splurgin'
Drivin' with a turban who push a black suburban
Come on, we rollin' windows half down through the urban
Network law lay it down like a Persian
M to the E to the F, spell curtain
Get out your car sucker
This ain't yours
Robbed you with a gun that filled with paint balls
And brauds got the nerve to act funny
You a champagne ho, with kool aide money
Frown bitch, Doc up in that town quick
You back down a point on NFL blitz
I'm lyin', buddah break fool and take two
And put your hole in the earth to escape through
We say
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
We say
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
Ah yo
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
We say
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
Ah yo
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2
And if you say fuck me
I'ma say fuck you
Wa wa wa wa, 1, 2, 1, 2, 2, 2
Yeah, yo
DJ scratch
Not ready for prime time playas
Mr. Meth, funk Doc
Def Jam 2000 mutha fuckas

Calm me down, baby
Nod your head to this
Come on
Ah yo, this is WKYA Radio
We are kickin' your motha fuckin ass
Yo Flex
Thats right it's goin' down
Redman, method man, blackin the funk out
Now listen

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