

Say

Method Man

[Lauryn (Method Man)]
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Yeah (Yeah)
Yeah yeah (Yo)[Method Man]
Damn, I hate it when it rain
Ever since I came in the game
Some hated on the fame
A lot of niggas done changed
And started actin' strange
Even labels turning they backs
And started backing lames
Radio is the same, whole lotta speculatin'
These mutherfuckas defacatin' on the name
Wu-Tang, if this is where the hip-hop is
Radio lyin' then, that ain't where hip-hop live
It lives in the streets, we eat to live they livin' to eat
I'm fed up, that nigga rides in 'em, givin' 'em sleep
R.I.P., make me the king of all I see
And when death call I'm good I got call ID
See it was planned in the front, now they just gon' front
Like my joints is on proactive, and they just don't bump
Then niggas gon' say I lost my skill
when in fact they all been programmed
And lost they feel, fo' real[Chorus: Lauryn (Method Man)]
They've got so much things to say right now
They've got so much things to say
They've got so much things to say right now (Yeah)
They got so much things to say (Yo)[Method Man]
Damn, another artist chokes again
They ain't cut as close as him or even broke the skin
See how niggas ain't yo friends, when there ain't no ends
Don't care who the case offend, don't underrate my pen
I got what it takes to win, while ya'll are thinking I'm trash
Loving the taste of success and this drink in my glass
Watch 'em cosign that whack shit, give it a pass till it's gone
Quicker than Red, can't get rid of them clubs
When they're wrong, call the cops, they credibility's shot
It's time to learn, what hot really is and really is not

Off brain niggas, Meth gonna let 'em know off top
Don't get smacked on dvds, trying to show off blocks
I can't stop cause my enemies plot, or cause the cops want me
Shackled and locked inside the penalty box
And while they waitin' for my shit to flop
They gettin' pimped like hoes
Sellin' they ass just to get my spot, come on man[Repeat Chorus][Method Man]
Ask Miss Hill, half these critics ain't got half this skill
Often so hungry that they have to steal
If I didn't have my deal, and didn't have this mass appeal
Then I'm back up in that trap, swingin' crack it's real
And that ain't worth the time, so search and find a new nerve
And here's three words: stop working mine
It take a lot more to hurt my pride
Jerk my vibe more than media lies, cry when dirt dog die nigga
The last album wasn't feeling my style
This time my foot up in they ass but they feelin' me now
Cause Tical, he put his heart in every track he do
But somehow yall find someway to give a whack review
It ain't all good, they writin' that I'm Hollywood
Tryin' to tell you my shit ain't ghetto and they hardly hood
Come on man, until you dudes can write some rhymes
Keep that in mind when you find yourself reciting mines[Repeat Chorus]

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