Is It Me

Jim-E Stack

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
Is it me or is it these n***** in it for cheese
Is it me all my enemies, hating on Killa Beez
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With the top down wheeling the V, feeling the breeze
Is it me or is it these n***** spitting the same
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Once again it's Wu-Tang in case y'all forgot the name
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******?
Is it me or is it these n***** in it for cheese
Is it me all my enemies, hating on Killa Beez
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W T R B
Wu-Tang Radio B****

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