

How Bout Dat

Method Man

Yo, I hit the 'freeway' after I 'rock the mic'
Light up like Showtime when they about to fight
How bout dat, boy, when that truck ride 38's
Your middle finger up at the light, I'm nice
Doc ride or die, I bubble up when the pouring peroxide
It's dirty, lookie here
Still sharp like I'm back in school
It's like Wonder Blade, cut a nigga smooth
Whoo-whoo-whoo-whoo, who let the dog loose?
Whips and chains, I don't wanna argue
The big whale that's writing fishscale
Like me, better believe, I'm too hard to harpoon
My goons, think like Chris Wallace
'Give me the loot' and I don't wanna talk about it
When my niggas 'get 'em', that's when I
Crush the building, how about that?

Look at my shoes, how about that, nigga?
(My car, how about that, nigga?)
Getting money, how about that, nigga?

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

How about it, any nigga realer than me? I doubt it
Catch Ready hop out of v, low mileage
You see the way I play with money, I'm so childish
And, so stylish, looking like Gucci my sponsor
Kicks crazy, jewelry is bonkers
Whether in the club or you see me in concert
I go hard, who created a monster?
Me, Gilla be the click that I ride with
Talk slick, get flipped like a Sidekick
You wonder why your bitch is on my dick
'cause the boy flow dooper than five bricks
The MC wishing I simply
Be remembered like Big Pun, Biggie or Pimp see
And when my niggas say 'get 'em', that's when I
Blocka blocka, how about that, nigga?

Look at my house, how about that, nigga?

(Sour dies', how about that, nigga?

Big paper, how about that, nigga?

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

How bout that, ten years plus in the rap game

And still getting cream like a fat cat

Plus, I'm grossing money off of ASCAP

Plus, my publishing, yea I owns that

First of all, my royalty come quarterly

My hoes, my niggas, all move accordingly

Streetlife, I'm so international

My foreign exchange, but always in the capitol

Straight cash advances, while you be calling

Your label all day, hoping someone answers

I flow with no auto-tone, just me and my bitch

My blunt, my beat, my microphone

I shine with no jewelry on, another star is born

Watch me perform, beyond the norm

And when my niggas 'get 'em', that's when I

Brr stick 'em, haha, stick 'em, how about that, nigga?

Fuck what it cost, how about that, nigga?

(I'm a boss, how about that, nigga?)

Straight pimping, how about that, nigga?

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

Pimp game, soak it up, you dig?

Hope your haters want beef, 'cause I don't touch the pig

How about that, boy, I'm a G, ain't another MC

Or pedophile that can touch the kid, I do it big

Like Chris Wallace, big bank, big wallet

Got a flow that go straight to the pros, forget college

I still got it, if I got an issue, I flow the pistol

And I'm official, just like them niggas that low the whistle

Word, man, I shoot to kill 'em, you heard?

If you nasty, I shoot 'em with penicilen, you heard?

I'm like Cali, so carry, when I'm flipping the words

Flip the script on your bitch ass while I'm flipping the bird

Meth sick with the pen, stick a few in your men

Then again, stick with my pen through the thick and the thin

Look, when my niggas 'get 'em', I send 'em to hell

And ride with 'em, how about that, nigga?

Look at my crew, how about that, nigga?

(Gun bigger than you, how about that, nigga?

Pop bottles, how about that, nigga?

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

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