

What the Blood Clot (feat. RZA & Y-Kim)

Method Man

All I hear is gun shots
Can I touch something?
What the blood claat!
Niggaz want tical make it happen
You know my fuckin' style fuck the rappin'
We can take it back to eighty five if you want to start actin' like you live
It's all good, I'm rollin' with my clique
Owls Packwoods & Phillies smokin' sess blunts mixed with illy
Got me bustin' now the whole world looks dusted
I'm in the area with the skill that never rusted
For real, nigga, touch it & you burn, when will motherfuckers learn
What be spreadin' like a germ? Ha ha, it's Meth, word
I be that early bird that got the worm & if you check it
I'm on point, like a fax machine you get the message
It be no question & them bust the second guessin's
Keep your thoughts on your lessons
What the blood claat!
To tell the truth, you don't amaze me Killa Hill project
A Star Trek phaser couldn't phase me what
Check the Raderuckus fuck this
Smoke a Dutchmaster, have 'em screamin' for the duchess
Yeah, I gotta have it, so I strive to stick my piece
If I don't do it for mydelf, I'm a do it for Kase
'Cause that's my peoples, I'm giving you injections that be Lethal
Weapon, when niggaz start the half steppin'
Then I get evil. But don't let that negative vibe right there
Mislead you, I'm humble, a fucking Killer Bee
Far from bumble, I sting you BZT and I bring you
Thirty-six chambers of head banger, bitch
Why I deal with? I think the mic is on the fritz
Faggot soundmen! They be sabotagin' shit
Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane
Methical, let the whole world know my fuckin' name
What the blood claat!

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