

say what

Method Man Ft Missy Elliott A

Most thugs front when they get the chance
(Say what?)
Some thugs hit the blunt when they get the chance
(Say what?)
Live thugs stack cheddar, then they make plans
(Say what?)
I, Cool J, NY2K rule milleniums with my compadres
They tounques sway with really nothing to say
They pack guns, but I stack funds
I'm second to none, my hot streak's just begun
You wanna bring beef? You got to serve it well-done
You ran the wrong way, now you livin' on the run
Not some, each one's a bum, every one
Coughed up a lung, became my son
Flames I brung, platinumn weighs a ton
Heavy on the chest, I pity all the rest
I put 'em to the test, I spit it like I'm blessed
I testify, I have no need to lie
I buried many, still many wanna die
I zone out crazy, starin' don't faze me
Got your whole strategy shook, it's too daisy
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Live thugs stack cheddar, then they make plans
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Black, relaod, clack, reload
Got ya pictures sittin' in my lap, he explode
Duck when you hear the rat-tat-tat
'Cause once you cross over baby, ain't no comin' back
Beleive that, I flows when I hit that, strive till I get that
Never mind a set-back, no time to wet that
A lyrical hi-jack, you don't wanna try that
Creep wit' my CD, don't let 'em know you buy that
One in the snips, one in the whip with the low jack
Call a 911 to get the LL back, original bells, LL
Rocked them till they fell, competition bailed
Looked like Mince Green when mic had 'em swelled

Wrote all them rhymes and never gonna sell

Meanwhile, I'm countin' prezzies in the 'tel
And in the meanwhile, I throw my baby in Chanelle
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Unh, I'm lyrically hot tonight, come on

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Layin' low to catch you on stage so I can run on
Matter fact, you not on my level, I throw my son on

Mission is complete, technique is unique

Defeat the rhyme weak and mine ya knee-deep

Rewind a rip beats and give jeeps the heat

Even if you walkin', with ya walkman in the street

Actin' gassed up, but you really on need

How you countin' your paper kid, without a GED?

Slow down, let me do my thing now, hold up

Maybe that's the reason you stressed, quick to roll up

Put the L down, picked the other LL up

Maybe we can straighten this out before it's toe-up

Watch me closely, boom I'm a blow-up

And spend the whole rest of my life stackin' dough up

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Whoo, Vinnie Biggs, you hot with this one, dawg

Roundtree, rock the bells, uh uh, Brian Daughtery

Uh uh, all my peeps, my peeps, my peeps across the land

Know what I mean? We gonna keep gettin' paper

This is real, this is real, right here, rock the bells

It's deeper than the deepest blue sea, dawg

Know what I'm sayin'? I'm feelin' it like you feelin' it

Ha ha, word up, I'm lovin' it like you lovin' it, baby

Rewind it, it's short

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