

# Retro Godfather

## Method Man

Come on, take it back, 70's style  
I'll do anything  
All y'all old school studio 54ers  
That's my word  
There's nothing in the world that I won't do  
I'll give my world to you if you want me to  
I'll do anything, anything, anything, anything  
That's my word O.D.'n on this one fleein' all eyes seein'  
Dominant supreme being, face the mental  
Deep concentration break the point on a pencil  
Keep my cliches out your dental, capiche? Shit that I been through is cause for parental  
Discretions no question my west side connections  
L.A. confidential, world don't stop  
'Less it's mental, Staten residentials, you wit it? Wu-Tang, Forever and a day, 'til I'm old and decayed  
I'm committed, look Ma, we did it  
Top of the the world, tell it to my firstborn  
And my baby girl, did it my way Take the low road, on the highway, out the sunroof, yellin'  
"Thank God it's Friday!" Show a nigga love  
If he got my sound pull the plug  
He's not underground, call him, "Mud" When I flood the airwaves household and stairways, rainy days  
Waiting for these paydayes, think not of the ends  
If I got twenty, my brother get ten  
Now let the madness begin motherfuckers! There's nothing in the world that I won't do  
I'll give my world to you, if you want me to  
I'll do anything, anything, anything, anything There's nothing in the world that I won't do  
I'll give my world to you, if you want me to  
I'll do anything, yo, yo, yo! We got love for those with love for us  
Baby you can look but don't touch, I'm fried off the dust  
And plus, the only thing I trust is a fund  
Ain't no fun, just paranoid niggaz totin' guns in apparel Keep us camouflaged in the shadows  
That's where I bring this tale that you never get to tattle  
Obliterate the tri-state, and the crime rate  
Tell them swine niggaz fly straight, you can call it fate And if it ain't mine, call it fake, bottom line  
End the case, spoon feed the track just a taste of the side dish  
Soup of the day, I come Wright like N' Bushe  
For them Dead Presidents Fuck what you say, and he say, and she say, and they say  
Vacate the premises, caught up in the melee  
Sentence this song, to twenty-five years hard labor  
In the system, where it takes the form of my wisdom Respect mine, take my time and protect nine

Next on the front line, Mr. Meth  
No more no less, what you see is what your ass get  
Set it off I suggest There's nothing in the world that I won't do  
I'll give my world to you, if you want me to  
I'll do anything, anything, anything, anything There's nothing in the world that I won't do  
I'll give my world to you, if you want me to  
I'll do anything, anything, anything Not a problem that I can't fix  
'Cause I can do it, in the mix  
Not a problem that I can't fix  
'Cause I can do it, in the mix

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