

Meth Vs. Chef (feat. Raekwon)

Method Man

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Duel, worthy of a general
If you want to fight, fight with me!
One to one! Man to man! Get ready to get team!
Live and direct from the one-six-oooh
We got Tical, pow! Raekwon the Chef, Tical!
It's about to go on, Tical!
You make the call, I make the call!
It's all for all
Method Man, Raekwon the Chef (count my shells)
And there's about to be one left (count my shells, nigga)
I know you know it's on kid (Bring that shit I don't give a fuck!) Who lit that shit it was I the chinky-eye
Cheeba-hawk from New York, Tical Staten Isle
Niggas thought, that they could walk a dog but they caught
A bad situation, 'cause I'm a sandwich short
Of a picnic, 'cause you ain't equipped with the sickening
Style, blowing up the spot like ballistic
Missiles, I be comin' through like the four-nine-three-eleven
Tearing up the power-you, Me-Tical
A bad motherfucking buddah monk, what the fuck
Hit your chest, like cardiac arrest, blow the front
Out the frame, hit the pussycat for the pain
Of the dog shit, nobody move run your garments
A rugged vet, terrible like a Champion sweat
Wrap a power in a tec, to wet
A nigga up, with all the dangerous diseases
Sniffing sneezing coughing aching stuffy head fever
Fucker, I think it's bout time that you suffer
Bobbin on my nob like an all day sucker
Bitch!
Meth Vs Chef
(It's my turn) Meth Vs Chef
(Yo let's bring that shit baby) Meth Vs Chef

(Yo, yeah, one more time nigga) Meth Vs Chef
(Callin" me out, it's goin' off) I blow your fuckin' ass to death I'm goin' all out kid no turn backs
You could try to front, get smoked and that's that
Lyric assassin, dressed in black buggin'
Sixteen shots to your mug, from a slug then
I go to war in a concrete jungle, make the punt
'Cause niggas act funny, and fumble
But I relax, count my shells, a lot of heads gotta fly
Niggas stay strapped, armed to die
Time for jet-black Tim boot, flowin'
Wha'-Su God get him, hit 'em with the nine troop
No question, cha-cha-BLOW in the session
Bloodshot in that direction, cypher
'Tack you like chess moves best move
Yo, yeah, yo
The boards, your ass
'Tack, 'tack, 'tack, uh!
'Tack the boards like chess moves best move
At Rae through, comin' at your motherfuckin' crew
Live direct, yeah you better step
Gunshots ring on the set, let's jet
Motivate, to the gate
With some quick high Rae stay fly, and rob your Isle
Airwaves, yo behave
Now you're a slave with the boots that paved the way
Ah shit! Chef Vs Meth Vs Meth

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