Say What

Method Man feat. Missy Elliott

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 chedder, then they make plans
(Say what?)
I, Cool J, NY2K rule milleniums with my compadres
They tounges 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 pitty 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
Most thugs front when they get the chance
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Some thugs hit the blunt when they get the chance
(Say what?)
Live thugs stack chedder, then they make plans
(Say what?)
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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(Say what?)
Unh, I'm lyrically hot tonight, come on
Unh, I'm lyrically hot tonight, come on
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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