

2 Minutes of Your Time

Method Man

I wrote this verse on the twenty- fifth
But half a y'all just ain't gon' get it 'till the twenty- six
I'm here to analyze ya shooter
Like I'm Kenny Smith
But I ain't Kenny
Kenny can shoot it
But can he spit?
This ain't for morons
Hashtag new yiddi trick, and oxymoron's
Fat broads who skinny dip
The War report on
Better come with your sword on
I hit ya with that Cee-Lo Green
You know that short arm
The people caught on (wait)
I meant to say the People's Court on (wait)
For the record I hope record on (brake)
Before I wreck it
Too many styles to go on
Wu-Tang is for the children
Go get ya child support on I ain't tryna bring the city back
And all that pretty boy rap
Ain't where I'm really at
Besides rappers don't really ride
They piggy back, I'll trade them all
To have 2Pac and Biggie back
Facts, don't give me dap
Don't want your pity want fifty fifty
Just give me that
Want every penny both Hanz on
How many that?
A black president
White house, what's really rap?
We not so friendly at my house (clicky clack)
If necessary, pet cemetery, ya kitty cat, won't let em eat
'Cause my other problems too many rats
Ya boy a beast on this mic Jack
Da ratchet tryna peel (pill) ya like Mike Jack
Call that thriller a nite cap

Take a moment to suck it up
But make it brief nobody cared if ya cow died
Don't make it beef
Rap game we own it
We really in these streets
You rap lames is homeless
You really in the streets I ain't tryna bring the city back
And all that pretty boy rap
Ain't where I'm really at
Really how sillys that?
Besides rappers don't really
Ride they piggy back
I'll trade them all
To have 2Pac and Biggie back

Songwriters

SMITH, CLIFFORD / BEAN, RONALD MAURICE Published by

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