

# I Get My Thang in Action

## Method Man

"Good wu-tang martial expert  
There's not many, who can match up with him"(he'll give you a heart condition  
If you fuck around like that there  
Tell you it ain't no good for the bloodstream  
You know god damn whatever and uhh  
It's dumb and big it's dumb and big)  
Mira, meth-tical comin through with the suu  
(lie in cut for y'all)  
Check it out Niggas wanna test my steez, nigga please  
I black that eye like peas, you better freeze  
In your tracks, a wu-tang (bzzz) killer bee's on ya back  
I comes for the honey plus the phat money sack  
You want it all? yeah I want it all like that  
I stab my own moms in the back for a stack  
Niggas like, "damn, why you want it like that?" (why is that?)  
Cause I'm a dog, and I got no love for the cat (uhh)  
Attitude's cold like the north polar cap  
Where I do my dirt's a little further down the map (is that so?)  
A little buck wilding, island called stat'  
Where niggas carry gats in they black moon hat  
Now I'm mad known for the bones and the rap  
And you's an unknown with a faulty contract  
Wake up and smell the met-chod motherfucker contact  
Villain in the cypher from the foe when head crack  
An indian giver and I'm out to take it back  
Shaolin island, baby where you at?  
A runaway train that be runnin on ya track  
That's how it's goin down, yeah, it's goin down like that I gets my thang in action  
To live, to love, to see, to learn  
Yo! tell em what's happenin!(what's happenin?  
I'll tell yo' ass what's happenin  
Tell em what's happenin  
It's goin on out here - brothers ain't got no peers  
And they smokin funny - shuddup yo' damn mouth!) I swing funky rap routines and tap the jaws  
Spot ya twenty points and you still can't score  
Nuttin - cause you ain't got no points in this game  
Kid you frontin - I'm home run hittin, you be buntin  
Fresh out the toilet, I got my shit together  
When I'm good, I'm good, when bad, I'm better

You want it? whatever - I'll be the stormy weather  
Rain comin down, so weatherproof you're leather  
Jacket, a nigga with a axe couldn't hack it  
I spark em like a match (ssskt)  
Coming back it's the met-chod, say it loud  
I'm the met-chod, man - clap yo' hands, now check it  
See me in the mix, rollin fat, bustin flicks  
While my physical brother came through and got me lift  
Niggas, that I walk by, give me the eye  
The moment is fuckin me up, killin my high  
Nigga get back, ya pussy cat, I'm fearsome  
Basically that, I'm all of that, and then some  
While I, was out on tour, goin beserk  
I heard you was at the sandbox and kickin dirt  
All on my name but you can't pull my file  
You don't know me, and you don't know my style  
Comin out dere like dat dere, yeahhhh  
Even grizzly adams couldn't bear

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