

Tribute

Nonpoint

Come on, come on
That's right, Nonpoint, Darwin's, Grimm in the house
Lemme hear that shit
Na'mean? Uh! 'bout to slay those fuckin' tracks
Here we go, come on Once upon a time not long ago
When people wore pajamas and lived life slow
When laws were stern and justice stood
And people were behavin' like they are too good There lived a little boy that was misled
By another little boy and this is what he said
Check it, me and you kid we gonna make some cash
What! What!
Robbin old folks and makin' a dash Come on! Come on!
Their jackets tied, money came with ease
But one couldn't stop, it's like he had a disease
He robbed another and another Michael Jackson Stevie Wonder
Tried to rob a man who was a D.C. undercover
The kid got wild startin' actin' erratic, he said I got you all in check Come on!
Yah yah yah yah yah
Come on!
Yah yah yah yah yah
Come on!
Yah yah yah yah yah
Come on!
Yah yah yah yah yah
Come on! When I step up in the place and yo I step correct
Got you all in check
I got that head nod shit that make you break your neck
Got you all in check
Well you know we come through to wreck the disco tech
Got you all in check
Throw your hands up in the air and never disrespect
Got you all in check Yo Grimm, whats up?
Which muthafucka stole my flow?
Eenie, meenie, minie, moe
Throw them types of niggas right out the window Blast your ass, hit you with a direct blow
Blah comin' through like G.I. Joe
Star Wars movie deal like Han So-lo
Make you bounce around like this was calyp-so Always shine 'cause I got the high pro glow
You think that you can hide, you think you can lay low?

Roll up on your ass like Hawaii 5-0
 Back out, pull my dreads in my Kang-lo
 Forget that Moet nigga, just bash the Cisco!
 Yo, take a trip down to Mexico Come back with that shit that might make you psycho
 Maximum frequency through that stereo
 Sorry this is it but homeboy, I gots ta go! Yo, where you go? Where you at? Bring it back!
 Big props to all my people on the hip-hop scene who going
 Fast than me with Abrushima my inspiration from youth
 Killa bee got lose, don't be teared
 Don't be mad, no, give it the truth, say M E T H O D Man
 M E T H O D Man
 M E T H O D Man
 Break yourself nigga Hey you, get off my cloud
 Let me get raw with my southpaw style
 Mover, puffin' on a fat blunt from Cuba
 It's the Meth-Tical jet to Cal, I'm the Buddha Monk on the hunt for machine gun foes
 I keeps you open like a slug from the shotgun punk
 Double barrel, yeah Meth bring it to them proper
 Partner, you ain't got no wins in me casa Straight up, you movin' too fast so baby wait up
 Took one, added seven more now you eight up
 Get on down with your bad self
 Get on down, listen to the sound, come on! You will never get this whole commit legit
 See you all up in my dick
 But you don't know shit, uh-huh
 What's your definition of a real MC?
 For what you dedicated, ya it must be me Meth-Tical, a lewd descendant of the loud hip hop
 I was on to the break of dawn and just don't stop
 Give me the green light and the sign one way
 At last, what you got to say? Come on Move it in, move it out, stick it in, pull it out
 Shake it up, shake it down, come on y'all, Meth-Tical
 I hope and pray that I will but today I am still just a
 M E T H O D Man , M E T H O D Man, M E T H O D Man M E T H O D Man, M E T H O D Man, M E T H O
 D Man
 M E T H O D Man, M E T H O D D Man, M E T H O D Man
 M E T H O D Man, M E T H O D Man
 Break yourself nigga, get the fuck off M E T H O D Man
 M E T H O D Man
 M E T H O D Man
 M E T H O D D Man
 Man, man, man
 M E T H O D, bitch!

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