Got The Flava

Method Man

[Chorus:]
Show & A.G. got the flavas (the flavas)
Rollin with the dwellas and the neighbors (the neighbors)
Show & A.G. got the flavas (the flavas)
Rollin with the dwellas and the neighbors (the neighbors)[D. Flow]
Hey yo no question I'm the best in this rap business
No doubt I'm strapped, get back or get clapped rediculous son
I'm flippin this one (don't be dumb)
You better run or end up like my last victim
Shit that's real I already been through
Scared from the threats I sent you (it's all in the mental)
Jackin niggas like I'm in the Central
Cuttin through that ass like a Ginsu as I commense to
Get big with my nigs, A.G. & Showbiz
Now your idol was doin vital damage to your ribs
Word straight up and down, crab MCs get crushed
I'll leave your style cramped, my crew can't be touched
So when you hear the bomb you know it's D. Flow son
No one can fuck around, yeah that's right (no one)[Wali World]
Hey yo the honies on the dilz cause I play ball good (it's all good)
I'm still representin the hood
Big shouts to Uncle Pete, you're my number one neighbor
No doubt I'm puffin later with my nigga Gary Aida
Peace to Roc Raider and all the goodfellas
People gettin jealous, well it's the brothers (the brothers)
On some other shit can't forget Shabazz
Representin not to mention that I'm gettin cash
Get with that or get with this because I'm kickin this
With the styles I'm runnin through niggas like Emmit Smith[Party Arty]
Touchdown, I buck down MCs that step up
10 G's if you wanna MC wrecked up
The ghetto dwella's in your hood, hoodie down
Stomps from the Bronx, the boogie man from the Boogie Down
Momma never told me there would be days like this
That I'd be rippin tracks, gettin paid with my nigs
On tour, roar with that hardcore stuff
Niggas call bluffs (I give em no chance) I make it more rough
(And even slow dance) on niggas faces, rugged, fuck it
Them niggas got to love it cause we made this

I'm gettin papers with my peeps
As Party Arty keeps Bacardi so MCs meet the shotty[A.G.]
Check the method but don't sweat the technique
Even made the baddest dime bitches get weak when the vets speak
(Hopin) That your head meets my bed sheets
(Now you're open) Like the Red Sea cause I'm potent
Don't fit? Don't force it, Flow got that 4-fifth
Who do with that voodoo, my doll it's that cordless
All this and that and then some
Get paid to put raps on tracks, I guess that's my income
The beat chills so they be comin back for refills
(My man shows his street skills) From here to the Peekskills
Kill the rumors, givin MCs brain tumors
Time to step off the set, gotta jet like Puma[Chorus (2x)][Method Man]
What the blood clot, son lick a shot, show your love in the area
Forget me not, mass hysteria
My style revolves around blunts, the Methical
The one and only piece original, never phony
One love to my muthafucker A.G.
A true giant in the industry, hold your shoes up
(Word to God, youknowI'msayin)
Yeah, that's how it's goin down, you know who got the flava
We got the flava, the flava
So bring it on, so bring it on, all you muthafuckin corns, yeah

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