

Meth VS. Chef (Original Method Man 2nd Verse)

Method Man

You is worthy of a general
If you want to fight, fight with me!
One to one! Man to man! Get ready to get team!
Live and direct from the one-six-oooh
We got Tical, pow! Raekwon the Chef, Tical!
It's about to go on, Tical
You make the call, I make the call
It's all for all
Method Man, Raekwon the Chef
(count my shells)
And there's about to be one left
(count my shells, nigga)
I know you know it's on kid
(Bring that shit I don't give a fuck!) Who lit that shit it was I the chinky-eye
Chiba-hawk from New York, Tical Staten Isle
Niggas thought, that they could walk a dog but they caught
A bad situation, cause I'm a sandwich short
Of a picnic, cause you ain't equipped with the sickening
Style, blowing up the spot like ballistic
Missiles, I be comin through like the four-nine-three-eleven
Tearing up the power-u, Meth-Tical
A bad motherfucking buddah monk, what the fuck
Hit your chest, like cardiac arrest, blow the front
Out the frame, hit the pussycat for the pain
Of the dog shit, nobody move run your garments
A rugged vet, terrible like a Champion sweat
Wrap a power in a tec, to wet
A nigga up, with all the dangerous diseases
Sniffing, sneezing, coughing, aching, stuffy head fever
Fuckin', I think it's bout time that you suffer
Bobbin' on my knob like an all day sucker
Bitch! Meth Vs. Chef
Meth Vs. Chef (Let's bring this shit)
Meth Vs. Chef (Yeah, one more time!)
Meth Vs. Chef
I blow your fuckin ass to death

Songwriters

CLIFFORD SMITH, COREY WOODS, ROBERT F. DIGGS Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>