

# Meth Vs. Chef

## 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 gel 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  
Fucker, I think it's bout time that you suffer  
Bobbing 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

Lyrics provided by

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