

# Say What

## Method Man

Yeah, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this is an exclusive  
Mr. Meth, you're so Def  
You put them other M.C.'s out to rest and they test  
But they forget how the M-E-F is so Def, let's goYo, uh, come on, come on, now  
Big Meth attack soon as the track come on now  
Zone out, with Sean Combs and bizzy-bone out  
I trouble you in the club  
And by one, I'm gettin' thrown outMami, got her toes out, ain't one army can Blaze Johnny  
Like Gwen Stefani, you know there's No Doubt  
I'm trill, sick with it, it's like ill  
That's the only way to explain these mic skillsOn Homicide Hill, anybody asks is real  
The more steel, the more body bags to fill  
Now can I get a hit of that hydro, nigga  
I tried to quit puffin' before but I'm no quitterIf honey show me her buns, I'll show her my ones  
If the bed rockin', keep knockin' and I'm a come  
Want some, take some, I get it crunk  
Speak junk, I'll slow up your road with speed bumpsWhen they play this in the club  
(Say what?)  
Go and tell that nigga, bump that  
(Say what?)  
Throw your hands up, like nigga, what?  
(Say what?)  
Ya'll don't really really want that  
(Say what?)But if a motherfucker, don't like it  
(Say what?)  
Tell that sucker he can get back  
(Say what?)  
Misdemeanor and Meth in your area  
(Say what?)  
Are ya'll ready? Come on, play it back  
(Say what?)You wanna front, what? Step up and get bucked  
And if your feelin' lucky, duck, then press ya'll luck  
Ya'll got me effed up, over tracks over react  
Once I start, like a bullet, ain't no holdin' me backI'm all that and two mac's, ya'll fakin' jacks  
When I cock back like Busta Bust and make 'em clap  
Here I go again, who blow in like whirlwinds  
Who kiss girlfriends, that kiss they girlfriendsGot to get it, and when I'm gone  
Ya'll bury me with chrome, and tell hell I'm comin' home  
I'm poison, see my skull and crossbones

Got aim like them kids in Iraq who toss stones  
And I got drugs in my system and thugs in the system  
That put slugs in victims  
Mr. M-E to F, bomb threat  
As long as I ain't no game, there's no contest  
When they play this in the club  
(Say what?)  
Go and tell that nigga, bump that  
(Say what?)  
Throw your hands up, like nigga, what?  
(Say what?)  
Ya'll don't really really want that  
(Say what?) But if a motherfucker, don't like it  
(Say what?)  
Tell that sucker he can get back  
(Say what?)  
Misdemeanor and Meth in your area  
(Say what?)  
Are ya'll ready? Come on, play it back  
(Say what?) Ticallion is fatter than your fattest chrome chain  
I guess that should explain why I was given the dope name  
Ain't nothin' free, everything got a fee  
How the fuck you got a car and ain't got a pot to pee?  
I'm a grown man, so I do grown man things  
Why take half, when I can have this whole damn thing?  
It's Meth, baby, drop top, navy Mercedes  
I'm number one like P.E. or Tracy McGrady  
It's all good, everything I spit, all hood  
And if ya'll gave me one wish, niggaz, I wish ya'll would  
Who John Blaze? Uh, when ya'll gon' learn huh?  
When I burn son, stick a fork in him he's done  
And ladies love to play, like Ladies Love Cool J  
For the right cream, they'll do anything you say  
She Ice Cream, I'm caked up with icing  
Mr. Sandman, come on, bring her a pipe dream  
When they play this in the club  
(Say what?)  
Go and tell that nigga, bump that  
(Say what?)  
Throw your hands up, like nigga, what?  
(Say what?)  
Ya'll don't really really want that  
(Say what?) But if a motherfucker, don't like it  
(Say what?)  
Tell that sucker he can get back  
(Say what?)  
Misdemeanor and Meth in your area  
(Say what?)  
Are ya'll ready? Come on, play it back  
(Say what?) Let's work, come on  
Def Jam! Mr. Meth, Missy, Bad Boy, Hitmen baby

Let's work, come on, let's work, come on, yeah

Uh, let's work, a yo pass that nigga

Joe Hooker, I see you, let's work, yeah

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