

Konichiwa Bi*ches

Method Man

Konichiwa bi*ches
Konichiwa bi*ches What up, what up, these n****z suck?
They can't hold a fort, better hold that thought, B
If I can't get it off, see my attitude is MSG
F*** it, I'm salty, the game been loss me Pay ya dues, it cost me, who acting like I'm past my
prime
Hey Carlton Fisk, n****, pass the nine, who wanna cross me, now?
And put my body in the lost and found
You with the business, then bust off a round It's like the passions of Christ, get crucified just for
having that ice
And the audacity for having that life, while n****z starving and s***
The main reason they be robbing and s***
The same reason you've been targeted b****
(These n****z must of forgot)
The thin line between a hoe and a trick
Give 'em the clip between the four and the fifth
(Yea, motherf***er I'm high)
There I go again, blowing a spliff
When I exhale, it's like I'm blowing a kiss
(Konichiwa bi*ches) N.Y.C., is all I see, O.D.B., n****, R.I.P.
(Konichiwa bi*ches)
This Killa Beez on ya M.I.C., you want it all
Well, then y'all like me
(Konichiwa bi*ches) Come on, come on, I think they playing my song
I came to blow them out the frame and I'm gone
(Konichiwa bi*ches)
M E T, to the H O D, why motherf***ers wanna hate on me?
(Konichiwa bi*ches)
For every rhyme, there's a hair on my chest
Scared of the Man, you should be scared of the Meth
Now every damn that I drop, is homicidal, that could dare to be done
There's no survival, now who care to be next?
(If you don't know me by now) Know where the borough is, doing it for
The most thoroughest, you doing the most, pa
The French call it "forpa" when f***ing with son
The odds a hundred to none, too many flavors
Y'all ain't f***ing with one It's getting deep, see the plot thicker
No place to be, if you b****, n****
Outside the Clan, we always got RZA
I put it down, like I don't give a
One in the head, I bet he don't get up We drinking malt liquor out of your Benz
Just to talk slicker then paint a scene that you can all picture

You going in? Well, let me walk with cha
It's Method Man, but for short Mr., Mef
(Konichiwa bi*ches)N.Y.C., is all I see, O.D.B., n****, R.I.P.
(Konichiwa bi*ches)

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Well, then y'all like me
(Konichiwa bi*ches)Come on, come on, I think they playing my song
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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