Method Man

Wu-Tang Clan

From the slums of Shaolin, Wu-Tang Clan strikes again
The RZA, the GZA, Ol Dirty Bastard, Inspectah Deck, Raekwon the ChefU-God, Ghost Face Killer and the Method ManM-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MANHey, you, get off my cloud
You don't know me and you don't know my style
Who be gettin flam when they come to a jam?
Here I am here I am, the Method Man
Patty cake patty cake hey the method man
Don't eat Skippy, Jif or Peter Pan
Peanut butter, cuz I'm not butter
In fact I snap back like a rubber
band, I be Sam Sam I am
And I dont eat green eggs and ham
Style will hit ya, wham!, then goddamn
You be like oh shit that's the jam
Turn it up now hear me get buckwu-wu-wild
I'm about to blow light me up
Upside downside inside and outside
Hittin you from every angle there's no doubt
I am, the one and only Method Man
The master of the plan wrappin shit like Saran
Wrap, with some of this and some of that
Hold up (what?) I tawt I tat I putty tat
Over there, but I think he best to beware
Of the diggy dog shit right here
Yippy yippy yay yippy yah yippy yo
Like Deck said this aint your average flow
Comin like rah ooh ah achie kah
Tell me how ya like it so far baby paw
The poetry's in motion coast to coast and
Rub it on your skin like lotion
What's the commotion, oh my lord
Another corn chopped by the Wu-Tang sword
Hey hey hey like Fat Albert
It's the Method Man ain't no if ands about it
It's the Method
All right, y'all get ya White Owls, get ya meth, get ya skins
Don't forget your fourty
And we gonna do it like thisI got, fat bags of skunk
I got, White Owl blunts

And I'm about to go get lifted
Yes I'm about to go get liftedI got, myself a fourty
I got, myself a shorty
And I'm about to go and stick it
Yes I'm about to go and stick it
Uhh
H-U-F-F huff and I puff
Blow like snow when the cold wind's blowin
Zoom, I hit the mic like boom
Wrote a song about it like to hear it here it goes
Question what exactly is a panty raider
Ill behaviour savior or major flavor
All of the above oh yeah plus I do so
Also flam I'm the man call me super
Not an average Joe with an average flow
Doing average things with average hoes
Yo I'm super I'll make a bitch squirm
For my, Su-per Sperm (check it)
Check it I give it to ya raw butt naked
I smell sess pass the Method
Let's get lifted as I kick ballistics
Missles and shoot game like a pistol
Clip is loaded when I click bang dang
A Wu-Tang slug hits your brain
J-U-M-P jump and I thump
Make girls rumps like pump and Humpty Hump
Wow, the Shaolin style is all in me
Child, the whole damn isle is callin me
P-A-N-T-Y-R-A-I-D-E-R mad raw I don't cry
Meaning no one can burn or toss and turn me
Ooh I be the super sperm
Chim chimmeny chim chim cherie
Freak a flow and flow fancy free
Now how many licks does it take
For me to hit the Tootsie Roll center of a break
Peep and don't sleep the crews mad deep Wu-Tang
Fadin motherfuckers like bleach
So to each and every crew
You're clear like glass I can see right through
You're whole damn posse be catchin em all cause you vic'd
and ya didnt have friends to begin with
I'mM-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MANHere I am, here I am, the Method ManStraight from the slums of Shaolin
Wu-Tang Killa B'z on a swarm
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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