

Tical

Method Man

sounds of fighting"You've been lucky... I wish I got you last time.

En garde, I'll let you try my Wu-Tang style."

"I'd like to try your Wu-Tang style, let's begin then!"Intro: Method (and others)From the tip top?

(Aiyyo aiyyo, what the fuck's up with light dude?)

Yup

One two (no doubt, no doubt)

One two one two

Yo one two, uh, one two one two (yeahh, we gon' be up in that)

Ah one two, uh, one two one two (yeah light that shit up)

Ah one two yo, check me outChorus:What's that shit that they be smokin? Tical... tical, tical

Pass it over here... tical... tical, tical

What's that shit the niggaz smokin? Tical... tical, tical

Pass it over here... tical... tical, tical

Verse One:Check it, I got styles, all of em sick

Niggaz ain't fit to walk a mile in the dead man's kicks

I make em shit about a pile, of bricks to show

He ain't nuttin but another, a lone John Doe

That wanna flow, here it is, comin up shit's creek

I come to throw monkey wrenches in your program, sleep

and I'ma grow, like a rash on ya nasty ass

In a whip, with no breaks and I'm hittin the gas

It's a bird, it's a plane, take a look in the sky

Method Man on some shit, niggaz call me The Fly

Cause my style, dates back to hoppin turnstyles

Make ya fear, if ya cutie in the chair, you can bet I'll

get severe on the double I harass it

I don't look for trouble, I'm already trouble

Ya bastard, check the wicked flows that I crafted

Open up a deadly venom style to be mastered

By a psychopathic, way beyond an average

Joe, with a hellafied flow, there ya have it

ChorusOne two, uh, one two one two

One two, uh, one two one two

One two, uh, one two one two

Check it outVerse Two:What goes off? What goes on? The Meth shit

that we got is to stay high, no question

Lethal weapon, ain't no time for half steppin

When brothers start wettin everything in ya section

Move that, niggaz came strapped, shoulda knew that

Do dat, pussy cat rap, boy, I'll screw that

To' up, from the flow up, don't even show up

To the battle, I heard you rattle now hold up

Is there a fuckin snake in my garden?
Starvin, for a rap treat, steppin on my feet
Pardon yo delf, before ya find yo delf
In a FUCKED UP situation, without no help
I'm not playin, cause I don't play with nobody
God damn kid, know what I'm sayin, I'm peelin niggas wigs
I be sprayin, brother with words
Cause I got a spit PRAAA-BLEMChorusOne two uh, one two one two
One two uh... (stick a fat tical in your butt, yeah baby fuckin with tical)
(yeah niggaz better recognize... tical...)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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