Is It Me

Method Man

[Intro: Method Man]
Uh... yeah, y'all, guess whose back?
Heh... cauli' flavored, momma crack
Yeah... yeah... Scott Storch (Return of the great)
Mr. M-E-F (aww shit) know what I said
Black people don't use the T-H, yo (got it fucked up now)
Yo, yo...[Method Man]
Guess who back though, crack dough, yes, eyes is hat low
Stash 'dro, pimp on the side, you know how that go
Rap flow, major, taste the flavor, all natural high
Y'all gotta love it when the track go (track go)
Ask Def Jam what's hot, three letters, M-E-F Man
Been stopped, that's off top, young, fresh to death
And you're not, no matter what the job, I'm the best man
Rap C.E.O. minus the yes-man (yes-man)
I know that's right, so act right, Staten on the map
Like fuck y'all, get stuck, y'all and have a bad night
As I brush off my shoulder, that's right
My nigga Scott Storch keep bringing it back like (back like)
Oh boy, dig it, I talk about it and I live it
Been there, did it, shitted and wiped my ass with it
These critics saw the train for brains and must of missed it
If they ain't got the shit, they'll never get it (never get it)
[Chorus: Method Man]
Is it me, or is it these, niggaz in it for cheese
Is it me, all my enemies, hating on Killa Beez
Is it me, or is it me, that ain't feeling M.C.'s
With the top down, wheeling the v, feeling the breeze
Is it me, or is it these, niggaz spitting the same
Is it me, all my enemies, throwing shit in the game
Is it me, or the industry that really got to change
Once again, it's Wu-Tang, in case y'all forgot the name[Method Man]
I spit germ, early bird gets worm, now
Now that it's his turn, clowns don't get turns, now
Fuck with a chick perm, when she get hot, you get burned
You see I'm not kidding, knowing these kids learn (kids learn)
And and I'm that dude, ahh-choo, and allerging to wake jewels
Blast if I have to, and y'all don't give me no hassle
Who rep Rotten Apple to death and get natural
Make hard beats pound like the track do (track do)
If you ask me, this raspy voice nigga is nasty
Khaki's hanging off of his ass, eyes is glassy

That's fucked, that's us, niggaz know where to catch me
At 1-800 GET-AT-ME, (get at me)
My, flow's, no holds barred, Holy Jahad
It's the head nigga in charge, Meth, back on the job
Like back in the days, back when, the game was hard
And when they reminiscenced over Wu, my God
[Chorus][Method Man]
Until these rap niggaz stepped up, checked up, man this game is messed up
Next up, you know what it is, don't get it f'd up
Meth, what? F.Y.I., you need a heads up
And I don't mean to beat you in the head, but (head, but)
When you spit that, forget that, I eat these niggaz food
And the shit wrapped, where Cliff at? Tell 'em Mr. Meth got his shit back
The gift back, sign, sealed, delivered and gift wrapped
And when you hear that click-click (click-click)
That's real talk, some niggaz will talk to the cops
Get killed off, man how did you get caught with all the rocks
And still walk, no matter what you mix with a pig
You still pork, and money is still forced (still forced)
Yeah, that was right on cue, new and improved
All these dudes try'nna walk in my shoes, doing my moves
But that's cool, cause I'ma make it do what it do
With this W, like I can I get a "suu" motherfuckers?[Chorus][Outro: Method Man]
W-T-R-B...
Wu-Tang Radio, Bitch...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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