

## Wu-Tang Clan

### "Method Man EXPLICIT"

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[Intro]

Yeah, torture motherfucker what?

(Torture nigga what?)

What?

I'll fucking

I'll fucking tie you to a fucking bedpost  
with your ass cheeks spread out and shit

Right?

Put a hanger on a fucking stove and let that shit sit there  
for like a half hour

Take it off and stick it in your ass slow like

Tssssssss

Yeah, I'll fucking

Yeah I'll fucking lay your nuts on a fucking dresser

Just your nuts laying on a fucking dresser

And bang them shits with a spiked fucking bat

Oh

What's up? BLOW!

I'll fucking

I'll fucking pull your fucking tongue out your fucking mouth  
and stab the shit with a rusty screwdriver, BLOW!

I'll fucking

I'll fucking

I'll fucking hang you by your fucking dick  
off a fucking twelve sto-story building out this motherfucker

I'll fucking

I'll fucking

sew your asshole closed, and keep feedin you  
and feedin you, and feedin you, and feedin you

[Intro Part Two: Genius (all versions)]

Yo, roll the dice, yo roll the dice

Yo, so it's going down like that, huh? Yeah?

Niggaz is whylin, check it out kid

From the slums of Shaolin, Wu-Tang Clan strikes again  
The RZA, the GZA, Ol Dirty Bastard, Inspectah Deck, Raekwon the Chef  
U-God, Ghost Face Killer and the Method Man

M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN [x4]

[Verse One:]

Hey, 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, Cause I'm not butter

In fact I snap back like a rubber

band, I be Sam Sam I am

And I don't 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 ain't your average flow

Coming 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 cord 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

[Break:]

All right, y'all get ya weed out, get ya meth, get your skins

Don't forget your forty

And we gonna do it like this

I got, fat bags of skunk

I got, White Owl dub

And I'm about to go get lifted

Yes I'm about to go get lifted

I got, myself a forty

I got, myself a shorty

And I'm about to go and stick it

Yes I'm about to go and stick it

[Verse Two:]

Uhh

H-U-F-F huff and I puff

Blow like snow when the cold wind's blowing

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 calling 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  
Fading 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 didn't have friends to begin with  
I'm

M-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, MAN

Here I am, here I am, the Method Man

[Outro: RZA]

Straight from the slums of Shaolin

Wu-Tang Killa B'z on a swarm

(Your soul have just been taken through the 36 chambers of death, kid)

[coughing]

(Word to mother, Method Man signing off, peace)

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