

3Lw**"Three Amigos"**Visit "[Three Amigos](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Method Man]

Say what? Ain't no pushin
Say what? None of that shit goin on
Yo

[Method Man]

Made from the best shit on Earth
I bring it to ya first, sick verse from the thirst
In the darkness we lurk, load a cartridge and burst
On the scene, like a new team
Let 'em on our witness, the Method how I do things
Perfected, my routine's are hectic and knockin
General Electric, I'm shockin (bzzz)
Now who top ten, to rot and land once forgotten
Niggas poppin Crys' now, they stock market droppin
They poison, I'm the antitoxin, that keep the party
rockin
And got me for us all, Johnny Cochran
Get me off, grant them the ball, if I walk
Put that order in the court, yeah
Give me crack on and who the fuck really care, yeah
World best prepare for Tical, to beware
Or be gone outta here, you be warned
Fuck all, get off that bullshit
And kick the fuckin tux off, now it's on

[Chorus: all]

If it's on, then it's on
We can get it on, gat for gat
Track for track, song for song
If it's on, then it's on
We can get it on
So what ya want nigga, ya want nigga? huh?

[King Just]

You got the beat from another planet
Think I don't rock like granite
Lyrical giantical, submerge the Titanic
Panic with the frantic, antic watch them vanish
In the zone, by my own, maricon, if you Spanish
The outlandish, even though they can't stand us

You better off gettin pick a size, tryin to ban us
Either way you put it off, I'mma be heard
That's my word, Stone Cold, Goldberg
Like a nerve, don't fuck what ya heard
That nigga just started hangin out on the curb
What's the verdict, soundin like me, you can't word it
I put it in overdrive, while you short circuit
Worship the ground that I walk on
I brought on, all the real niggas that you talked on
Blahzay Blah, so on, it's a done deal, don't even go on
Soundin nauseous, to choke on strong, to get my
smoke on

[Chorus]

[Sic]

Talkin 'bout gats, ain't no bustin clacks, and ain't
hustlin
Too many cats that wanna rap, and ain't sayin nuthin
Foolin ya self, how let ya ass do it to ya self
When it comes to cash, we the ones doin it, who else?
Walkin our dogs, ya cats better beat yours
Hot heat reach y'all, before you even get a chance to
recharge
You weak paw, me and my street niggas a' eat y'all
We all, guess they ain't no question that we sure
B-song, soon as you throw the fuckin beat on
Dick riders ride, followers follow our lead on (you a fly
guy)
I'ma have to air ya guys out
My shit is plat' before it even exit my mouth
S.I.N.Y. nigga, who wan' try?
Treatin a batty boy head, boom bye bye
I.Q. sky high, I flaunt y'all to hardcore
Conquer, why you frontin dunn? You don't want war

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Method Man]

Three Amigos (we can get it on)
Method Man talkin Spanish
Punk! yeah yeah yeah yeah
King Just
Sic
Mr. Meth
We gon polly to the death, yo
S.I.N.Y., 10304 *echo*

