

Method Man f/ Fat Joe, Styles P.**"Ya'meen"**

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[Intro: Method Man]

Yo, I'm bout to hit you with this ya'meen
On top of the ya'meen, with a lil' bit of ya'meen mixed
in
Ya'meen? Yeah... yeah... yo

[Method Man]

How should I get it started, fuck it, just get it started
These trash talking artists is nothing, niggaz is
garbage
When Meth strike his target, leave it dearly departed
His flow is clearly the hardest, y'all gon' feel me
regardless
Might break a promise, but never, breaking the code
Some get popped and call for they mamma, when the
drama unfolds
My block, hot as a sauna, never wind up and joke
Crack deals on every corner, fiends wanna foam you
with soap
And, if life's a bitch, then I bet she bitter and cold
Everytime she thinking I fold, seven figures get sold
Meth, all in your chest, or inhale it all in your nose
Cops don't know about this Method, but smell it all in
his clothes
Yup, I'm still intact, how real is that, I'm back
With enough, fits a million, to figure vanilla wraps up
New York, New York, rock tube socks and Timberlands
Cuz hip hop ain't feeling them flip-flops, they feminine

[Chorus: Method Man]

I'm the one shot dealing, one shot killing it (ya'meen)
Yeah, it's the top billing, the block feeling like
(ya'meen)
Yeah, fuck with me (ya'meen), yeah, fuck with me
(ya'meen)
If you not for squealing, and for spilling the (ya'meen)
The streets is watching the apple rotten like (ya'meen)
Plus the B.B. hot and the towers dropping like
(ya'meen)
Yeah, fuck with this (ya'meen), yeah, fuck with this
(ya'meen)

If you get it popping, or get to popping 'em (ya'meen)

[Fat Joe]

You know the haters diss you, let's deal with bigger issues

You know New York is dying after all the shit we been through

And we done lost B.I.G., we done lost Pun

Homey, you can't live, gotta go and get them guns

You know the hammers'll lose your cabbage, them dudes do damage

Send Zulu Nation through Reaganomics, we move them package

We pushing rain pain, gotta go and get that money

Y'all going "hey hey", but don't that pen look lovely

You - must - not - know - who - y'all niggaz is fucking with

I - can - take - life - nig... just for the fuck of it

Crack's crazy, that nigga'll smack babies

Clap ladies for yackin' you gon' catch shady

Call it a mass shower, the way them hollow's drizzle

Mr. Potato Head, you know them things can't miss you

The Average Joe, with an average flow

Me and Meth bringing back New York, nigga

[Chorus]

[Styles P.]

You don't like me, you can get what's right above the testicles

S.P., turn your top five into vegetables

You don't believe me, get 'em all in a room

And the next five, I plan to getting all of them soon

Y'all can meet me at the table that's round, or get ya place in the ground

That's what you get, when you facing me, clown

Who got the crown, I'm piss on it now, while you wearing it

Nobody nicer than Ghost, I ain't hearing it

Been Nike Airing it, white tee out

Stick-up kid season when the dice be out

I'm a thug or star investing in living, niggaz sippin' soup

Ghost rapper, knocking out your icy mouth

Niggaz in the East wanna unite, not me

If you ain't sayin' I'm the best, you ain't come to be right

Knowlmean? If you don't, then you not of being

Your four-four, knock little pieces off of your spleen, nigga

[Chorus]

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