

## **Method Man f/ Raekwon, RZA**

### **"Presidential M.C"**

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[Intro: (kung fu sample) Method Man]

\*kung fu fighting\*

Yeah, uh, heheheh (That's Shadowboxing!)

Yo...

[Method Man]

It's that Blackout, spazzed out, G-String divas

Leave you assed out, passed out, it's cold

Pack your heat up, blow your back out

You bad mouth, make 'em all believers

Throwing rocks from a glass house, y'all ain't perfect  
either

See that cheeba and that hash out (garbage day  
tomorrow)

And I have yet to take that trash out, or emptied this  
cigar

RZA, Rah, we amped, eh, Meth is on his job

It ain't nothing, like the French say; "che sera sera"

So let's move on, until the day we laying in the casket

With them suits on, and I'm so cool that hell is only luke  
warm

Been too strong, for too, long, I'll probably die

With my boots on, and on my way to cash a coochie  
coupon

You know I'm, proper, don't let them boys confuse you

The fact is Meth, I'm harder than bottles made by Yoo-  
Hoo

Wu-Tang, welcome to the House of Flying Daggers

Where the truth aim, flying out the mouth of flying  
rappers

There it is...

[Chorus: Method Man]

Now, ask yourself, is this for real, it can't be

My, nigga, if it ain't for real, it ain't me

I, elect myself as presidential M.C.

I, elect myself as presidential M.C.

Now, ask yourself, why is he so low key

Why, is niggaz pimpin' when the game chose me

I, elect myself as presidential M.C.

I, elect myself as presidential M.C.

[Raekwon]

Yo, blew 'em and hit 'em, and he went into a spin cycle  
Outblew his liver, a river flooded, what's happening  
It's drugs we wanted, gloves buttered, thug coverage  
This is Fila, white sneaker, Louis Vitton luggage  
I came, representative huddle, they all love you  
That W, the legacy of little niggaz muggin' you  
The fuck, what's up with you, yo, you suck, nigga  
Benches used to pluck niggaz, we be on the roof, like  
"fuck you"

Them red beams is coming, losers, got to walk the  
plank

Users, with uzi's on 'em, you move, you getting  
spanked

Shank broilers banked, alcoholics ranked ballers  
They should call us, I rock mad ice like a walrus  
The lamesters decided to lure us, we was up in  
Freedomtown

Getting weeded, one Bentley tour bus, you might like  
the mack and explore dust

You can't fuck with all of us, one of us dropped, there's  
twenty more of us

[Chorus]

[RZA]

Peel caps like tangerines, you shook/shake like  
tamberines

Then, jet from the set, in the all black Lamborhgin'  
Nobody seen me, bitch in a tini red bikini  
Niggaz saw her, because they thought they saw a  
genie

Heidi Klum, pussy juicy, fat as a plum  
Picture on the wall in jail, niggaz jerk til they come  
God gargantuan, large, colossus, bombardment of  
darts

Make your squad, throw tantrums  
Practice karma sutra on broads, pop bra's  
Leave birds with permanent scars, and shit like  
birthmarks

Digi bark back at dogs, snatch flies from frogs  
Blow California chronic to despise the smog  
This shit I been with biz in the clearing, pigs sharing  
Got fresh, Wu-Wearing, motherfuckers not caring  
Then move through your community, with diplomat  
immunity  
Move to rep a two or G., shine like fine jewelry

[Chorus]

[Outro: kung fu sample]

The Shadow Sword... Shadow Sword...

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