

Kardinal Offishall**"Say What"**

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[Intro: Missy Elliott (Method Man)]

Yeah!

This-this-this-this

This is an exclusive (let's go)

Mr. Meth, you're so Def, you put them other M.C.'s out
to rest (that's right)

And they test (uh-huh), but they forget (yeah) how the
M-E-F is so Def (let's go)

[Method Man]

Yo, uh, come on, come on, now

Big Meth attack soon as the track come on now

Zone out, with Sean Combs and bizzy-bone out (I see
you in the club)

And by one, I'm gettin' thrown out

Mami, got her toes out, ain't one army can Blaze Johnny

Like Gwen Stefani, you know there's No Doubt

I'm trill, sick with it, it's like ill

That's the only way to explain these mic skills

On Homicide Hill, anybody asks is real

The more steel, the more bodybags to fill

Can I get, hit of that hydro, nigga

I tried to quit puffin' before, but I'm no quitter

If honey show me her buns, I'll show her my ones

If the bed rockin', keep knockin' and I'mma cum

Want some, take some, I get it crunk

Speak junk, I'll slow up your road with speed bumps

[Chorus: Missy Elliott w/ P. Diddy doing ad-libs]

When they play this in the club (say what?)

Go and tell that nigga, bump that (say what?)

Throw your hands up, like nigga, what? (say what?)

Ya'll don't really really want that (say what?)

And for whatever muthafucka, don't like it (say what?)

Tell that sucka he can get back (say what?)

Misdemeanor and Meth in your area (say what?)

Are ya'll ready? Come on, play it back (saw what?)

[Method Man]

You wanna front, what? Step up and get bucked

And if your feelin' lucky, duck, then press ya'll luck

Ya'll got me effed up, over tracks overreact
Once I start, like a bullet, ain't no holdin' me back
I'm all that and two mac's, ya'll fakin' jacks
When I cock back like Busta Bust and make 'em clap
Here I go again, who blow in like whirlwinds
Who kiss girlfriends, that kiss they girlfriends
Got to get it, and when I'm gone
Ya'll bury me with chrome, and tell hell I'm comin'
home
I'm poison, see my skull and crossbones
Got aim like them kids in Iraq who toss stones
And I got drugs in my system, we thugs in the system
That put slugs in victims, Mr. M-E to F, bomb threat
As long as I ain't no game, there's no contest

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

Ticallion is phatter than your fattest chrome chain
I guess that should explain why I given the dope name
Ain't nothin' free, everything got a fee
How the fuck you got a car and ain't got a pot to pee?
I'ma grown man, so I do grown man things
Why take half, when I can have this whole damn thing?
It's Meth, baby, drop top, navy Mercedes
I'm number one like P.E. or Tracy McGrady
It's all good, everything I spit, all hood
And if ya'll gave me one wish, niggaz, I wish ya'll would
Who John Blaze? Uh, when ya'll gon' learn huh
When I burn son, stick a fork in him he's done
And ladies love to play, like Ladies Love Cool J
For the right CREAM, the'll do anything you say
She Ice Cream, I'm caked up with icing
Mr. Sandman, come on, bring her a pipe dream

[Chorus]

[Outro: P. Diddy]

Let's work... come on
Def Jam! Mr. Meth, Missy, Bad Boy
Hitmen baby, let's work, come on
Let's work, come on, yeah
Uh, let's work... aiyo pass that nigga
Joe Hooker, I see you, let's work, yeah

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