

Method Man "Biscuits"

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[Intro:]

What? What you want?
Represent represent represent
Yeah, represent, check it out check it out

Yo mama don't wear no drawers!
I saw her when she took them off!
Standin on the welfare line, eatin swine
Tryin to look fine, with her stank behind
You can ask the bitch and she'll tell ya fast
Meth-Tical got STYLE with his nasty ass

[Verse One:]

Are you ready, to face the consequences and suffer?
I even tell ya momma you ain't shit, motherfucker
Bring it, and let that killer bee kid sting it
And rep-resent, it's like heads up a brick, when I'm
swing it
Get lost, I break you off something
I'm pumpin, like a Reebok, with a pump, from the jump
and
You was nothin
Bet ya thought ya fuckin clan had ya fuckin back but
they was frontin
Smokin dirt blunts and fuckin nasty stunts and
Ya take the naked gun without the bullet, what ya bustin
Get ya ship sunken, fuckin with a drunken
Master disaster at enemy rap functions

[Interlude:]

Huh, just an echo
Yoo-hoo ripin-ripin in the valley
Yoo-hoo ripin-ripin so to bring back
Sweet memories of you
And you can even ask your crew
Betcha bottom dollar that they tell ya fast

Meth-Tical got STYLE with his nasty ass

[Verse Two:]

Who said the Wu-Tang Clan? Was it you or your man?
You wanna point the finger, I'll bring ya
36 chambers, be out, youze in danger
Let me pull ya brain outcha ass with a hanger
Didn't momma not tell ya not to talk to a stranger
Now ya got ya neck, in the noose, of the strangler
Just recline, keep the Meth in mind
I'll even test the knuckle check on the hands of time
What? And I'll be more than glad to bust that ass
All up and down the block, the street, the isle
Whatever, smokin on a Spike Lee joint
Hey I'm Mo' Better, I'm hopin niggaz get the point
Cause they coul never, stop the veteran, word to God
When I'm severin the HEAD of a mental vegetarian
The Method, at the weekend, with a whole lot of credit
The cuties I desire, I be the first to set it
off, flame on like the Human Torch
Fantastic Four for all the fans in the store
You can eat it all and it'll tell ya fast
Meth-Tical got STYLE for ya nasty ass

[Outro:]

94 baby, word up, recognize, recognize
Wu-Tang killer bee
The RZA and the Method MZA

Raider Ruckus, where you at?

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