

## Method Man "Do What Ya Feel"

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*[laughing]* Yea  
*[more laughing]*

Follow... Juss do what ya feel and never follow  
Never follow... Juss do what ya feel and never follow

*[Chorus]*

Juss do what ya feel and never follow  
Juss do what ya feel and never follow  
Ha Ha Metical

*[Meth:]*

Who wanna flip wit the acrobatic?  
From Ground Zero all the way to attic  
Well we be smokin Tical  
The reservoir is now open  
I swim the English Channel backstrokin  
You don't know me or my style  
We hold court and blow trial  
You catch cal when you browse through my X-files  
Who be next now?  
Man's down, hands down  
Hold ground by yo side when it go down  
I dedicate this next dart to my fuckin heart  
Little Meth pea the best pod  
Now walk wit dat one, word, time time fo some action  
Dreamin bout Toni Braxton  
Blowin her back out like Bob Backlund  
I'm throwin wrestling holds  
Tag Team wit Funk Doc We in Funk mode  
Take yo best shot  
If it don't hip it don't hop  
If it don't quit it don't stop  
That's the life

*[Redman:]*

I be the supalyrical individual  
I be spittin though that Teflon material  
To knock Big Ben off of schedule

Betta move wit a set of tools  
I be doin it to mics when I'm a heterosexual  
I load the mic then cock, drop it like 3 quarters when I  
slaughter  
Don't get caught in the water  
Cause the Bricks got its own World Order  
Leave yo bitches shot like the third rail caught her  
Style stay deeper than Orca  
I float the seven seas with ease  
Get more drugs than pharmacies  
So call me that lyrical genevz  
You can't compare, get you steppin like stairs  
Frats, sororities  
Don't make me bring it on back, I fuck up the majority  
Of niggaz lookin hard at me  
I port them like authority  
And when my nigga Meth shine, I be in the How High  
mobile  
Rollin 3 dimes at a time

*[Redman and Method Man still... (unknown sample)]*

It's the Jersey representa  
Get hit from the bottom to ya head when ya enta

*[Meth] Word*

*[Chorus x 3]*

Ha Funk Doc, break it down

*[Redman:]*

Yo, suck my dick outta animosity  
The velocity will fly dat head and freeze yo camps like  
pottery

then give labodomies to all you rap colonies  
And shut yo million dollar investment to economy  
And possibly might be the one in black leather  
Name tag sayin "Caution when wet"  
By the track wetter  
The ass-spreader  
I love the grimey shit even my girl did grimey shit to  
me  
And I went back wit her  
3 years for carryin a loaded handgun  
but its forever wit a nigga  
(ch-ch-blouw) and he lands one to yo cranium  
That red dot on your forehead is not cause you're  
Arabian  
(Watch what you say to him)

You caught up in a tight situation  
I should start erasin your organization for makin, wack  
tunes  
While my whole platoon rocks the basement  
You couldn't come if I gave my bookin agent  
Or producer  
Royalty poise 12-shot loaded Luga  
Even the crowd get you souped up  
You still wack  
I peel caps on the regular  
Destroy emcees etcetra  
Hooped like the Predator  
Fuck you, your label, moms, and yo editor  
Give you two to the jellular  
Left you spreadin all on my shirt  
The King of the Flirts, shittin  
Bitches hit me off more than New Edition  
(tw tw twee twee twee tw twee twee twee)  
I make them pigs heart skip a beat from the steel  
fasique  
So I alone (one me gun dun)  
Get on the mic breakem off a shum shum

*[Meth:]*

We moonshine and grow crops  
Purchasin a handheld wit the sho-shot  
It got me spittin  
These slugs at my competition, in rap sessions  
You ain't be got no weapons you live professin  
Next in line  
Parental discretion advised  
These explicit, street linguistics  
Betta than yo momma biscuits  
We bombshellin  
I might know but ain't tellin, too bad you missed it  
Johnny, dangerously, Blaze  
Anotha enemy made, anotha due paid  
Color-safe bleach so I don't fade  
Scar you mental wit my double-edged blade  
Razor Sharp get yo bandaids  
Hold that  
Like E said get the Pozac  
Show dem wack niggaz where da door's at  
On the case like I'm Kojak  
Kissin the grits on that floor bitch  
Flip scripts, take loooong shits  
Raider Ruckus, one  
I come wit premeditated Red Rum  
Gingivitis to yo filthy ass gums  
Bottom line eitha get down or get done,

Muthafucka

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