

Method Man "Even If"

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Yo, c'mon!
Even if I died a thousand deaths
When I resurrect I'll still be Meth
The jams will still be deaf
I'm here, me and this mic-phone, we here
And they tryin' to hear nothin' 'cause we had it up to
here
Lyrics have no dress code
From KRS to the best mode
Hit them so cool you cats froze
Had to jump off, it's about to jump off
My niggaz speak with they hands or the gun talks
Yo RZA, you got the Clan and they wonderin' if the
police
At the door, every exit is laced with C-4 about to blow
White trial, I'm passed foul
And these is like teachers in thongs they assed out
But me, the M-E-T-H- the O-D
Just the real, I can't be touched, they can't feel
The monotony when you rap, get your finger off my nut
sac
Carbon copy that and send your crew the facts
Motherfucker

New and improved Wu-Tang style
Turn it up now, y'all done fucked up now
Spit flames (Five mics)
BK (On site)
Bring the pain (All night)
Off the chain (Damn right)

[Scratching by RZA]
"Just the Method Man we sought, Mister Meth"
"Tical, yep"
"Hmmm"

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, c'mon!
Even if I died a thousand deaths
When I resurrect, through my first born, my name lives
on
My verses is like a third degree to young emcees
Buzzworthy on your MTV, the Killa Bees

Y'all Jacob, straight up, break up, schemes and plots
Ace up my sleeve, make up like pots and pots
So this is what it's come to (Huh?)
Makin' shots at them kids who use to punk you (Huh?)
Repetitious rap shit, don't get nowhere play ya mouth
whip
And niggaz can't smoke wit' dry lips so chapped
Bite my shit, I'm like Kojack to get my flow back
In fo' flat, I track you down like a low jack
Spy 'ersus spy, eye for an I can analyze the uncivilized
Make them feel alive
You know right from wrong, so know I'm the bomb
It's okay to beast, see the tracks on my arm
Motherfucker

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Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, c'mon!

[Scratching by RZA]
"Just the Method Man we sought, Mister Meth"
"Tical, yep"
"Hmmm" (repeat x2)

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, c'mon!

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