

Method Man "Fast Shadow"

Visit "[Fast Shadow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Method Man]

I'm sayin, you-could-you could just come over top of
that shit...

Did I hear it?

Nigga and bang your head, PUNK!!

[Ol' Dirty Bastard (in background repeating)]

SUCK A DICK!!! [6x]

SUCK MY DICK!!!

[Method Man]

And it don't, it don't, it don't, it don't, it don't, it don't
It don't, it don't, it don't, it don't stop!

It all starts wit the pad and pen, shall we begin

To burn bush in this rap session, once again

On the run be the Black Stallion

Now you fuckin wit Ticallion, hmmm

Iron Lung, boy me can done, army of one, blaze yo'

bun

I'ma get you none, accept challenge AHH!

Run a mile wit a racist, they iced it, I aced it

Placed it, right up in their face till they faced it

Hard to the dome like a chrome microphone

I'm ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-bad to the bone to the bone

Danger zone, that's my life and my song

Keep it movin, hop along little doggies!

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Uh uh uh, FUCK YOU!!!

Drive The Mack Cadillac

Dark shade the window all sunny and black

Pitch antenna back of the car

Inside is a TV, even a bar

Bulletproof down, safe and sound

Chauffeur in the FRONT just to drive the Lexus all
around

Give ya, give ya, give ya body a ride, nice and warm
inside

Come to the Dirt Dog as the tummy rise

[Laughs] Enter

[RZA]

Yo yo my Wu-Tang cliff'll make your atom split
The power of my brain, you can't fathom it
Whoever go against the will of the grain will get slain

Don't EVER say thy God name in vain
My third eye electronic dragonfly spiral observe
Can record your words
And your lies and approach you
And have my Dogs come and Ghost you
When it comes to the bread son, the heat will toast you

[U-God]

Music makes me lose control
This is not just rock and roll
Hip hop digs right to the soul
Music makes me lose control
Wu-Tang, now we on a roll
On a rise, now here we go
Guaranteed to flip the show
RZA beats is outta control
Outta control, outta control, outta control
Outta control, now here we go

[Masta Killa]

Yo who got that nigga gassed like he can't get
skimasked
Abducted from his doorstep
Dufflebag his head for the price of nothin
He's a glutton
What I'm manifestin each day is a lesson
Ya'll faggots, came to the School of the 36 Chambers
Copied on papers of scholars that earn dollars
We trendsetters in Wu leathers, trendsetters in Wu
leathers, whatever

[Chorus (U-God) 2x]

Music makes me lose control
This is not just rock and roll
Hip hop digs right to the soul
Music makes me lose control
Wu-Tang, now we on a roll
On a rise, now here we go *[Skip next line on the second
time of chorus]*
Music makes me lose control *[2x]*

Guaranteed to rip the show
RZA beats is outta control
Outta control, outta control, outta control
Now here we go

