

## Method Man

### "I Wonder"

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[Big Moe]

Huh, Wassup Boo

Maan, you stay talkin bout you're down wit me

But you stay on that complaining thang, you know what I'm sayin?

I aint down wit all that complaining and fussin and fightin man

I'm a playa type dude, I'd like to let my gal get in the way,

But, you know what I'm sayin, the Lord blessed me with somethin

So I gotta take advantage of that, you know what I'm talkin bout

So I gotta do it, so its whateva

[Chorus]

I wonder if I didn't come home

Would you still be down with me, yeah

Because I'll leave you tonight, uh ohh

I wonder if I didn't come

Would you still be down with me, yeah

Because I'll leave you tonight, uh ohh

[Verse One]

If I didn't come home

What would you do to me?

Get on the telephone? Call Tyrone? Tell him come get you in he morning

You're wrong, this is my song

And I gotta pay bills, keep my happy home

Wreckshoppin all night long

I'm ready, fire burnin

No matter what you do to me, my wheels gon keep on turnin

Are you down? So please don't get me started

I got bitches out of town, if you fuckin wit clowns, I'll leave you broken

hearted

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

I let you play one time, then I knew you were mine  
The way you caress me baby and sex me, I 'd have to  
say you put it down  
You took me, and you put me under you're wings, I  
can't lie  
Can't no other take your place, and can't a damn thang  
comply  
I don't know if you noticed, but you're the throwedest  
on my list  
Can't no nigga or no bitch compare their loving to a  
love like this  
Up and down, thick and thin, I was always there  
Ready to box or unload on a bitch, you know I don't  
care  
When you kiss me with your lips, I just fall in a daze  
Me and you against the world baby, priorities are gettin  
paid  
Diamonds blindin, hoes cryin, aint a damn thang  
changed  
Showin up and pourin up, in this damn rap game  
And by the way, I'm gon let you run the streets with  
your thugs  
When Valentine's comes around, you know who's gettin  
your hugs  
Fuck faces by fireplaces, Drink chases on mink rugs  
You a dog, you gon rome, but always find your way  
home, so what

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Now if I don't come home, would you blow up my  
phone?  
Punch holes in my styrofoam? Mislace my chrome?  
Childish games in yo dome got yo mind confused  
A made nigga or a fake? Now its time to choose  
Many have tried my shoes, but didn't travel too far  
You knew the shit that you was in before you fucked the  
star  
Look how you suck up all my barre, you think this shit's  
for free?  
All this hustling in these streets keep all this ice on you  
and me  
Picture how nicer it can be, private flights twice a week  
Without you gripin about some freaks and how they  
saw me at the beach  
I'll practice what I preach, you sit being obsolete  
And remain to keep my business and my hustle out of  
reach  
And now if I don't come home, would you still be down?

You are a fool, I will admit, but start practicin now  
Cuz I'm still the same playa that's all about my dough  
And I'm not comin home tonight, you triflin ass hoe!

[Chorus]

\*Big Moe ad libs till song fades\*

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