

## Method Man "Intro"

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*[Intro: sample]*

Make marijuana legal, make marijuana legal  
Make marijuana legal, make marijuana legal (well  
speak your mind then)  
Ok, I will, no one has the right to tell me what I can do  
with my own body  
What I can eat, drink or smoke, this is a free country  
And no one can take away my constitutional rights  
Hey man, can you put me on and I can say anything I  
want  
Is that what I need to do? (Yea)  
Then why isn't alcohol made illegal? Why isn't that  
While you drinking it, it hang on and disposes your liver  
Besides that, it's a habitat for alcohol  
Besides that, cigarettes are much worse than pot  
No one ever got killed by pot (you tell 'em, you tell 'em)  
God damn it, man, everything, you can get us anything  
you want  
(Anything you want, marijuana legal  
Make marijuana legal, what's so bad anyway  
What's so bad about feeling good?  
There's nothing wrong with blowing crack, yea!)

*[Method Man]*

Yo, stop, look & listen, guess who coming up?  
And y'all was dumb enough to think that Method's  
number's up  
Pockets so fat, they need a tummy tuck, you hungry  
fucks  
Can sum it up, I give my money up, spit at a honey  
Then split a honey Dutch, roll it up, can't roll with us  
If you can't hold your liquor, throw it up, y'all know what  
up  
See we them niggaz, ain't no hoe in us, the flow is nuts  
  
I'm off the meter, momma wished that I was off the  
reefer  
But, for now, I got this game up in the cobra clutch  
Plus, the silverback gorilla swigger, shot of Tequila to  
the gut  
Nigga, trust, I got that Killa up  
What y'all ain't feelin' us? Ain't feelin' ya

When half ya niggaz posing similar, yea  
Ladies and gents, I think this game need a enema, yea  
It's "common sense", I Used 2 Love H.E.R., now they  
pimpin' her, yeah  
But if you Enter the Wu-Tang, you tripping  
Like somebody tied together your shoestring, now  
listen  
I'm the, real deal, come on, come back to get ya like  
bad karma  
Y'all niggaz is throwing rocks with glass armor  
Fuck the court system, pleading the fifth  
And if Def Jam is deaf, start reading my lips  
I'm cocky, possibly I got my reasons and shit  
They ain't built a man that can stop me from feeding  
my kids

*[Chorus: Method Man]*

And if you don't know where I'm coming from, never  
know where I be in  
Most likely, where ya start at'll be the place where you  
eating  
And anybody hating on him, hating on them  
That's right, anybody hating on him, hating on them,  
motherfuckers

*[Outro: Method Man]*

How could you ever say that I'm washed up  
When I'm the dirtiest thing in sight  
4:21... The Day After

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