## Method Man "Konichiwa Bitches"

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Konichiwa bitches Konichiwa bitches

What up? What up? These niggaz suck
They can't hold a fort, better hold that thought B
If I can't get it off, see my attitude is MSG
Fuck it, I'm salty, the game been loss me

Pay ya dues, it cost me, who acting like I'm past my prime

Hey Carlton Fisk, nigga, pass the nine, who wanna cross me, now?

And put my body in the lost and found You with the business then bust off a round

It's like the passions of Christ, get crucified just for having that ice

And the audacity for having that life, while niggaz starving and shit

The main reason they be robbing and shit The same reason you've been targeted bitch (These niggaz must've forgot)

The thin line between a hoe and a trick Give 'em the clip between the four and the fifth (Yeah, motherfucker I'm high) There I go again blowing a spliff When I exhale, it's like I'm blowing a kiss (Konichiwa bitches)

N.Y.C. is all I see
O.D.B. nigga, R.I.P
(Konichiwa bitches)
This killa beez on ya M.I.C.
You want it all, well then y'all like me
(Konichiwa bitches)

Come on, come on, I think they playing my song I came to blow them out the frame and I'm gone (Konichiwa bitches)
MET to the HOD
Why motherfuckers wanna hate on me?

(Konichiwa bitches)

For every rhyme, there's a hair on my chest Scared of the man, you should be scared of the meth Now every damn that I drop is homicidal that could dare to be done There's no survival, now who care to be next? (If you don't know me by now)

Know where the borough is
Doing it for the most thoroughest
You doing the most, pa, the French call it "Forpa"
When fucking with son, the odds are hundred to none

Too many flavors, y'all ain't fucking with one It's getting deep, see the plot thicker No place to be if you biatch, nigga Outside the clan we always got RZA

I put it down like I don't give a one in the head I bet he don't get up, we drinking malt liquor Out of your Benz just to talk slicker
Then paint a scene that you can all picture

You going in? Well, let me walk with cha It's Method Man, but for short Mr. Mef (Konichiwa bitches)

N.Y.C. is all I see
O.D.B. nigga, R.I.P.
(Konichiwa bitches)
This killa beez on ya M.I.C
You want it all, well then y'all like me
(Konichiwa bitches)

Come on, come on, I think they playing my song I came to blow them out the frame and I'm gone (Konichiwa bitches)

M E T to the H O D

Why motherfuckers wanna hate on me?
(Konichiwa bitches)

Konichiwa bitches Konichiwa bitches Konichiwa bitches Konichiwa bitch

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