

Method Man

"Meth Vs. Chef(feat. Raekwon the Chef)"

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[Intro:]

Duel, worthy of a general
If you want to fight, fight with me!
One to one! Man to man!

Get ready to gel team!
Live and direct from the one-six-oooh
We got Tical, pow! Raekwon the Chef, Tical!
It's about to go on, Tical!
You make the call, I make the call!
It's all for all
Method Man, Raekwon the Chef
(count my shells)
And there's about to be one left
(count my shells, nigga)
I know you know it's on kid
(Bring that shit I don't give a fuck!)
[bell rings]

[Verse One: Method Man]

Who lit that shit it was I the chinky-eye
Cheeba-hawk from New York, Tical Staten Isle
niggaz thought, that they could walk a dog but they
caught
a bad situation, cause I'm a sandwich short
of a picnic, cause you ain't equipped with the sickening
style, blowing up the spot like ballistic
missiles, I be comin through like the four-nine-three-
eleven
tearing up the power-u, Me-Tical
A bad motherfucking buddah monk, what the fuck
hit your chest, like cardiac arrest, blow the front
out the frame, hit the pussycat for the pain
of the dog shit, nobody move run your garments
A rugged vet, terrible like a Champion sweat
Wrap a power in a tec, to wet
a nigga up, with all the dangerous diseases
Sniffing sneezing coughing aching stuffy head fever
Fucker, I think it's bout time that you suffer

Bobbin on my nob like an all day sucker
[bell rings] Bitch!
Meth Vs. Chef
(it's my turn) Meth Vs. Chef
(yo let's bring that shit baby) Meth Vs. Chef
(yo, yeah, one more time nigga) Meth Vs. Chef
(callin me out, it's goin off) I blow your fuckin ass to
death
[bell rings]

[Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef]

I'm goin all out kid no turnbacks
You could try to front, get smoked and that's that
Lyric assassin, dressed in black buggin
Sixteen shots to your mug, from a slug then
I go to war in a concrete jungle, make the punt
cause niggaz act funny, and fumble
But I relax, count my shells, a lot of heads gotta fly
Niggaz stay strapped, armed to die
Time for jet-black Tim boot, flowin
Wha-Su God get him, hit em with the nine troop
No question, cha-cha-BLOW in the session
Bloodshot in that direction, cypher
[bell rings]
'Tack you like chess moves best move
Yo, yeah, yo
The boards, your ass
'Tack, 'tack, 'tack, uH! *bell rings*
'Tack the boards like chess moves best move
at Rae through, comin at your motherfuckin crew
Live direct, yeah you better step
Gunshots ring on the set, let's jet
Motivate, to the gate
With some quick high Rae stay fly, and rob your Isle
Airwaves, yo behave
Now you're a slave with the boots that paved the way
[bell rings three times]
Ahh shit!

[Chef Vs. Meth Vs. Meth]

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