

## Method Man "N 2 Gether Now"

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Dj....Premier...

*[Fred Durst]*

Uh uh uh

Who could be the boss?

Look up to the cross

Stranded in the land of the lost

Standin up I'm sideways

I'm blazin up the path

on and on the highways of rap

Choked up by the smoke in the charcoal

Lava stamps and brands me like a bar code

I'm bashin all the media strikes

To keep the media dikes

As reinforcements for the fight

And that alone

Will keep John Gotti on the phone (haa haa)

I'm tangled in the zone

I got the bees on the track

Where the fuck you at? (Tical!)

Let me hear you pigeons run ya mouth now

(Shut the fuck up!)

I'm pluggin in them social skills

That keep my total bills

Above a million

Last time I checked it

Thank God I'm blessed with a mind that'll wreck it

Wait until the second round and knock em out

*[Method Man]*

They call me Big John Stud

My middle name Mud

Dirty water flow

Too much for you thug

And can't stand the flood

What up Doc? Hold big gun like Elmer Fudd

The sureshot

Mr. Meth I'm unplugged (learn)

Temperatures too hot for sunblock (burn)

Playin wit minds

will get you state time

Locked behind 12 bars from a great mine

Killa bees in the club  
Wit his ladybug  
Brought a sword to the dance floor  
To cut a rug  
Love is love all day  
Till they throw slugs  
And take another life in cold blood  
Can't feel me til its your blood  
Murder rates tremendous  
Crime is endless  
Same shit different day  
Father forgive us  
They know not what they do  
All praise is due  
Im big like easy  
And big bamboo

*[Chorus (Meth) 2x]*

Whats that, I didn't hear you  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Come on, a little louder  
(Shut the fuck up)  
Everybody in together now  
(Shut the fuck up)  
What huh  
(Just shut the fuck up shut the fuck up)

*[Meth]*

Head strong dead calm ??  
Dead weight to dead wrong  
Lets get it on

Twelve rounds  
I'll throw down  
Wu whole crown  
Protect land wit 4 pound  
Limp Bizkit  
Get around like merry-go  
Bust a scenario  
Comin through your stereo  
Why risk it  
Lifestyles of the prolific and gifted  
8 essential vitamins and minerals delicious  
Word on the street is  
They bit my thesis  
Knocked out they front teefers  
Tryin to taste mine  
Actin like they heard it through the grapevine  
Dope fiendin for the bassline 2 for 5 rhyme  
Pharmaceuticals

hard as nails to the cuticles  
Where you find that monster she beautiful  
Wu Tang and Limp Bizkit roll on the set  
Kick a hole in the speaker pull the plug and inject

*[Fred Durst]*

Mic check  
So whats it all about? (bout)  
And where we gonna run? (run)  
Maybe we can meet up on the sun  
Discretion is advised  
For the blood emergin eyes  
We limpin on the track with the Method  
So get the sunblock (sunblock)  
You gettin one shot (haa)  
Until you dissolve  
I revolve  
Around everything you got  
From outta nowhere  
Prepare  
You be blinded by the glare  
I told you not to stare  
Now you're turned into stone  
Without a microphone  
But don't you forget you're in a zone  
(So shut the fuck up)  
And take that shit back  
Cuz all your shits wack  
(Doo doo is doo doo)  
When its weighed out like that  
Burnin up your brain like a piston  
So all those that didn't listen  
Now they even knew what they were missin  
And now they even knew the sky was fallin  
Down  
Wu Tang Clan for the crown

*[Chorus 2x]*

*[Meth]*

It was over your head  
All day and every day  
S I N Y 10304  
Wu Tang Killa Bees  
And the Limp B-I-Z-K-I-T  
Y'all know the time  
Y'all know the rhyme  
It ain't easy bein greazy in a world full of cleanliness  
And, you know, all that other madness  
We gone Peace

Limp Bizkit  
Method Man  
Rock the house y'all  
Bring it on

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