

Method Man "Pussy Pop"

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[Method Man]

It's the Meth in the house! Ha, yeah, break it down.

[Xzibit]

When it's all said in done, we gon' be on top
Cause we don't stop, now, lock it down, hit the spot
and clown; Niggas relyin on special effects
While the khakis and chronic, got the bitches still
breakin they neck
Move the crowd without breakin a sweat
Trend setter, with a Beretta, so keep it on deck
Cause you never know when Xzibit gonna move
through the set
Don't be scared, just be prepared and quiet as kept
At a night club, talkin bout you don't go out
And you tryin to got to school and make a certain
amount
But the last part, I just couldn't figure it out
I guess its real hard to talk with a dick in your mouth
Lightweight, like confetti, steadily tested by
motherfuckers who ain't ready
To deal with the legendary
Soopafly, emcee, and bullett logo
Shot callers, clear the whole block like we po-po

[Chorus: Method Man]

Round and round we go, it don't stop
Till we all get dough, c'mon, make it hot
Baby girl to the pussy pop, pussy pop
Lick shots for the pussy pop, pop, pop!
Lookin good with your stink-ass
Type of ass make a nigga pull it over fast
Make it hot, baby girl to pussy pop, pussy pop
Lick shots for the pussy pop, pop pop!

[Jayo Felony]

Well, you gotta pop the pussy, get rid of the next with a
name on your gums

It's the ?Bidulo Gang? bitch, we both want some
You got titties and ass
But I got a dick and some cash
You ain't talkin bout shit

Then I'ma smash, bitch
On three, on me, bitch, you my property
Daddy Jayo Felony, ain't nobody stoppin me
And I said daddy, bitch thats what you gon' call me
I ain't no simp or a wimp
I'ma motherfuckin pimp
Tear spots in my hoes, make they high-heels fall off
You got me ? the fuck-up, if you think I'm goin soft
on ya; I'm hard on my hoes that's how it goes
Bitch, get up off your toes, and get my six-four
? My name, you bounced, so you might as well break
bread
And only Dulo niggas know, whats the head
My name is Billy Loco and this is my opinion
I'm coming from SD, and Dulo is my religion
Be-b-b-b- atch!

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

I don't save or pray, or ? clothes
All I really wanna do is win the game, fuck hoes!
In Jamaica, at the Half Moon Villa, with a killa
And a cocain dealer, layin low from the law
See it all comes down to who's quick to draw first
Pay attention, prevention, ridin off in a hearse
Mister X to the you know me
Thousand-dollar bitches wanna pop the pussy for free
The disfunctional member of the Alkoholik family tree
Frequently bang bitches, Wu-Tang, Killer Bee
Hennessy on the rocks, with Pina Coloda
At the Ramada, make you work hard like Donna
For the cheese, got you down on your hands and knees
After that we kick back and burn up some trees
Mad shout, cause Xzibit's not the type to be treatin
I'm an Alkoholik and I'm late for my meeting
(Come on, Like that!)

[Chorus]

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