

## **Method Man "Release Yo' Self"**

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When I first stepped on the scene, niggaz was petrified  
Jet back to the lab like they were being chased by  
homicide  
My rap flow does you like Tical, and it will never steer  
you wrong  
And all you bitch ass niggaz in the industry  
Your careers won't be lasting long

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Check it, I'm the fuckin man, who they mention  
Notice, that other niggaz rap styles is bogus  
Doo-doo, prepare for this verse Tical voodoo  
Blazin, the stuff that ignites stimulation  
Inside ya, 'cause I be that house over water  
Forgot in the realm that be deep as the Poseidon  
Adventure, niggaz need to touch they freakin picture  
For the sickness, that be spreadin with the quickness  
Remedies, cousin I be doin on my enemies  
Penalty, then I drink forties to they memories  
Emotion, rushin through your down street vicinity  
Blunt smoke, in the air reveals my identity

(Tical tical ti-cal, ti-cal )  
As I keep it movin, we keep it movin uh  
Keep it movin, and keep it movin uh  
Keep it movin baby we be movin uh  
Keep it movin, we keep it huh RHARHHH  
What's that rhythm what's that sound  
Party people getting down  
When it hit the baddest man  
Just release, yo delf

My God, somebody said it's on, if it isn't I'll be set  
To blow a nigga up, with my Five Fingers of Death  
I bring it to his whole damn fam, understand

If he frontin, on any man down with the Clan  
I be comin, for the headpiece you can't cope  
For my brother, I bring it to the Pope, word to mother  
Serial, killa, style from Big Isle  
No Stat, my peoples are you with me where you at?  
Shit's gettin deep in here, I mean thick  
Niggaz lookin all in my face like they want dick  
It's about to hit the fan, hit the flo'  
That's all I can stands, and I can't stands no mo'  
What is it? Niggaz think they bigga  
Cause they got the finga on the trigga of a pistol  
They don't know I'm wicked, when I start to kick it  
With the raw sound, wash it down with a Mystic  
Then I add a Snapple, nigga want the juice  
But he don't want the hassle  
Then we try to overthrow the castle  
Better yet the tent when I'm comin to your town  
Black man, the rental, God, the pistol  
YAH! If you don't want a burn from glock  
Then beware, I buck shots, we move up, the buck stops  
Here, no more dough will be made  
Unless it's being made by hoes

What's that rhythm what's that sound  
Party people getting down  
When it hit the baddest man  
Just breathe in, till then  
And keep it movin, baby keep it movin  
I plan to keep it movin, you know we keep it movin uh  
And keep it movin, baby we be movin uh  
And keep it movin, you know we keep it movin uh  
And keep it movin, you know we keep it movin  
Baby we be movin, you know we keep it moo RARHRAH

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Throw your hands in the sky  
And wave em from side to side  
And if you're ready to spark up the Meth-Tical  
Let me hear you say stimuli

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