

## Method Man "Rumble"

Visit "[Rumble](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

*[U-God]*

Countdown...

Are you ready? Are you mad inside?  
Got you strapped down to your seats  
Outta the doorway, bullets ripped, full clip  
God speed, approach follow my lead  
Firewinds gust, empire crush  
Full thrust, fall in the hole, roll wit the rush  
Untouchable chunk of ?air, wax and soul?  
Soundwaves slay out the back, ?cave? smoke  
My belly-full prance dance, avalanche quote  
Down slope, elegant as Fantasia  
Killer whale tale inhale, black male from Asia  
All out the wood works, hood shirts and wizards  
No match, unhatch, the rap is rigid  
In the shaft, shotty cop, hip hop to the limit  
Nightwatch, pad mark  
Sparks spin a quake nuclear blast, heavy on the cash  
Gimmie what it takes NOW!!

*[Chorus (U-God) 2x]*

RAGE ROCK ROLL FIGHT  
BRAWL FALL RUMBLLLLLLLEEE!!!

*[Letha Face]*

The diabolic witty, dialect's darker than Gotham City  
Wit the possibilty to stop your walkin ability  
God forgive me, spark enemies wit pistol grips  
The missile tip's impact hit you so hard, you shit  
through your dick  
Official scripts strikes when physical hits  
You physical bitch, watch for the imperial blitz, serious  
shit  
Submit, subject to the wreck wartone, and thought  
poems  
Liver than WWF Warzone  
Walk upon ? tracks, bodies collapse  
Rap for lottery stacks, shatter like when pottery cracks  
Logical facts from the terror dome  
Spill from the guts, trail to you ?puss? from where you  
bust  
In God you now entrust

Dog you like hound and mutts, Pound Pups get sound  
struck  
Clown what? You'll get drowned in the cut  
While crowd round up

*[Chorus 2x]*

*[Inspectah Deck]*

Aiyyo yo  
I spit bars

Travellin tremendous speed measurin far  
Been bustin satellites circlin Mars  
Verbal onslaught, bring forth physical force  
Of a hundred wild niggas piled in a Trojan Horse  
Thought method, set it on generic mic ethic  
Professional neck shit, left foes beheaded  
This music, is mind control like computer chips  
Been doin this for numerous years, refuse to lose it  
Wit turbo tactics, maneuver like a trained soldier  
Hall of Fame flame thrower, take game, it's game over  
Ayatollah, high roller nine totter  
Mind controller, 2009 time folder  
My coalition, bring the demolition  
Wu-blade decision, slate the competition, wit no  
intermission  
Spittin hazardous darts, up front like Rosa Parks  
Makin million men march

*[Chorus 2x]*

*[Method Man]*

Yo, who got next? Meth got next  
I chin check, all these MC's line em up god, I go Jihad  
Declare holy war, it be hard to dip and dodge  
Police squads tryin to bogard, we rip and rob  
The boulevard ain't safe for your kids, that's how it is  
In the ghetto, we ain't scared to death, but scared to  
live  
So Goldy, mosey to the spot, get that moldy  
Rusty-ass .38 Special, niggas owe me  
Slowly I turn, face the one and only  
Naughty By Nature, I Do My Dirt All By My Lonely  
Ask Pretty Tony, when I got a bitch I keeps a bitch  
36 Chambers, Enter at your own risk  
Take that watch off and tuck your necklace  
City never sleeps, streets is restless  
Rap style'll slave you, when you least expect it  
Pull the plug on your respirator, leave you breathless  
Wu-Tang forever and a day, better warn your boys  
I deploy battleship rap, seek and destroy

*[Chorus 2x]*

Visit [Method Man](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.