

# Method Man "Say"

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**(feat. Lauryn Hill)**

*[Lauryn (Method Man)]*

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah

Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah

Yeah (Yeah)

Yeah yeah (Yo)

*[Method Man]*

Damn, I hate it when it rain

Ever since I came in the game

Some hated on the fame

A lot of niggas done changed

And started actin' strange

Even labels turning they backs

And started backing lames

Radio is the same, whole lotta speculatin'

These mutherfuckas defacatin' on the name

Wu-Tang, if this is where the hip-hop is

Radio lyin' then, that ain't where hip-hop live

It lives in the streets, we eat to live they livin' to eat

I'm fed up, that nigga rides in 'em, givin' 'em sleep

R.I.P., make me the king of all I see

And when death call I'm good I got call ID

See it was planned in the front, now they just gon' front

Like my joints is on proactive, and they just don't bump

Then niggas gon' say I lost my skill

when in fact they all been programmed

And lost they feel, fo' real

*[Chorus: Lauryn (Method Man)]*

They've got so much things to say right now

They've got so much things to say

They've got so much things to say right now (Yeah)

They got so much things to say (Yo)

*[Method Man]*

Damn, another artist chokes again

They ain't cut as close as him or even broke the skin

See how niggas ain't yo friends, when there ain't no ends

Don't care who the case offend, don't underrate my

pen  
I got what it takes to win, while ya'll are thinking I'm  
trash  
Loving the taste of success and this drink in my glass

Watch 'em cosign that whack shit, give it a pass till it's  
gone  
Quicker than Red, can't get rid of them clubs  
When they're wrong, call the cops, they credibility's  
shot  
It's time to learn, what hot really is and really is not  
Off brain niggas, Meth gonna let 'em know off top  
Don't get smacked on DVDs, trying to show off blocks  
I can't stop cause my enemies plot, or cause the cops  
want me  
Shackled and locked inside the penalty box  
And while they waitin' for my shit to flop  
They gettin' pimped like hoes  
Sellin' they ass just to get my spot, come on man

*[Repeat Chorus]*

*[Method Man]*

Ask Miss Hill, half these critics ain't got half this skill  
Often so hungry that they have to steal  
If I didn't have my deal, and didn't have this mass  
appeal  
Then I'm back up in that trap, swingin' crack it's real  
And that ain't worth the time, so search and find a new  
nerve  
And here's three words: stop working mine  
It take a lot more to hurt my pride  
Jerk my vibe more than media lies, cry when dirt dog  
die nigga  
The last album wasn't feeling my style  
This time my foot up in they ass but they feelin' me now  
Cause Tical, he put his heart in every track he do  
But somehow yall find some way to give a whack review  
It ain't all good, they writin' that I'm Hollywood  
Tryin' to tell you my shit ain't ghetto and they hardly  
hood  
Come on man, until you dudes can write some rhymes  
Keep that in mind when you find yourself reciting  
mines

*[Repeat Chorus]*

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