

Method Man "Say What"

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Yeah, this, this, this, this, this, this, this, this is an
exclusive

Mr. Meth, you're so Def

You put them other M.C.'s out to rest and they test

But they forget how the M-E-F is so Def, let's go

Yo, uh, come on, come on, now

Big Meth attack soon as the track come on now

Zone out, with Sean Combs and bizzy-bone out

I trouble you in the club

And by one, I'm gettin' thrown out

Mami, got her toes out, ain't one army can Blaze Johnny

Like Gwen Stefani, you know there's No Doubt

I'm trill, sick with it, it's like ill

That's the only way to explain these mic skills

On Homicide Hill, anybody asks is real

The more steel, the more body bags to fill

Now can I get a hit of that hydro, nigga

I tried to quit puffin' before but I'm no quitter

If honey show me her buns, I'll show her my ones

If the bed rockin', keep knockin' and I'm a come

Want some, take some, I get it crunk

Speak junk, I'll slow up your road with speed bumps

When they play this in the club

(Say what?)

Go and tell that nigga, bump that

(Say what?)

Throw your hands up, like nigga, what?

(Say what?)

Ya'll don't really really want that

(Say what?)

But if a motherfucker, don't like it

(Say what?)

Tell that sucker he can get back

(Say what?)

Misdemeanor and Meth in your area

(Say what?)

Are ya'll ready? Come on, play it back
(Say what?)

You wanna front, what? Step up and get bucked
And if your feelin' lucky, duck, then press ya'll luck
Ya'll got me effed up, over tracks over react
Once I start, like a bullet, ain't no holdin' me back

I'm all that and two mac's, ya'll fakin' jacks
When I cock back like Busta Bust and make 'em clap
Here I go again, who blow in like whirlwinds
Who kiss girlfriends, that kiss they girlfriends

Got to get it, and when I'm gone
Ya'll bury me with chrome, and tell hell I'm comin'
home
I'm poison, see my skull and crossbones
Got aim like them kids in Iraq who toss stones

And I got drugs in my system and thugs in the system
That put slugs in victims
Mr. M-E to F, bomb threat
As long as I ain't no game, there's no contest

When they play this in the club
(Say what?)
Go and tell that nigga, bump that
(Say what?)
Throw your hands up, like nigga, what?
(Say what?)
Ya'll don't really really want that
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But if a motherfucker, don't like it
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Misdemeanor and Meth in your area
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Are ya'll ready? Come on, play it back
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Ticallion is fatter than your fattest chrome chain
I guess that should explain why I was given the dope
name
Ain't nothin' free, everything got a fee
How the fuck you got a car and ain't got a pot to pee?

I'm a grown man, so I do grown man things
Why take half, when I can have this whole damn thing?
It's Meth, baby, drop top, navy Mercedes

I'm number one like P.E. or Tracy McGrady

It's all good, everything I spit, all hood
And if ya'll gave me one wish, niggaz, I wish ya'll would
Who John Blaze? Uh, when ya'll gon' learn huh?
When I burn son, stick a fork in him he's done

And ladies love to play, like Ladies Love Cool J
For the right cream, they'll do anything you say
She Ice Cream, I'm caked up with icing
Mr. Sandman, come on, bring her a pipe dream

When they play this in the club
(Say what?)
Go and tell that nigga, bump that
(Say what?)
Throw your hands up, like nigga, what?
(Say what?)
Ya'll don't really really want that
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But if a motherfucker, don't like it
(Say what?)
Tell that sucker he can get back
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Misdemeanor and Meth in your area
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Are ya'll ready? Come on, play it back
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Let's work, come on
Def Jam! Mr. Meth, Missy, Bad Boy, Hitmen baby
Let's work, come on, let's work, come on, yeah
Uh, let's work, a yo pass that nigga
Joe Hooker, I see you, let's work, yeah

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