

Method Man "Se Acabo"

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Free drinks on the house, word
Everybody drinkin' tonight
(What the deally?)
Por ahi viene el perro, por ahi viene
Cae la gorda por, yo, check it out

Swing a bat on you like the devil himself
Put it on us, sickness or health
Makin' you could only breathe wit help
I ain't playin', you don't wanna hear what you sayin'
yourself

Hit the street wit incredible beats
We renowned for tearin' it down
Never have you heard a similar sound
Like a drop off when shit pop off, feel a hot one

Side scorching from a hot gun
Niggas get lost in the buildings wit money and the
children
Not the type to talk too much and catch feelin'
Dominican flag over the bed on the ceiling
Protect everything I rep, that's the first thing

Many things follow, bullet stay hollow
You actin' like we don't chew, you can't swallow
Niggas try to change my plans
I'ma beat you till I break my hands
Ju the German every place I stand
(Se Acabo)

All day, everyday
(Se Acabo)
Mothafuckers
Step up front
What's goin' on?

Ayyo, it's Big Psych, baby, you don't want no problems
Suckers want war, then, yo, bomb 'em
Bring the heat, squeeze the flame torch
Then peel out in a convertible gray Porsche

I'm three miles ahead of you, I took the plates off
Just in case your snitch wanna get paid off
Pull out the chainsaw, it's a musical massacre
Cut the head off the driver and the passenger

Sic my dogs after you have you climbin' a tree
Just another crime in the street
Ain't nuttin' better than findin' a beat
So if you find that and try to blow my spot up

(You)
Get shot up, se acabo, means it's over, bro
Method Man on the remix, it's over, yo
Se acabo, Beatnuts flip the beat, it's over, yo
It's a Beatnuts thing, yo, you know, how that go
(O.C.)

What kind of Beatnut am I? Spanish Fly, P O P P I
(Who got the live special guest for the night?)
Excuse me as I kiss the sky
Yo, one on one through the nasal

To put food on the table, I rush associated labels
Huh, ready, willing and able to rock cradle
And rock steady when I get the drop I drop heavy
Twist the metal, mask the machete

The god don't want beef, he want veggie
Plus signs over deadly medley
Who got em gassed on his own getty
Battery back, he ever ready

Now what's fuckin' wit that, ha?
Not you, you chocha
I fuck wit Beatnuts, Livin' La Vida Loca
Callate la boca, see the Spanish Fly on the sofa

One word, he slap you wit the toaster
Keep it in the holster on safety
Put yourself in timeout, playin' wit this dough, let me
find out
You ain't hard to find though, barrel on your tonsils

Sigan hablando y siga mamando, se acabo, se acabo
All day everyday, se acabo, no doubt
What the fuck's goin on? Worldwide
(Beatnuts)
Write your own rhymes, se acabo

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, se acabo
All you punk niggas walk it off, se acabo, word up

We ain't playin' over here
You know what I mean? Se acabo

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