Method Man
"Shaolin What (Skit)"

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[Method Man]
I'm the bastard, the total package like Lex Luger
Pull a sting like a yellow jacket, makin manuever
through the slum nigga Iron Lung, ladies and
gentlemen
Welcome to my torture chamber, pit and the pendulum
Foul play, T 2000 be "Judgement Day"
Face millenium - hell to pay
My knuckles soft from these Star Wars of Han Solo;
southpaw
Ring your bell like it's Quasimodo - what is the law?
Stay hardcore my Clan logo, move to quik to catch a
photo
Jettin on land like Jet Moto
Now we roll up on the conduit
These niggaz actin like they been through it;
as if they heart beat the truest
I +Can't Lose+ like +Parker Lewis+, set in my ways
Got you corny niggaz askin who is .. Johnny Blaze?
Get a late pass stankin-ass (ha) sucker ass
Now you sufferin like succotash (wha-what-what) while
Johnny Cash
makin moves on your moneybag, I'm strip clubbin
Stickin hundreds in yo' honey ass; my brothers buggin
in the background, holdin me down, watchin these
clowns
as they eyeball I pay it no mind - gettin high y'all
Look at the scaffold, the night tall
Rap infected get the Lysol, to disinfect it
You don't know me or my effin Method
That's the shit that made me ticked
When I throw the pitch, how many catch it?
Stapleton, the Wild West Park Hill
Port Richmond, Now Borne Jungle Nils
One mo' gaen - hit me with that SHIT they be smokin
Got Cali niggaz loc'n, New York niggaz open
John Jay phenomenon, the mega-bomb
Transformed into firearm (pow) like Megatron
You get stepped on and shit upon, I'm still calm
knowin brothers wanna do me harm - Shaolin what?

(Shaolin what, huh?) {*breaking glass*}

Y'all niggaz make room for daddy, for real
(Holla if you hear me)
We got love for those that got love for us
(Show your lust; your best bet is to roll with us)
Now go to your room (hang it up)

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