

## Method Man "Somebody Done F\*\*ked Up"

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Yeah, one, two, one, two, it's Big M E F  
The phenom from Vietnam, fresh out of rehab, yo  
On my way the w\*\*\*spot, what's good?  
What's hood? Staten Island Advance  
Big up to my man Magic down in MIA, what up cuzo?

Knock, knock, who is it, ah sh\*\*\*\*\*, hot peas and butter  
Come and get it, somebody done f\*\*ked up, now  
Meth spit it, I comes with it, quick to tell these critics  
Eat a didick, somebody done f\*\*ked up, now

Y'all done did it, done stepped in it, now run and tell  
them  
N\*\*\*\*\* who the realest, somebody done f\*\*ked up,  
now  
Can you dig it, you'll never stop the kid up in the fitted?  
Live with it, somebody done f\*\*ked up

Look, I'm cutting corners on these clowns, m\*\*\*\*\*  
and pounds  
Found with Staten Island n\*\*\*\*\* that run up on you with  
rounds  
Take a drag, pass it around, guess who back in your  
town  
And the crowd vict' with Officer Brown patting him  
down

S\*\*\*'s thick, thick as harmony grits, 'cause with some  
thugs  
Ain't no, harmony bitch, them n\*\*\*\*\*probably snitch  
Y'all be the judge, look what happened to Cocheese  
What happens when your co-d's is talking to police, you  
dig?

Half a cig, let me f\*\*\* with ya wig, although you loving  
the style  
They're ain't a pedophile could f\*\*\* with the kid  
Now that I'm back up on my, feet, take it back to the  
streets  
In the GM with your BM in the passenger seat

Riding hood, by my hood, ain't no hike in the wood

Life is good, it's so good, live it twice if I could  
Man, it's me, once again it's that Wu-Tang  
Crushing the s\*\*\* that you bring, you know how we do  
things

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Yo, pulling my shoes up, scuffing my Timbs, back to  
when?  
Puffing again, who stunting, cops f\*\*ked\* with them  
Feeling the blow, goose bumping the skin, and on the  
scale  
Of nothing to ten, a ten, man, it's nothing to him

See you can tell by how I'm clutching my pen like Mae  
Weather  
Touching her chin, she stunting, going up in her friend  
Tell the label give me something to spin and every light  
got a price  
You want a slice but we ain't cutting you in

Man, these fiends know my past work, held a monkey  
Until they back hurt, money talking, wonder what that's  
worth  
And MCF, mean Cash First s\*\*\*, picture the kid  
On the beach in Hawaii, minus the grass skirt

Blast first, ask questions last  
Black herse, n\*\*\*\*, stretch yo a\*\*, y'all n\*\*\*\*\*know  
what this is  
It's New Yitty, this ain't just a fad  
It's M E F, and I ain't Biggie, but I'm just as Bad, Boy

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now

Can you dig it, you'll never stop the kid up in the fitted?  
Live with it, somebody done f\*\*ked up

Yeah, Big M-E-F, Staten Island Advance, motherf\*\*ked\*  
Word up, don't ever count me out, just count me the  
f\*\*\* in  
I'll be back for more

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