

Method Man "Somebody Done Fucked 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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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

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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