

Method Man "Step By Step"

Visit "[Step By Step](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This goes out
To all the big head niggaz
And all them big head bitches
You know my steez-o

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Deadly melodic, robotic steez-o blur your optic
So you can't see the topic, condition combo
Blaze bring the heat to your mourning like Alonzo
Head honcho like Eastwood, gun in my Pancho
Another bad desperado, trapped in between
The hills and the El Dorados, but you can't do that

Welcome to the wheel of fortune where Pat don't Sajak
Bring it to these cats often, the biggest payback
Is when I condemn men, to purgatory
Stick a pen, do 'em in, eight million stories
In the naked Mr. Method, blade runner
Blood stain on my track record, top gunner

You know it's sick now, just a little bit, aw shit
Can't quit now, hard as a brick, what's this
Make 'em get down, head where I fit, more grip
Hold this shit down, she don't know you better school
her
Step by step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit
Step by step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit

Check my extinction agenda, mind bender
No retreat, no surrender, head trauma
Death before dishonor, sword and golden armor
Undetected stealth bomber, blow the session
With immaculate conception, hit yo' section
With my def squad connection, the green-eyed bandit
E double up dammit, iron lung

Flow taste like a knuckle sandwich, now you know
It's time that I take advantage, take command yo
Cops caught me red-handed
Blood on the dance floor
Or was it Michael Jackson
Fuck it, time for some action

Check my re-runs an see what's happening

You know it's sick now, just a little bit, aw shit
Can't quit now, hard as a brick, what's this
Make 'em get down, head where I fit, more grip
Hold this shit down, she don't know you better school
her
Step by step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit
Step by step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit

You know it's sick now, just a little bit, aw shit
Can't quit now, hard as a brick, what's this
Make 'em get down, head where I fit, more grip
Hold this shit down, she don't know you better school
her

Before she get her back blown
Jealous men don't understand and get clapped on
Now I'm reloadin'
Automate and keep it goin', right and exact
Runnin' track like I'm Jesse Owens, catch 'em wit my rap
slogan
Jack frost, leave 'em frozen
Bust flows and never lay text without my trojan

Hand writin', ass whippin', I keep spittin'
At any head-on collision, throw dart wit precision
And split decision, tell your old folk
And your children what I'm dealin'
Good times, and hood rhymes from the villain
Till I see you at the ooh-building motherfuckers

You know it's sick now, just a little bit, aw shit
Can't quit now, hard as a brick, what's this
Make 'em get down, head where I fit, more grip
Hold this shit down, she don't know you better school
her
Step by step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit
Step by step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit
Step by step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit
Step by step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit

This one is dedicated to my big head niggaz
And all them big head bitches
All them big head bitches

Visit [Method Man](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.