

## **Method Man "The What"**

Visit "[The What](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I used to get feels on a bitch  
Now I throw shields on the dick  
To stop me from that HIV shit  
And niggaz know they soft like a Twinkie filling  
Playing the villain, prepare for this rap killing

Biggie Smalls is the illest  
Your style is played out, like Arnold wondered  
"What you talking 'bout Willis?"  
The thrill is gone, the black Frank White  
Is here to excite and throw dick to dykes

Bitches, I like 'em brainless  
Guns, I like 'em stainless steel  
I want the fuckin' Fortune like the Wheel  
I squeeze gats 'til my clips is empty  
Don't tempt me  
(T H O D Man)  
You don't want to fuck with Biggie

Here I am, I'll be damned if this ain't some shit  
Come to spread the butter lyrics over hominy grit  
It's the low killer death trap, yes, I'm a jet black ninja  
Coming where you rest at, surrender

Step inside the ring, you're the number one contender  
Looking cold booty like your pussy in December  
Nigga stop bitching, button up ya lip and  
From Method, all you getting is a can of ass whipping

Hey, I'll be kicking you son, you doing all the yapping  
Acting as if it can't happen  
You front and got me mad enough to touch something  
Yo, I'm from Shaolin Island and ain't afraid to bust  
something

So what cha want, nigga? Ya punk, nigga  
I got a six-shooter and a horse named Trigger  
It's real, ninety-four, rugged raw  
Kicking down your goddamn door  
(And it goes a lil' something like this)

Fuck the world, don't ask me for shit  
And everything you get, ya gotta work hard for it  
Honies, shake your hips, ya don't stop  
And niggaz pack the clips, keep on

Verse two, coming with that Olde E brew  
Meth Tical, putting niggaz back in I.C.U.  
I'm lifted, troop, you can bring yours wack ass crew  
I got connections, I'll get that ass stuck like glue

No question, I be coming down and shit  
Yo, I gets rugged as a motherfucking carpet get  
And niggaz love it, not in the physical form but in the  
mental  
I spark and they cells get warm, I'm not a gentle, man

I'm a Method Man  
Baby, accept it, utmost respect it  
(Assume the position)  
Stop, look and listen  
I spit on your grave, then I grab my Charles Dickens

Welcome to my center  
Honies feel it deep in they placenta  
Cold as the pole in the winter  
Far from the inventor but I got this rap shit sewed

And when my Mac unloads  
I'm guaranteed another video  
Ready to die, why I act that way?  
Pop duke left Mom duke  
The fagot took the back way

So instead of making hoes suck my dick up  
I used to do stick-up  
'Cause hoes is irritating like the hiccups  
Excuse me, flows just grow through me

Like trees to branches, cliffs to avalanches  
It's the Praying Mantis  
Deep like the mind of Farrakhan  
A motherfucking rap phenomenon

Plus  
(I got more glocks and techs than you)  
I make it hot  
(Nigga, won't even stand next to you)  
Nigga, touch me, you better bust me  
Three times in the head  
Or motherfucker's dead, ya thought so

Fuck the world, don't ask me for shit  
And everything you get, ya gotta work hard for it  
Honies, shake your hips, ya don't stop  
And niggaz pack the clips, keep on

Fuck the world, don't ask me for shit  
And everything you get, ya gotta work hard for it  
Honies, shake your hips, ya don't stop  
And niggaz pack the clips, keep on

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.