

Method Man "This Is What We Do"

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Yeah, baby, hey yeah, yeah
And you know, said you know
Said you know, said you know babe, yeah

So you say your ish is it
And you say your ish is hot
You want me to touch your spot
Cuz that's how we do it
Now I watch your earrings jingle
And I watch you work your middle
Cuz your handle bars ain't little
Makes me wanna (Y'all ain't ready)

[1] - If you wanna dance
If you wanna move
If you wanna dance
Yeah show me what to do
I keep it movin', givin' it to you
Cuz this is what we do
This is what we do, yeah

[Repeat 1]

Said East Side, where you at, yo what the deally
And to my ladies over West can you feel me
Tell me what the deal with the South
And tell me Master P got it all figured out
But if you say you with me, show you with me
You're so pretty, you stay shitty,
Ain't no shorty over 40 chillin' in the VIP with me
Damn right, game tight, cuz that's how we do it tonight

[Repeat 1]

[Repeat 1]

[Method Man]

Yo, yo
Who got the best body on the planet
I take advantage, then skate like the kissin' bandit
Leave of hearts
Got these shorties out after dark
We're lady killers

Then blow back apart, raw dealers
Tical! Dru Hiller, strange love, seven thirty
I'm like Herbie with a Love Bug
Then skip town like a Casanova Brown Mrs.
You look delicious like a two piece with a biscuit
What's goin' down?
In my mind I'm rippin' your clothes

Playing with your feet girl suckin your toes
Go round with the Ghetto Sarano', mello,
Romeo, who like his women on the same level
Pay my bills that were due, all accounts settled
Now I'm relaxing like Pa now with Ma Kettle
Baby laughing, earrings in both nipples
Like Janet Jackson, busting out her latest fashion
Or the smashin'
Honey come on over here, I **** feet cold
Throw them panties over there, you won't need those
You talk like sex
You walk like sex
Ya smell like sex
Ya yell like sex
And all ya want is Mr. Meth, hell of a man
That can sell an Eskimo a fan
I come equipped for any spot that you want hit
Or want licked, when my dick get the fuck outta here,
ahh, shit
I start to think back on how I go hump
In seven minutes to heaven at the age of eleven
Couldn't tell me nuthin' then, can't tell me nuthin' now
Honey child, milkin' the cow, lovin' my style
This is what we do kid, me and them Dru kids
Take 'em blind, crimpin' them crazy, even toothless
Lastly, if you know me don't ask me
Call me Method, Mr. Meth if ya nasty

[Repeat 1]

[Repeat 1]

If I move it on the left, will it be hot to death
If I move it on the right, will you make it last all night
(Woody)
If I move it up and down, will you make a freaky sound,
come on
If I move it in and out, will it make you scream and
shout
Come on

[Repeat 1 until fade]

