

Method Man

"Waht The Blood Clot"

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All I hear is gun shots. Can I touch something?
What the blood claat! Niggaz want tical make it
happen.
You know my fuckin' style fuck the rappin'
We can take it back to eighty five if you wanna START
actin' like you live
It's all good. I'm rollin' with my clique
Owls Packwoods & Phillies smokin' sess blunts mixed
with illy
Got me bustin' now the whole world looks dusted
I'm in the area with the skill that never rusted.
For real, nigga, touch it & you burn, when will
motherfuckers learn
What be spreadin' like a germ? Ha ha, it's Meth, word.
I be that early bird that got the worm & if you check it
I'm on point, like a fax machine you get the message.
It be no question & them bust the second guessin's,
Keep your thoughts on your lessons. What the blood
claat!
To tell the truth, you don't amaze me. Killa Hill project,
A Star Trek phaser couldn't phase me. What,
Check the Raderuckus FUCK this,
Smoke a Dutchmaster, have 'em screamin' for the
duchess
Yeah, I gotta have it, so I strive to stick my piece
If I don't do it for mydelf, I'm a do it for Kase,
'Cause that's my peoples, I'm giving you injections that
be Lethal
Weapon, when niggaz start the half steppin',
Then I get evil. But don't let that negative vibe right
there
Mislead you, I'm humble, a fucking Killer Bee,
Far from bumble. I sting you BZT and I bring you
Thirty-six chambers of head banger, bitch,
Why I deal with? I think the mic is on the fritz.
Faggot soundmen! They be sabotagin' shit!
Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane...
Methical, let the whole world know my fuckin' name.
What the blood claat

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