

Method Man

"What The Blood Clot"

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Shit is bangin', son, you see what I'm sayin'?
Our shit is bangin', son
Yo, Shaolin runnin' this shit, son, runnin' this shit
Wassup Y-Kim? Wassup nigga?

Wassup up? Representin' Brownsville base
Peace to all my Brownsville niggaz, what's goin on?
Peace to all my motherfuckin' Putnam Avenue Bedford
stuy, niggaz
Peace to my, peace to my Wild Wild West Brighton,
niggaz

All I hear is gun shots, can I touch somethin'?
What the blood clot? Nigga want Tical, make it happen
You know my fuckin' style, fuck the rappin'
We can take it back to '85 if you wanna start actin' like
you alive

It's all good, I'm rollin' with my click
Owls, Backwoods and Phillies, smokin' cess blunts
mixed with illy
Got me flusted, now the whole world looks dusted
I'm in the area with the skill that never rusted

For real, nigga, touch it and 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 and if you check it
I'm on point, like a fax machine, you get the message
It be no question and them bust the second guessin'
Keep your thoughts on your lessons
What the blood clot?

To tell the truth, you don't amaze me
Killa Hill Project, a Star Trek phaser couldn't phase me,
what?
Check the Raider Ruckus, fuck this, smoke a
Dutchmaster
Have 'em screamin' for the duchess, yeah, I gotta have
it

So I strive to stack my papes, if I don't do it for myself
I'ma do it for Case 'cause that's my people
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 Killa Bee, far from bumble
I sting you, bzz and I bring you
Thirty-six chambers of head banger, bitch

Why I deal with? I think the mic's on the fritz
Faggot soundmen, they be sabotagin' shit
Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane
Meth-Tical, let the whole world know my fuckin' name
What the blood clot?

Yeah, you know what I'm sayin'? Keepin' it real on this
thing
First of all I'd like to give a big peace and shout out
To my brothers in the belly of the beast
Raider Ruckus, we're friends to the end and back
again, baby

One love, June Lover, Shitty Brown
Pussin', Pil, The P.L.O., Stack Dat, Dusty, Storm
Su, we still in here, nigga
Jamel, one love, baby

Nice, Uncle Eric a.k.a. Shane
I ain't forget you, nigga, Shakim, nuttin'
Big Sha, K. Fisk, Big Free from Cipher Heat
All the fugitives on the run

Everybody from Riker's Island to San Quintan
And a big major shout out to my old dad
Who just got home on work release
Keep your heads up, niggaz

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