

Method Man

"What The Blood Claat"

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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!

