

## Method Man "What's Happenin'"

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Aiyo, Tical?  
What up, fam?  
You know Busta-Bust had to come see you  
God, it's good to see you, God  
Good too see you too, God  
Let's take the streets for a little ride  
Okay, we ridin' high  
Yeah, you better light your L, smoke your L  
And just  
Kiss the sky  
Huh! And if you ever disrespect the Bust or Meth  
Find their mentor  
Yeah, I-I-I think the streets been lookin' for this one for  
a long time  
Yeah, aiyo  
Come on!

I came to bring the pain, more hard to the brain  
Tical, I'm bustin' that ass again  
I burn like acid rain, that acid slang  
These niggaz try'nna see how I come ash again  
Main and evident, I'm huntin', yes, Meth for president  
Be in hell with Dazel and George just for the hell of it  
And I ain't yellow kid, flows hot as kettle get  
Now if you ain't fuckin' with that, you must be celibate

Spaz! Just a little, got a sack lookin' fizzle  
Little hash in the middle, where it at? In the middle, yup  
Mommy if you got a fat ass, make it jiggle, yup  
Put it in my next video shot by Little X  
And M E F gon' work 'til their ain't any left  
I'm tryin' get what I'm worth and not a penny less  
Think fast  
(Come on)  
Bank cash  
(Come on)  
Everybody do it with your stank ass  
(Just come on)

Make you rob somebody  
(What?)  
Grab somebody

(What?)  
Stomp somebody  
(What?)  
Slap somebody  
(What?)  
Make you wanna step to the bar and sip Bacardi  
(What?)  
Wild out, spaz in the club, we in the party  
(What?)

Brooklyn  
(Come on)  
Shaolin  
(Come on)  
Queens bridge down to Long Island  
(Come on)  
Bronx, nigga  
(Come on)  
Manhattan  
(Come on)  
To each and every hood what's happening?  
(Come on)

Yeah, let 'em talk, nigga, come on Bust  
(Aiyo, Meth, let me get at these niggaz)  
Yeah!

Now watch me back your shit up, I hope your people  
pull up  
And pick up and pack your shit up, homie, it's time to  
move  
While I'm singin', ma, do you let relieve you of all of  
your  
Figure seating sketching, never believe in your niggaz  
(Come on!)  
Go head and babble you can watch me patiently  
waiting  
Aimin', attackin', instead I'ma let one of my bitches  
slap you  
I ain't watch you when your niggaz'll try  
To feel a wrath of the un-rudely waking of a sleeping  
giant  
(Very defiant)  
Once I give you the pressure  
And then I apply it and then your breathing is stop and  
totally quiet

Captain of this ship, so call me the pilot  
I leave you and your crew to collide with me  
Die, stomp on a nigga, just like a herd of a thousand  
cattle

That'll travel over your face and frazzle your shit  
Shot you, worst than a brick and then be torturin' you  
And then get the reverend and get to steppin', nigga!  
This shit'll make you

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Haha, that's the truth, my nigga  
(Nigga, listen, listen, let me talk)  
Let me talk!

Can't you see what I got for you now?  
Shake your big fat ass in front of me now  
To all my high bidders  
To all my live niggaz  
We here to blackout, follow the story now  
Just feel my heat, and you know I'm gonna  
Just keep the street, but nigga did you  
Know when you bout to lose it, my nigga  
And you know we gon' get real stupid, my nigga

See the police coming  
(What?)  
Fireman coming  
(What?)  
Street niggaz ready to riot and start dummin'  
(What?)

I love to see it, whenever you and your man frontin'  
(What?)  
Me and Meth'll step to you, quick! And smash  
somethin'  
(What?)

Now who is he? Dope M.C. killin these cowards  
Wack niggaz get pimp slapped, give me some powder  
Click-clack, one in your back, now think about it  
Get back, runnin' your gap, I can't allow it  
Well every nigga  
(Set it off)  
You know we seeing it through God  
The streets be needing niggaz like me and you, God  
Aiyo, I think we're up, seen it from here, we got a mile,  
yo  
Logical, we should of done this shit a long time ago

I got that shit that make rappers shit in they shoes  
Nasty M.C., I spit flows and spit in they food  
Man, don't tempt me, I'm nothin' like a curious child  
I'm simply a boy in the hood with furious childs  
(This shit'll make you)

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Every day, every rotation, come with it!

Let me talk, come on, hah  
Aiyo God  
Yeah, lord?  
Flipmode, Wu-Tang, nigga, ain't that some shit?  
That's some shit, actually truthfully, Busta Bust!  
Meth Tical!  
Yeah  
Yeah, let me know when you wanna do that again, God  
Shit we can do that right now, shout out to New Jersey,  
hahaha, yeah!

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