

## Method Man

### "You're All I Need -- Puff Daddy Mix"

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Intro: Method Man

Rugged style, it's enough to make a hardrock smile  
Ha ha ha, cheeba cheeba y'all  
Cheeba cheeba y'all, and you don't stop  
Yeah yeah, cootie in the chair  
Cheeba cheeba y'all, and you don't stop  
Yeah yeah, cootie in the -- check Tical

Chorus: Mary J. Blige [sample: Notorious B.I.G.]

You're all, I need  
[Lie together, cry together, I swear to God I hope we  
fuckin die together]  
to get by, ahhhhh  
You're all, I need  
[Lie together, cry together, I swear to God I hope we  
fuckin die together]  
to get by, ahhhhh

Verse One:

Shorty I'm there for you anytime you need me  
For real girl, it's me in your world, believe me  
Nuttin make a man feel better than a woman  
Queen with a crown that be down for whatever  
There are few things that's forever, my lady  
We can make war or make babies  
Back when I was nothin  
You made a brother feel like he was somethin  
That's why I'm with you to this day boo no frontin  
Even when the skies were gray  
You would rub me on my back and say "Baby it'll be  
okay"  
Now that's real to a brother like me baby  
Never ever give my cootie away and keep it tight aight  
And I'ma walk these dogs so we can live  
In a fat ass crib with thousands of kids  
Word life you don't need a ring to be my wife  
Just be there for me and I'ma make sure we  
Be livin in the effin lap of luxury

I'm realizing that you didn't have to funk wit me  
But you did, now I'm going all out kid  
And I got mad love to give, you my nigga

Chorus 2X

Interlude: Mary J. Blige

Like sweet morning dew  
I took one look at you  
And it was plain to see  
You were my destiny  
With you I'll spend my time  
I'll dedicate my life  
I'll sacrifice for you  
Dedicate my life for you

Verse Two:

I got a love jonz for your body and your skin tone  
Five minutes alone I'm already on the bone  
Plus I love the fact you got a mind of your own  
No need to shop around you got the good stuff at  
home  
Even if I'm locked up North you in the world  
Wrapped in three-fourths of cloth never showin your  
stuff off, boo  
It be true me for you that's how it is  
I be your Noah, you be my Wiz  
I'm your Mister, you my Mrs. with hugs and kisses  
Valentine cards and birthday wishes? Please  
Be on another level of planning, of understanding  
the bond between man and woman, and child  
The highest elevation, cuz we above  
All that romance crap, just show your love

Chorus (starts during the end of verse two, repeats  
until end)

Outro: Method Man

I'm sick of police  
Ha ha ha, cheeba cheeba y'all  
And you don't stop  
Yeah yeah, cootie in the -- Tical!  
Cheeba cheeba y'all, and you don't stop  
Yeah yeah, cootie in the chair, Tical!  
Cheeba cheeba y'all, and you don't stop  
Yeah yeah, cootie in the chair, Tical  
Mary J. raw, and Meth-Tical  
{Like sweet morning dew} Yeah yeah

{I took one look at you} cootie in the chair, Tical  
{And it was plain to see} Cheeba cheeba y'all  
{You were my destiny, baby} Cheeba cheeba y'all  
Cheeba cheeba y'all, bring it on, yeah  
What's that shit that they be smoking?

No romance without finance for now  
Baby, please, ninety-five  
Ticallion Stallion, ha ha, ha ha  
Man woman and child, yeah

{Anything you need, anything you need}

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