

## 4 P.M. "Biscuits"

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Intro:

What? What you want?  
Represent represent represent  
Yeah, represent, check it out check it out

Yo mama don't wear no drawers!  
I saw her when she took them off!  
Standin on the welfare line, eatin swine  
Tryin to look fine, with her stank behind  
You can ask the bitch and she'll tell ya fast  
Meth-Tical got STYLE with his nasty ass

Verse One:

Are you ready, to face the consequences and suffer?  
I even tell ya mamma you ain't shit, motherfucker  
Bring it, and let that killer bee kid sting it  
And rep-resent, it's like heads up a brick, when I'm  
swing it  
Get lost, I break you off something  
I'm pumpin, like a Reebok, with a pump, from the jump  
and  
You was nothin  
Bet ya thought ya fuckin clan had ya fuckin back but  
they was frontin  
Smokin dirt blunts and fuckin nasty stunts and  
Ya take the naked gun without the bullet, what ya bustin  
Get ya ship sunken, fuckin with a drunken  
Master disaster at enemy rap functions

Interlude:

Huh, just an echo  
Yoo-hoo ripin-ripin in the valley  
Yoo-hoo ripin-ripin so to bring back  
Sweet memories of you  
And you can even ask your crew  
Betcha bottom dollar that they tell ya fast  
Meth-Tical got STYLE with his nasty ass

Verse Two:

Who said the Wu-Tang Clan? Was it you or your man?  
You wanna point the finger, I'll bring ya  
36 chambers, be out, youze in danger  
Let me pull ya brain outcha ass with a hanger  
Didn't momma not tell ya not to talk to a stranger  
Now ya got ya neck, in the noose, of the strangler  
Just recline, keep the Meth in mind  
I'll even test the knuckle check on the hands of time  
What? And I'll be more than glad to bust that ass  
All up and down the block, the street, the isle  
Whatever, smokin on a Spike Lee joint  
Hey I'm Mo' Better, I'm hopin niggaz get the point  
Cause they coul never, stop the veteran, word to God  
When I'm severin the HEAD of a mental vegetarian  
The Method, at the weekend, with a whole lot of credit  
The cuties I desire, I be the first to set it  
off, flame on like the Human Torch  
Fantastic Four for all the fans in the store  
You can eat it all and it'll tell ya fast  
Meth-Tical got STYLE for ya nasty ass

Outro:

94 baby, word up, recognize, recognize  
Wu-Tang killer bee  
The RZA and the Method MZA

Raider Ruckus, where you at?

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