

4 P.M.**"I Get My Thang in Action"**Visit "[I Get My Thang in Action](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Good.. Wu-Tang martial expert
There's not many, who can match up with him"

(He'll give you a heart condition
if you fuck around like that there
Tell you it ain't no good for the bloodstream
You know god damn whatever and uhh
it's dumb and big -- it's DUMB AND BIG)
Mira, Meth-Tical comin through with the suu
(Lie in cut for y'all)
Check it out

Niggaz wanna test my steez, nigga please
I black that eye like peas, you better freeze
in your tracks, a Wu-Tang (bzzz) killer bee's on ya back
I comes for the honey plus the phat money sack
You want it all? Yeah I want it all like THAT
I stab my own moms in the back for a stack
Niggaz like, "Damn, why you want it like that?" (Why is that?)
Cause I'm a dog, and I got no love for the cat (uhh)
Attitude's cold like the North polar cap
Where I do my dirt's a little further down the map (Is that so?)
A little buckwhylin, Island called Stat'
Where niggaz carry gats in they Black Moon hat
Now I'm mad known for the bones and the rap
And youse an unknown with a faulty contract
Wake up and smell the Met-chod motherfucker contact
Villain in the cypher from the foe when head crack
An Indian giver and I'm out to take it back
Shaolin Island, baby where you at?
A runaway train that be runnin on ya track
That's how it's goin down, yeah, it's goin down like that

I gets my thang in action
To live, to love, to see, to learn
Yo! Tell em what's happenin!

(What's happenin?
I'll tell yo' ass what's happenin

Tell em what's happenin
It's goin on out here - brothers ain't got no peers
and they smokin funny - shuddup yo' damn mouth!)

[Method Man]

I swing funky rap routines and tap the jaws
Spot ya twenty points and you still can't score
NUTTIN - cause you ain't got no points in this game
Kid you FRONTIN - I'm home run hittin, you be buntin
Fresh out the toilet, I got my shit together
When I'm good, I'm good, when bad, I'm better
You want it? Whatever - I'll be the stormy weather
rain comin down, so weatherproof your leather
JACKET, a nigga with a AXE couldn't HACK IT
I spark em like a match (ssskt)
Coming back it's the Met-chod, say it loud
I'm the Met-chod, Man - clap yo' hands, now check it
See me in the mix, rollin fat, bustin flicks
While my physical brother came through and got me
lift
Niggaz, that I walk by, give me the eye
The moment is fuckin me up, killin my high
Nigga get back, ya pussy cat, I'm fearsome
Basically THAT, I'm all of THAT, and then some
While I, was out on tour, goin beserk
I heard you was at the sandbox and kickin DIRT
All on my name but you can't pull my file
YOU DON'T KNOW ME, AND YOU DON'T KNOW MY STYLE
Comin out dere like dat dere, YEAHHHH
Even Grizzly Adams couldn't bear

(Ahhheheh, I taught the boy everything he KNOW
Go on you bad motherfuckers
See I told you that kid go back to that Dolemite
Everybody needs to love Dolemite
I love Dolemite, you love Dolemite
Hey, how you doin nigga, I know you
Knowin I didn't when I did
Meth-Tical
Shiiit, I told the boy
If ya can't get yourself a ten
The least you can do is spark five two's
And we out, Method)

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