

## 4 P.M. "Step By Step"

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[Method Man]

This goes out  
to all the big head niggaz  
And all them big head bitches  
You know my steez-o

Yo, yo, yo, yo  
Deadly melodic, robotic steez-o blur your optic  
So you can't see the topic, condition combo  
Blaze bring the heat to your Mourning like Alonzo  
Head honcho like Eastwood, gun in my pancho  
Another bad desperado, trapped inbetween  
the hills and the El Dorados, but you can't do that  
Welcome to the Wheel of Fortune where Pat don't Sajak  
Bring it to these cats often, the biggest payback  
is when I condemn men, to purgatory  
Stick a pen, do em in, eight million stories  
in the naked Mr. Method, Blade Runner  
Blood stain on my track record, top gunner

Chorus: Method Man

You know it's sick now, just a little bit, aw shit  
Can't quit now, hard as a brick, what's this  
Make em get down, head where I fit, more grip  
Hold this shit down, she don't know you better school  
her  
("Step in the Arena" sample scratched)  
Step by Step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit  
Step by Step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit

[Method Man]

Check my Extinction Agenda, mind bender  
No retreat no surrender, head trauma  
Death before dishonor, sword and golden armor  
Undetected stealth bomber, blow the session  
With Immaculate Conception, hit yo' section  
with my Def Squad connection, the Green-Eyed Bandit  
E Double up dammit, Iron Lung  
flow taste like a knuckle sandwich, now you know  
It's time that I take advantage, take command yo

Cops caught me red-handed  
Blood On the Dance Floor  
or was it Michael Jackson  
Fuck it, time for some action  
Check my Re-Runs an see What's Happening

Chorus 2X

[Method Man]

Before she get her back blown  
Jealous men don't understand and get clapped on, now  
I'm reloadin  
Automate and keep it goin, right and exact  
Runnin track like I'm Jesse Owens, catch em wit my rap  
slogan  
Jack Frost, leave em frozen  
Bust flows and never lay text/latex without my Trojan  
Hand writtin ass whippin, I keep spittin  
At any head-on collision, throw dart wit precision  
And split decision, tell your old folk  
and your children what I'm dealin  
Good times, and hood rhymes from the villain  
Till I see you at the ooh-building motherfuckers

Chorus

This one, is dedicated to my big head niggaz  
And all them big head bitches  
All them big head bitches

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