

## 4 P.M. "The Motto"

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[Intro: Method Man]

Yo... aww shhhhhhhiiiiit!

[Hook: Method Man]

My niggaz, how we do it? You know it like a poet, baby  
doll

Break through it, you know it like a poet, baby doll

I spit, chew it, you know it like a poet, baby doll

Get in the music, you know it like a poet, baby doll

[Method Man]

If you don't know, you better, ask somebody who I be

On land, air, or sea, I don't need No I.D

Once again, let's get under their skins like I.V.'s

Or Roman numerals fours (IV's) who we doin' the score

I got a shoe in the door, nothin' new anymore

Ya'll got love for me? I got love for you and yours

Tical Part 0, my friend, rappers is fightin'

Like Tyson, when nothin' else work I'll start bitin'

My shit, and his shit, I'm hopin' it end

I live my life like a lotto ticket, hopin' it win

Purple haze got me chokin' again, open again

I'm what's crackin', like your mamma smokin' again

[Chorus: Method Man]

If you see a model, then you might see me follow

Rubbin' her thighs like Aladdin rub the Genie bottle

Back for another swallow, Method, you know my motto:

"Ya'll might just win today, but I'll be back tomorrow"

[Method Man]

Ya'll tryin' to get me started

Who on the short yellow bus tryin' to get retarded?

Kid don't be the artist, formerly known as artist

Jump off a skyscraper, the roof who hit the hardest

Where the bastards at and where they habitats?

I send they asses back to foldin' sweaters at the Gap

I like Nikes, food spicy, I'm a Pisces

That's why women love me and any nigga that's like  
me

Thoroughbread, I'm with gettin' this dough instead

Need a ho, like I need another hole in the head  
Lord help me, I'm crackin' the safe, pocket like 'Face  
Mighty Healthy, you know I'm the shit, soon as you  
smelt me

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

For what it's worth, the early bird sit at the table and eat  
first  
My niggaz need work, mami buggin', rippin' my t-shirt  
We can kick it until our feet hurt  
Mothers warn your daughters 'bout this tall drink of  
water  
Spoiler, waiter give her anything she order on the  
menu  
Method Man, live at your venue  
Smokin' it, jumpin' off the dick, like he mental  
Kid, I got a murder rap, and my head is simple  
Open up the pussy, put the lead in the pencils  
And people sayin' Wu gon' break up, ya'll  
We got y'all numbers, it's time ya'll got your wake up  
calls, and..

[Chorus 2X]

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