

## 4 P.M. "The Show"

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[Intro: sample]

"Wanna see the world, ain't scared to do it  
Even if, your shocked by it  
Me and you, lost when you do it  
By myself, better off bein' you"

[Intro: Method Man]

Smoke cess nigga, smokin' that A.K  
Norther lights, yeah.. stick 'em!  
Uh, ahhh, baby, you know it like a poet, baby doll  
Yeah, yeah, crooked letter in, uh uh, S.I., better  
known as the crooked letter I  
Come on! Self Service

[Method Man]

Y'all know me since '93, now let that weed burn  
Back in this bitch, class dismissed, it's the return  
Of the super sperm, game over, lose a turn  
Takes a germ to kill a germ, when will y'all killas learn  
Your only as good as your last hit  
Soon as you put them automatics on safety that's it  
I calm them bastards, I call them ratchets  
Till you blasted, till y'all come ashes to ashes  
We make classic, huh, bring you a rougher sound  
You either up or down, don't get that ass kicked  
Ya'll niggaz fuck around, y'all only tough around  
The crowds, scared to bust a round, don't get that ass  
kicked  
What part of the game is this?  
I came to break bread, evidently y'all killas came to  
bitch, nigga  
So, whose the whipped nigga, don't even trip, nigga  
Some say they pull trigga, I think they bullshitter  
I just begun to fight, if mommy like daddy talk  
Then daddy might get him some tonight  
Give me, my limelight, give me, my five mics  
Give me, some weed and a light to get my mind right  
Is he, the illest M.C., to ever play the tough city  
To find out it'll cost you bout a buck fifty  
Across your face swiftly, my after taste shitty  
Whose built by New Yitty, whose milked like two titties

And I ain't even got to say my name  
I got this duck wit her legs up like, "say my name, trick"  
You think it's all a game, like pussy all the same  
I'm speakin' toilet slang, not seakin' hall of fame  
It's raw, sushi, stain in your drawers, dooky  
Quarter a Lucy, quarter more for a groupie  
That like to pop snoopy, think she gon' pop coochie  
Just cuz you got Gucci, don't mean you not hoochie  
Girl, I tell it like a T-I-N  
Ain't no other kids eatin' till I feed my kids  
Trick, oh, you ain't crushin', sister, I can't do nothin' wit  
you  
My money's celebrate, honey, and we ain't fuckin' wit  
you  
I do it for the nookie, some say I'm too pushy  
Only thing better than pussy, that's some new pussy  
There that go, looky, it's gettin' ugly even  
With niggaz so broke, they couldn't spend a lovely  
even

[Outro: Method Man]

Yeah, that's it

Yeah, Method Man has just left the muthafuckin'  
building

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