

4 P.M. "Tical"

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sounds of fighting

"You've been lucky... I wish I got you last time.
En garde, I'll let you try my Wu-Tang style."
"I'd like to try your Wu-Tang style, let's begin then!"

Intro: Method (and others)

From the tip top?
(Aiiyo aiiyo, what the fuck's up with light dude?)
Yup
One two (no doubt, no doubt)
One two one two
Yo one two, uh, one two one two (yeahh, we gon' be up
in that)
Ah one two, uh, one two one two (yeah light that shit
up)
Ah one two yo, check me out

Chorus:

What's that shit that they be smokin? Tical... tical, tical
Pass it over here... tical... tical, tical
What's that shit the niggaz smokin? Tical... tical, tical
Pass it over here... tical... tical, tical

Verse One:

Check it, I got styles, all of em sick
Niggaz ain't fit to walk a mile in the dead man's kicks
I make em shit about a pile, of bricks to show
He ain't nuttin but another, a lone John Doe
That wanna flow, here it is, comin up shit's creek
I come to throw monkey wrenches in your program,
sleep
and I'ma grow, like a rash on ya nasty ass
In a whip, with no breaks and I'm hittin the gas
It's a bird, it's a plane, take a look in the sky
Method Man on some shit, niggaz call me The Fly
Cause my style, dates back to hoppin turnstyles
Make ya fear, if ya cutie in the chair, you can bet I'll

get severe on the double I harass it
I don't look for trouble, I'm already trouble
Ya bastard, check the wicked flows that I crafted
Open up a deadly venom style to be mastered
By a psychopathic, way beyond an average
Joe, with a hellafied flow, there ya have it

Chorus

One two, uh, one two one two
One two, uh, one two one two
One two, uh, one two one two
Check it out

Verse Two:

What goes off? What goes on? The Meth shit
that we got is to stay high, no question
Lethal weapon, ain't no time for half steppin
When brothers start wettin everything in ya section
Move that, niggaz came strapped, shoulda knew that
Do dat, pussy cat rap, boy, I'll screw that
To' up, from the flow up, don't even show up
To the battle, I heard you rattle now hold up
Is there a fuckin snake in my garden?
Starvin, for a rap treat, steppin on my feet
Pardon yo delf, before ya find yo delf
In a FUCKED UP situation, without no help
I'm not playin, cause I don't play with nobody
God damn kid, know what I'm sayin, I'm peelin niggas
wigs
I be sprayin, brother with words
Cause I got a spit PRAAA-BLEM

Chorus

One two uh, one two one two
One two uh... (stick a fat tical in your butt, yeah baby
fuckin with tical)
(yeah niggaz better recognize... tical...)

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