

4 P.M.

"Uh Huh"

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"Bus driver -- this here gal refused to give me her seat!"

[Intro: Method Man]

Everybody... huh, yeah

Yeah, uh, uh, uh, now, uh, yeah, yo

[Method Man]

What up my people equal?, this be Tical: The Prequel
Shine up the desert eagle, light up that extra lethal
I mean that "ooh wee", three years and two g's
I'm back with new trees, I wrapped in loose leafs
While ya'll was just rappin', who get the set crackin'?
Just like a neck snappin', let's get this next platinum
What's happ'n Def Jam? Remember Meth Man?
I held your hand through them years when ya'll was
stressed, fam

That's why I still love you and Russell still hustle
Let's get to pumpin' iron, and flex some real muscle
Up in this bitch due, my click is Rick Rude
And I ain't got the ivory, this ain't the flick, dude
Somebody told me, ya'll can't hold me
Naughty By Nature, do my dirt all by my lonely
You need back off bitch, you don't know me
Got to leave these hoes alone, they too nosey

[Chorus: Method Man]

Meth is killin', M.C. killin'

What more can I say, stop grillin'

That's what niggas get for actin' Hollywood

And since ya'll understood... would you?

Would you? Would you? Would you?

Uh huh, that dollar day, that dollar dollar day, ey

That dollar day, that dollar dollar day, ey

[Method Man]

Ok, the love issue, don't let that love get you

My brothers love pistol, doin' they thug dizzle

Bet ya'll ain't know, did you?, that I'm a pro, did you?

Until the flow hit you, fuck it, I'm official

Bone wit more gristle, thrown from chrome nickel

Place that don't tickle, can't wait to zone wit you
I'm hard as stone chisel, Meth got his own little
Formula to go triple -- for shizzle
Ya'll know my occupation, I'm puttin' in the work
So any imitation, I'm puttin' in the dirt
That shit is aggravatin', why ya'll procrastinatin'
I got some massive waitin', and she probably
masturbatin'
Welcome to New Yitty, where half is two fifty
If I got a problem, then that's one problem too many
So don't tempt me, I'll bust until I'm empty
Swiftly, that way, I get the chance to take you with me,
muthafucka!

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

Yo, I got style, H rap round, back up and back down
Act up, we back clown, last up to bat now
It's me Ticallion, swing like Barry Bonds
Mommy got a ratty thong, happy cuz daddy gone
Turn it up it a little bit, a notch, and it'll get
Cook it once the griddle gets so hot, good lookin' kid
Ok, now where was I? Prepared, was I
Your man broke his jaw tryin' to say what I
Say on this mic, not a day in your life, could ya
Say I ain't nice, could ya? If I ain't nice, would ya?
Get off my dick and tell your bitch to come her, she
stuntin'
Can hear me "cummin'" like my dick's in her ear or
somethin'
I put that on my momma, she put that on her kids
He put that chrome on your dome and blowed ya
fuckin' wig
That's how it is, ask Bobby Dig'
We back on your block, with 'nuff shots to give,
muthafucka!

[Chorus 2X]

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