

## **Nonpoint "Tribute"**

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Come on, come on  
That's right, Nonpoint, Darwin's, Grimm in the house  
Lemme hear that shit  
Na'mean? Uh! 'bout to slay those fuckin' tracks  
Here we go, come on

Once upon a time not long ago  
When people wore pajamas and lived life slow  
When laws were stern and justice stood  
And people were behavin' like they are too good

There lived a little boy that was misled  
By another little boy and this is what he said  
Check it, me and you kid we gonna make some cash  
What! What!  
Robbin old folks and makin' a dash

Come on! Come on!  
Their jackets tied, money came with ease  
But one couldn't stop, it's like he had a disease  
He robbed another and another Michael Jackson Stevie  
Wonder  
Tried to rob a man who was a D.C. undercover  
The kid got wild startin' actin' erratic, he said I got you  
all in check

Come on!  
Yah yah yah yah yah  
Come on!  
Yah yah yah yah yah  
Come on!  
Yah yah yah yah yah  
Come on!  
Yah yah yah yah yah  
Come on!

When I step up in the place and yo I step correct  
Got you all in check  
I got that head nod shit that make you break your neck  
Got you all in check  
Well you know we come through to wreck the disco tech  
Got you all in check

Throw your hands up in the air and never disrespect  
Got you all in check

Yo Grimm, whats up?  
Which muthafucka stole my flow?  
Eenie, meenie, minie, moe  
Throw them types of niggas right out the window

Blast your ass, hit you with a direct blow  
Blah comin' through like G.I. Joe  
Star Wars movie deal like Han So-lo  
Make you bounce around like this was calyp-so

Always shine 'cause I got the high pro glow  
You think that you can hide, you think you can lay low?  
Roll up on your ass like Hawaii 5-0  
Back out, pull my dreads in my Kang-lo  
Forget that Moet nigga, just bash the Cisco!  
Yo, take a trip down to Mexico

Come back with that shit that might make you psycho  
Maximum frequency through that stereo  
Sorry this is it but homeboy, I gots ta go!

Yo, where you go? Where you at? Bring it back!  
Big props to all my people on the hip-hop scene who  
going  
Fast than me with Abrushima my inspiration from youth  
Killa bee got lose, don't be teared  
Don't be mad, no, give it the truth, say

M E T H O D Man  
M E T H O D Man  
M E T H O D Man  
Break yourself nigga

Hey you, get off my cloud  
Let me get raw with my southpaw style  
Mover, puffin' on a fat blunt from Cuba  
It's the Meth-Tical jet to Cal, I'm the Buddha

Monk on the hunt for machine gun foes  
I keeps you open like a slug from the shotgun punk  
Double barrel, yeah Meth bring it to them proper  
Partner, you ain't got no wins in me casa

Straight up, you movin' too fast so baby wait up  
Took one, added seven more now you eight up  
Get on down with your bad self  
Get on down, listen to the sound, come on!

You will never get this whole commit legit  
See you all up in my dick  
But you don't know shit, uh-huh  
What's your definition of a real MC?  
For what you dedicated, ya it must be me

Meth-Tical, a lewd descendant of the loud hip hop  
I was on to the break of dawn and just don't stop  
Give me the green light and the sign one way  
At last, what you got to say? Come on

Move it in, move it out, stick it in, pull it out  
Shake it up, shake it down, come on y'all, Meth-Tical  
I hope and pray that I will but today I am still just a  
M E T H O D Man , M E T H O D Man, M E T H O D Man

M E T H O D Man, M E T H O D Man, M E T H O D Man  
M E T H O D Man, M E T H O D D Man, M E T H O D Man  
M E T H O D Man, M E T H O D Man  
Break yourself nigga, get the fuck off

M E T H O D Man  
M E T H O D Man  
M E T H O D Man  
M E T H O D D Man  
Man, man, man  
M E T H O D, bitch!

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