

## Shawna "Who Yall Rollin' Wit"

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[Intro: Method Man]

Uh... what's really good?

Yo, yo, yo..

[Method Man]

It's the unstoppable, over come any obstacle

Ya'll know my flavor, pack more punch than Tropical

Any mission possible, do what I gotta do

Labels gettin' butterfingers, and next they droppin' you

You think you know, but you have no idea

The Diary of a Meth Man, what's this I hear?

Somebody told ya'll, steppin' in shit was good luck?

I got the hood stuck, chh-chh, now give the goods up

Ya'll done pushed up, past the point of no return

It's Meth's turn, so roll that shit up and let's burn

I heard Philly got the best 'scherm, out in Cali, they got

the best perms

Now that we know, when will the rest learn?

Come on, each one, teach one, hear no evil, and I don't  
speak none

Everything cool until that heat come

Just call my name, and I'll be there

Ya'll kids is slum, like the jewelry in Albi Square

[Chorus: Streetlife (Shawna)]

We drinkin' Henny til we flip, poppin' bottles til we sick

All ya'll haters eat a dick (yeah, uh)

Let's throw a party in this bitch, all my niggaz and my  
chicks

Tell me who ya'll rollin' with (yeah)

[Hook 2X: Streetlife (Method Man)]

Method spits fire (Fire!) The roof's on (Fire!) My crew's  
on (Fire!)

[Streetlife]

M-E-T, H-O-D..

[Method Man]

Man, I'm in the house like foreclosures

Talk sober, until some dog gets forced over

New York soldiers, be at ease, fall back

Never ever, I'm the New Era, like ball caps  
Kid, whenever, whoever, whatever, ya'll want it  
Ya'll can have it, the problem and answer, I'm all that  
While we at it, let's tighten up our grips around that  
cabbage  
Silly rabbit, how many kid's done tricked you on your  
carrots  
The product of a bad package, like Bishop Don Juan it's  
Magic  
How I break 'em like a bad habit, hit tracks like it's  
target practice  
Then let these darts take a stab at it  
Niggaz ain't got it, ain't never had it  
I jam like L.A. traffic, Jellyroll behind the wheel  
And the passenger seat behind the field  
It's your boy, physically fit, mentally sick  
Get dirty money, told you honey, I'm filthy rich

[Chorus]

[Hook 2X w/o "fire" the second time]

[Interlude: Method Man]

Yeah, ya'll niggaz don't know it's a game  
Until it starts again, let's do it, haha!

[Method Man]

Six minutes, Method Man, you're on  
If you thinkin' you gon' slip and be alright, you're wrong  
You can see me lightin' the bong, while writin' the  
songs  
That the crowd, is either singin' to or fightin' along,  
fightin' along  
I'm try'nna tell you drugs is not your friends  
And girlfriend, don't try and front like you got your  
friend  
I'm at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn  
And my chick's a man-eater, she be swallowin' men  
Aight, live from New York, it's Saturday night  
I got pipes that drain your confidence, and battery light  
Aight, mami tight, but she ain't really my type  
If ya'll don't see me treat her right, then she ain't really  
my wife  
When I was young, I was stayin' in school, obeyin' rules  
Play with my food, what makes you think I'm playin' with  
you?  
This is it, ya'll better come on in, the water's fine  
Jump on in, let's do it to 'em one more 'gain

[Chorus]

[Hook 2X]

[Chorus]

[Outro: Method Man]

Yeah, Ladies Love Big John Studd

No doubt, dick up in your mouth

We do this shit everyday, I'm in the cut

With my main shit stain, Ray-Ray Gutter Butt

And we holdin' it down for the whole Staten Island, man

Nothin' else but Staten Island, man

Ya'll stand up, man, Stapleton, the Wild West, Park Hill

Port Richmond, Now Born, Jungle Nilz, hah... Peace!

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