

La the Darkman f/ Method Man, RZA

"This Thing"

Visit "[This Thing](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Method Man] Do you see these bags under my fuckin' eyes!? Geez! That's all I ever wanted was, uh huh, uh huh, yeah yeah, thing thing That's all I ever really wanted was, thing thing [Method Man] There I go, rushin' the dough, puffin' the 'dro I get low, with nothin' to show, like cuttin' the blow Y'all niggas know, the Clan in effect, the man on your left Is M-E-F, I'm cashin' a check to snappin' a neck My M.O., is stabbin' the third, Staten, you heard! With P.O., pluckin' your nerves, who fuckin' you bird? When you ain't, stickin' the stink, I'm thinkin' I'll thank my critics Booger they drinks and sugar they tanks, who is it? Back in this bent, with rappin' and shit, it's Bobby Attached to his hip, like ratchet to clip, it's Johnny From tappin' my herb, to tappin' your chin, for dough Don't shorten my word, or shorten them ends, for sure (yo, yo) [RZA] I blitz the mic once I hear hype, the left tackler Tackle a track like a hundred Lewis linebackers Ninja rapper, lyric Eagle Claw Grappler Blow the fuse off a thousand watt black after Amplifier, cramp the liar, stamp the champ Revamp the camp, blow your lamp fire Fifty shots in the sky, for the Dig-I T-A-L, you swine inside the pigsty Spend the will of Dhama, face your Karma In pursuit like the F1 bomber, huntin' down Osama From my hood I know A Few Good Men of Honor Hearts cold, stack gold like Old Man Palmer Port land, I Trailblaze to Portland Oregon, to watch Rasheed Wallace score again To get cocky off a glass of hassake And rice and seaweed, bein' soaked in wasabi Nostril flared up, eyes tearin', and I'm nearin' The point of no return, bitch, I'll have your blood smearin' [La the Darkman] Yo, jumpin' out the Benz wagon, red Polo sweat saggin' White tee, bandana, tan suade, Timbs draggin' Fingers numb, from the thousand grams I finished baggin' Coke on my hands, still smokin' dutches like a dragon It's a M-E-T, H-O-D and, the L-A D-A-R-K Man I'm the Duke, please bless me like Mike Krzyzewski Two weak ass rappers beefin', don't impress me My style's poise, W.E.B. Dubois Spit stellar minature, that the world enjoys To my Clan, I'm committed, Red Sea, ok, kid it When I lead this toilet of a Earth, know I shitted

Visit [La the Darkman f/ Method Man, RZA](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.