

Man Method

"Biscuits"

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Intro:

What? What you want?

Represent represent represent

Yeah, represent, check it out check it out

Yo mama don't wear no drawers!

I saw her when she took them off!

Standin on the welfare line, eatin swine

Tryin to look fine, with her stank behind

You can ask the bitch and she'll tell ya fast

Meth-Tical got STYLE with his nasty ass

Verse One:

Are you ready, to face the consequences and suffer?

I even tell ya momma you ain't shit, motherfucker

Bring it, and let that killer bee kid sting it

And rep-resent, it's like heads up a brick, when I'm
swing it

Get lost, I break you off something

I'm pumpin, like a Reebok, with a pump, from the jump
and

You was nothin

Bet ya thought ya fuckin clan had ya fuckin back but
they was frontin

Smokin dirt blunts and fuckin nasty stunts and

Ya take the naked gun without the bullet, what ya bustin

Get ya ship sunken, fuckin with a drunken

Master disaster at enemy rap functions

Interlude:

Huh, just an echo

Yoo-hoo ripin-ripin in the valley

Yoo-hoo ripin-ripin so to bring back

Sweet memories of you

And you can even ask your crew

Betcha bottom dollar that they tell ya fast

Meth-Tical got STYLE with his nasty ass

Verse Two:

Who said the Wu-Tang Clan? Was it you or your man?

You wanna point the finger, I'll bring ya

36 chambers, be out, youze in danger

Let me pull ya brain outcha ass with a hanger

Didn't momma not tell ya not to talk to a stranger

Now ya got ya neck, in the noose, of the strangler

Just recline, keep the Meth in mind

I'll even test the knuckle check on the hands of time

What? And I'll be more than glad to bust that ass

All up and down the block, the street, the isle

Whatever, smokin on a Spike Lee joint

Hey I'm Mo' Better, I'm hopin niggaz get the point

Cause they coul never, stop the veteran, word to God

When I'm severin the HEAD of a mental vegetarian
The Method, at the weekend, with a whole lot of credit
The cuties I desire, I be the first to set it
off, flame on like the Human Torch
Fantastic Four for all the fans in the store
You can eat it all and it'll tell ya fast
Meth-Tical got STYLE for ya nasty ass
Outro:
94 baby, word up, recognize, recognize
Wu-Tang killer bee
The RZA and the Method MZA
Raider Ruckus, where you at

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