

## **Man Method**

### **"Do What Ya Feel"**

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laughing] Yea

[more laughing]

Follow... Juss do what ya feel and never follow

Never follow... Juss do what ya feel and never follow

[Chorus]

Juss do what ya feel and never follow

Juss do what ya feel and never follow

Ha Ha Metical

[Meth:]

Who wanna flip wit the acrobatic?

From Ground Zero all the way to attic

Well we be smokin Tical

The reservoir is now open

I swim the English Channel backstrokin

You don't know me or my style

We hold court and blow trial

You catch cal when you browse through my X-files

Who be next now?

Man's down, hands down

Hold ground by yo side when it go down

I dedicate this next dart to my fuckin heart

Little Meth pea the best pod

Now walk wit dat one, word, time time fo some action

Dreamin bout Toni Braxton

Blowin her back out like Bob Backlund

I'm throwin wrestling holds

Tag Team wit Funk Doc We in Funk mode

Take yo best shot

If it don't hip it don't hop

If it don't quit it don't stop

That's the life

[Redman:]

I be the supalyrical individual

I be spittin though that Teflon material

To knock Big Ben off of schedule

Betta move wit a set of tools

I be doin it to mics when I'm a heterosexual

I load the mic then cock, drop it like 3 quarters when I  
slaughter

Don't get caught in the water

Cause the Bricks got its own World Order

Leave yo bitches shot like the third rail caught her

Style stay deeper than Orca

I float the seven seas with ease

Get more drugs than pharmacies

So call me that lyrical genevyz

You can't compare, get you steppin like stairs

Frats, sororities

Don't make me bring it on back, I fuck up the majority

Of niggaz lookin hard at me

I port them like authority

And when my nigga Meth shine, I be in the How High  
mobile

Rollin 3 dimes at a time

[Redman and Method Man still... (unknown sample)]

It's the Jersey representa

Get hit from the bottom to ya head when ya enta

[Meth] Word

[Chorus x 3]

Ha Funk Doc, break it down

[Redman:]

Yo, suck my dick outta animosity

The velocity will fly dat head and freeze yo camps like  
pottery

then give labodomies to all you rap colonies

And shut yo million dollar investment to economy

And possibly might be the one in black leather

Name tag sayin "Caution when wet"

By the track wetter

The ass-spreader

I love the grimey shit even my girl did grimey shit to  
me

And I went back wit her

3 years for carryin a loaded handgun

but its forever wit a nigga

(ch-ch-blouw) and he lands one to yo cranium

That red dot on your forehead is not cause you're  
Arabian

(Watch what you say to him)

You caught up in a tight situation

I should start erasin your organization for makin, wack  
tunes

While my whole platoon rocks the basement

You couldn't come if I gave my bookin agent

Or producer

Royalty poise 12-shot loaded Luga

Even the crowd get you souped up

You still wack

I peel caps on the regular

Destroy emcees etcetra

Hooped like the Predator

Fuck you, your label, moms, and yo editor

Give you two to the jellular

Left you spreadin all on my shirt

The King of the Flirts, shittin

Bitches hit me off more than New Edition

(tw tw twee twee twee tw twee twee twee twee)

I make them pigs heart skip a beat from the steel  
fasique

So I alone (one me gun dun)

Get on the mic breakem off a shum shum

[Meth:]

We moonshine and grow crops

Purchasin a handheld wit the sho-shot

It got me spittin

These slugs at my competition, in rap sessions

You ain't be got no weapons you live professin

Next in line

Parental discretion advised

These explicit, street linguistics

Betta than yo mamma biscuits

We bombshellin

I might know but ain't tellin, too bad you missed it

Johnny, dangerously, Blaze

Anotha enemy made, anotha due paid

Color-safe bleach so I don't fade

Scar you mental wit my double-edged blade

Razor Sharp get yo bandaids

Hold that

Like E said get the Pozac

Show dem wack niggaz where da door's at

On the case like I'm Kojak

Kissin the grits on that floor bitch

Flip scripts, take loooong shits

Raider Ruckus, one

I come wit premeditated Red Rum

Gingivitis to yo filthy ass gums

Bottom line eitha get down or get done,

Muthafucka

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