

Man Method

"Fuck Them"

Visit "[Fuck Them](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Method Man:]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Fuck you

[Chorus: 2x]

What you wanna be when you grow up

You wanna be thugs

You wanna be pranksters

You wanna sell drugs

You wanna be gangsters

Thats what silly boys are made of

[Raekwon:]

Aiyyo, aiyyo

Cool G's and forty seven flavors

Display swade gators

We comin through

To blaze neighbors

Meet mark and pardon me to heat mark

A dutch spark it

Lex Leonardo arts profit

Apple cranberry mixed with crystal

Fan worry

Desert mountain crib in the ground

We arsonists

One point five a liter

Take a taste

Splash your heater

Smack your face twice

Clap your sneakers

Shit is like a mission to Mars

Fishin' for bars

Takin' whats ours

Knowledge the car Pa

Dont be stupid

Get a little cash

Better swoop it

Throw it in the ground and recoup it

Next check was best

Your family pack your shit

Get vexed

Leave a nigga standing in a bag of leaves

Some niggas catch on later

Try to put them on they haters

I met eighty of them niggas yo

Waitin' on the sidelines droolin'

Some need schoolin'

Let me teach yo

And roll a student what

Rule one

Yo respect if you lose son

Dont be big back about to learn to move dunn

All hell to niggas in jails

With sharks in they fishtanks

Now he come home he a whale

Wolves in the projo's, projo's yo

We realer up in my shows yo

Middle finger five O's

Take time to climb vines yo

Lay on the lines

Like Laury only lovin' Rae kind

Sun splash cash layin like three bags of hash

Fully wrapped in a indian man's stash

[Method Man:]

Aiyyo

[Chorus: 2x]

[Raekwon:]

Aiyyo, get up

Lex should be braggin'

Get it up

Fuck shorty got cream in a mean truck

Prop-ness she hollar like the Loch Ness

He large rock this

Fresh Ferrari in a drop six

Fro's

Yo talkin about the dough on his clothes

Glaze is crushed up pokin on rolls yo

Oh yeah and maybe gettin' cream

See what I mean black queen

Stop actin' like crack fiends an'

Brawl we wanna thank all of y'all

Play the wall hype

Checkin how this lady walks stay hawkin'

Grab the remain, divorce (Uh)

Shame came to yours

We like green

Rock the same gameplan, ours (Yo, Yo)

[Method Man:]

Ladies and gentlemen

Your about to see

A pastime hobby about to be

Takin' to the next degree

By M-E-T-H and the bloody Chef Boyardee

Watch out bitches is too nosey

Backhand slappin' the phoney

Got to walk it off can't mosey

Who got you open up

Crack pipe still smokin'

Face frozen

Coke straw stickin' out your nose and D
Proposin' that you bleed on the Chef apron
My thing hold down the play-pen
And say the nursery rhymes they makin
Come on now
Shits too real
Fuck you and now your man feel
Time don't stand still for y'all bitches
Wanna Big Ball
I got two for you to juggle in your jizzals
Im losin' it now
Throw in the pieces like a jig-saw
Aiyyo
She multi-colored like a rainbow
Mr. Meth and the Cuban Link kiddo
On tracks we connect, politic ditto
Take that to that
[Chorus: 2x

Visit [Man Method](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.