

Man Method

"Fuhgidabowdit"

Visit "[Fuhgidabowdit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

LL Cool JJ

Get the fuck out of here, I'm LL Cool

Soakin wet with bad bitches in the indoor pool

[Redman]

Yo what am I, an animal?

[LL]

Cuz I bagged your's too

One bad mooley, and you can get pants, schooly

I'm the G.O.A.T., what I wrote cause fire and smoke

Think I started on the choir singin solo for the pope

Tell your mama please, get up off her knees

You can't wear yellow spandex wit a ass of cottage
cheese

Open toed shoes, feet smell like collard greens

Toes *Kriss Crossed* like she on J. Dupris' team

Button your sittin up like beach balls in the sand plus

A mouth full of rotten teeth with a dildo in her hand

Who the fuck let you in, all my assistants are fired

Now I'm lookin for some washed up rapper that I can
hire

You know some old school nigga wit a bit of attitude

Pay him \$1500 to fuck a girl in an interlude

You say I'm souped up, well, soup is good food

So what I scratch my nuts, how the fuck is that wrong

For so glowin, afro pickin

S-curl hatin, Jamaican rum sippin

[Method Man]

Kid I'll burp on your girl buttcheeks

[LL]

The honey had my nuts like two red beets

I'm bananas, out of my fuckin mind they won't let me
back in

Cuz I was down before the hype like Dusty Rhodes and
Bob Backlund

Bruno Samartino, Stan Staziak

Now The Rock and Stone Cold are my favorite maniacs

The top rooster pluckin, chickens when I'm cluckin

WWF stands for When and Where we Fuckin

Fuhgidabowdit

Yo kid

Fuhgidabowdit

Fuhgidabowdit

Yo, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo, ey, Fuhgidabowdit

Ey, ey, Fuhgidabowdit

Eh, Fuhgidabowdit

[Redman]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

I'm like Menace II Society

I roll through the drive thru like Kane

Jack you for the cheeseburgers and chicken wings, and
datins too

See my boys down the ride crack patience too

Bricks, walk around, snorkel down

Maccaroni and cheese Timbs broke out the orphan
house

Transportin out, the poison in 'em

Box 'em up in the aisle with the frozen dinners

[Method Man]

And them niggas that ran...

[Redman]

My goal's to get 'em

With the heat seekin flow wit, fo' antennas

Doc's Da Name, that's why y'all fuck wit me

I'm pocket change, the bums don't fuck with D

Objective in 'em, Carlo inspection sticka

Check the pen, I write like a X was in 'em

Teeth grittin, I brawl wit a major league mitten

[Meth]

Where the stash at

[Red]

Yo, yo, punk, M takin me wit him

Fuhgidabowdit

Yo, Fuhgidabowdit

Ayo nigga, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo, yo, yo, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo dog, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo you heard, Fuhgidabowdit

Ayo you hear me, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo nigga, Fuhgidabowdit

[Method Man]

Yo, this be the Cool J function, music get my blood
pumpin

Down for whatever, which usually means I'm up to
somethin

Who owe me somethin, them niggas in the back frontin

They rockin cuffs and, put the eight up, rappercussion

You know my name, so there's no need for introduction

I'm Mr. Done it all, so none of y'all can do me nothing

Bitch I'm grown, puffin on that one and bone

Bet me and Queen Bee be swingin til the honey come

Backs get blown, trash get thrown

In headlocks, from this view, I'm fuckin Star Jones

I'm red hot just like candy, in '95 won the Grammy

[Redman]

Yo, he use it as an ashtray now

[Method]

Niggas can't stand or understand me, yeah

Either or, funky headhunter wild comanchees wit shitty
draws

What's that shit, what shit, that shit on your lip

I can't smoke wit ya kid, but I'll save ya the clip...

Fuhgidabowdit

Ayo nigga, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo, what the fuck, Fuhgidabowdit

Yo, Fuhgidabowdit

Uh, Fuhgidabowdit

Ayo dog, Fuhgidabowdit (DMX growl)

Bitches can't stand me, Fuhgidabowdit (DMX growl)

Still pullin out pennies, Fuhgidabowdit (DMX growl)

[DMX]

The shit I see every day brings tears to my eyes

How I holla at my niggas brings ears to my cries

Stick niggas for not knowin, then teach 'em somethin

Bitch niggas talkin bout you from the streets you
frontin

I never liked you, and you, I don't know

So what the fuck you think is 'sposed to happen, we
gon go

Mono on mono, whatever nigga, I'm gon dust you

If you can't pick that afro, I'm gon bust you

Walkin like you was a lil nigga cuz you is

And don't forget that daddy's gonna always love his
kids

Crackin niggas got the nerve to wonder why I rob, why

You guys will live while everybody else'll starve

That pretty shit is played, fuck what your name hold

Break a nigga off somethin, watch a nigga gain fo'

Now you layin somewhere cold, stiff as shit

And all that riffin shit, mens will get you hit, bitch

Fuhgidabowdit

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

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