

Man Method

"I Get My Thang In Action"

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Verse 1>

Niggas wanna test my stees

Nigga please

I black that eye like peas

You better freeze

In ya tracks

A Wu Tang (bzzz) killer bee's on ya back

I comes for the honey plus the phat money sack

You want it all?

Yeah I want it all like THAT

I stab my own moms in the back for a stack

Niggas like damn why you want it like that?

'Cause I'm a dog and I got no love for the cat

Attitude's cold like the north polar cap

Where I do my (????) a little further down the map

A little black island

Called Stat

Where niggas carry gats in they Black Moon hat

Now I'm mad known for the bones and the rap

And youse an unknown with a phoney contract

Wake up and smell the method, motherfucker

Contact, fallin' in a cypher from a fallen head crack

An indian giver and I'm out to take it back

Shaolin Island, baby where you at?

A runaway train that be runnin' on ya track

That's how it's goin' down

Yeah, it's goin' down like that

I gets my thang in action

To live, to love, to see, to learn

Yo! Tell 'em what's happenin'!

(What's happening?

I'll tell ya wh-what's happening

Tell 'em what's happening

Brothers ain't got no peers and they be smokin' funny

Shaddup!)

I swing funky rap routines and tap the jaws

Betcha twenty points and ya still can't score

Nuttin'

'Cause you ain't got no points in this game

Kid, you frontin'

A home run hitter and you be buntin'

Brush out the toilet, I got my shit together

When I'm good, I'm good,

When bad, I'm better

You want it?

Whatever

I be the stormy weather

Rain coming down

To weather with ya leather

JACKET

A nigga with a ax

Couldn't

HACK IT

I spark 'em like a match (ssskt)

Coming back it's the method

To get louder

The method

Man, clap yo hands, now check it

See me in the mist (????)

But my physical brother came through and got me lift

Niggas, that I walk by, give me the eye

The mormon is fuckin' me up, killing my high

Nigga get back,

Ya pussy cat,

I'm fearsome

Basically dat,

I'm all of dat,

And 'den some

While I,

Was out on tour,

Goin' beserk

I heard you

Was over at the sand box
And kickin' DIRT
All over my name
But you can't pull my file,
YOU DON'T KNOW ME, AND YOU DON'T KNOW MY STYLE
Comin' out 'dere like dat 'dere
YEAH,
(????) ghettos couldn't bear
(Meth-Tical, I told the boy everythin' he KNOW
To all you bad motherfuckers
See, I told you that kid go back to that Dolemite
Everybody needs to love Dolemite,
I love Dolemite, you love Dolemite
Hey, how you doin' nigga, I know you
Know what I did when I did?
Meth-Tical, shiiit, I told the boy--)
If ya can't get yaself a ten,
The least you can do is smoke five twos
(Where ya at? Method

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