

## **Man Method**

### **"Meth Vs Chef"**

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Meth Vs. Chef"

(feat. Raekwon the Chef)

[Intro:]

Duel, worthy of a general

If you want to fight, fight with me!

One to one! Man to man!

Get ready to gel team!

Live and direct from the one-six-oooh

We got Tical, pow! Raekwon the Chef, Tical!

It's about to go on, Tical!

You make the call, I make the call!

It's all for all

Method Man, Raekwon the Chef

(count my shells)

And there's about to be one left

(count my shells, nigga)

I know you know it's on kid

(Bring that shit I don't give a fuck!)

[bell rings]

[Verse One: Method Man]

Who lit that shit it was I the chinky-eye

Cheeba-hawk from New York, Tical Staten Isle

niggaz thought, that they could walk a dog but they caught

a bad situation, cause I'm a sandwich short

of a picnic, cause you ain't equipped with the sickening

style, blowing up the spot like ballistic

missiles, I be comin through like the four-nine-three-eleven

tearing up the power-u, Me-Tical

A bad motherfucking buddah monk, what the fuck

hit your chest, like cardiac arrest, blow the front

out the frame, hit the pussycat for the pain

of the dog shit, nobody move run your garments

A rugged vet, terrible like a Champion sweat

Wrap a power in a tec, to wet

a nigga up, with all the dangerous diseases

Sniffing sneezing coughing aching stuffy head fever

Fucker, I think it's bout time that you suffer

Bobbin on my nob like an all day sucker

[bell rings] Bitch!

Meth Vs. Chef

(it's my turn) Meth Vs. Chef

(yo let's bring that shit baby) Meth Vs. Chef

(yo, yeah, one more time nigga) Meth Vs. Chef

(callin me out, it's goin off) I blow your fuckin ass to death

[bell rings]

[Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef]

I'm goin all out kid no turnbacks

You could try to front, get smoked and that's that

Lyric assassin, dressed in black buggin

Sixteen shots to your mug, from a slug then

I go to war in a concrete jungle, make the punt

cause niggaz act funny, and fumble

But I relax, count my shells, a lot of heads gotta fly

Niggaz stay strapped, armed to die

Time for jet-black Tim boot, flowin

Wha-Su God get him, hit em with the nine troop

No question, cha-cha-BLOW in the session

Bloodshot in that direction, cypher

[bell rings]

'Tack you like chess moves best move

Yo, yeah, yo

The boards, your ass

'Tack, 'tack, 'tack, uH! \*bell rings\*

'Tack the boards like chess moves best move

at Rae through, comin at your motherfuckin crew

Live direct, yeah you better step

Gunshots ring on the set, let's jet

Motivate, to the gate

With some quick high Rae stay fly, and rob your Isle

Airwaves, yo behave

Now you're a slave with the boots that paved the way

[bell rings three times]

Ahh shit!

[Chef Vs. Meth Vs. Meth

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