

## Man Method

### "Party Crasher"

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Intro: club bouncer]

Aww shit... not these niggaz again!

Aiyyo listen!

I'm only lettin five of you motherfuckers in here tonight

If your man ain't on the guest list

He get to the BACJ of the fuckin line

And you know another motherfuckin thing?

I don't give a fuck if a bitch spill a drink

in this motherfucker tonight

I'm kickin ALL y'all the fuck outta here

[Method Man]

Uhh

Muh'fuckers be up in the club scared to fuckin death

Nigga if you scared why don't yo' ass just stay the fuck home

Check it out uhh

Me and mines at the door, ain't tryin to pay your fees

Stop playin, you fuckin with me, I push my way in

Bum rush there's plenty of us to tear the club up

Guzzlin Bacardi and such, I split a Dutch

Bouncin nigga lookin like he want war

Now I ain't the one you got to front Pah  
Pattin me down like the law  
As I stumble in the party  
Topsey off the Limon Bacardi for sure  
Loungin near the bar section, rolled the L  
and kept steppin, concealed weapon, razor sharp  
Blue star hatchet, in the sleeve of my jacket  
Who that kid, on the dance floor lookin for matches?  
Burn somethin, one toke got me blasted  
Took another toke then I passed it, choke!  
Fantastic, herb ain't no joke  
Especially that indo smoke mixed with hashish  
Ladies on the dance floor, shakin they asses  
Got millon dollar broke niggaz, that makin passes  
Honey with the eye glasses, body work is Boombastic  
Skin like blackberry molasses, mmmmm  
At last it's, time to step and make her mine  
Niggas headin toward the bathroom tuckin they shines  
Brothers got to keep it movin, playin with kids  
that won't hesitate to snatch a Cuban  
You know what this is...  
("Yo Duke that's your diamonds right there God?  
Yo that shit'll go RIGHT where my people ain't right  
now..")  
"Yo don't touch my shit!")  
Now it's on in the lavatory, I heard a scream

End of story couldn't find shorty, party scene's  
now a fucked up chaotic thing, won't be long  
before the sirens intervene, the territory  
Can't we all get along, without the ruckus  
Got big bouncin muh'fuckers, tryin to rush us  
I can take a hint, what? Can smell the stench  
of a hell bent environment, the odds against us  
Back to the wall y'all, refuse to fall  
All hands on deck yes, prepare to brawl  
Uhh, every time I try to have a good time why?  
Somebody always fuckin it up, killin my high, damn  
Monkey wrench they whole program, party over  
By that time I'm dead sober  
In the midst of this whole shit fo' soldiers, dead gone  
You can tell that they was heat holders  
Everybody hit the deck when they expose tech, I fled  
the set  
Bitch slipped and caught a broke neck, some Brooklyn  
kids  
rushed the coat check, they whole set, stompin Duke  
half to death and took his Rolex, it's horrible  
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