

Man Method

"Step By Step"

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Method Man]

This goes out

to all the big head niggaz

And all them big head bitches

You know my steez o

Yo yo yo yo

Deadly melodic robotic steez o blur your optic

So you can't see the topic condition combo

Blaze bring the heat to your Mourning like Alonzo

Head honcho like Eastwood gun in my pancho

Another bad desperado trapped inbetween

the hills and the El Dorados but you can't do that

Welcome to the Wheel of Fortune where Pat don't Sajak

Bring it to these cats often, the biggest payback

is when I condemn men, to purgatory

Stick a pen, do em in, eight million stories

in the naked Mr. Method, Blade Runner

Blood stain on my track record, top gunner

Chorus: Method Man

You know it's sick now, just a little bit, aw shit

Can't quit now, hard as a brick, what's this

Make em get down, head where I fit, more grip

Hold this shit down, she don't know you better school
her

("Step in the Arena" sample scratched)

Step by Step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit

Step by Step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit

[Method Man]

Check my Extinction Agenda, mind bender

No retreat no surrender, head trauma

Death before dishonor, sword and golden armor

Undetected stealth bomber, blow the session

With Immaculate Conception, hit yo' section

with my Def Squad connection, the Green-Eyed Bandit

E Double up dammit, Iron Lung

flow taste like a knuckle sandwich, now you know

It's time that I take advantage, take command yo

Cops caught me red-handed

Blood On the Dance Floor

or was it Michael Jackson

Fuck it, time for some action

Check my Re-Runs an see What's Happening

Chorus 2X

[Method Man]

Before she get her back blown

Jealous men don't understand and get clapped on, now
I'm reloadin

Automate and keep it goin, right and exact

Runnin track like I'm Jesse Owens, catch em wit my rap
slogan

Jack Frost, leave em frozen

Bust flows and never lay text/latex without my Trojan

Hand writtin ass whippin, I keep spittin

At any head-on collision, throw dart wit precision

And split decision, tell your old folk

and your children what I'm dealin

Good times, and hood rhymes from the villain

Till I see you at the ooh-building motherfuckers

Chorus

This one, is dedicated to my big head niggaz

And all them big head bitches

All them big head bitches

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