

## Man Method

### "Sucker MC's"

Visit "[Sucker MC's](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

ODB]

Daddy's home, your daddy's home to stay

[Meth]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo same time same channel

Nasty vandals too hot to fucking handle

Bring the ruckus to all you knotty head fuckas

Shit's like Hammer Time, niggas can't touch us

[RZA]

Straight up and down Wu-Tang forever

Come tougher than DJ ?'s leather

Make a better tomorrow

Condition your atmosphere, air like feathers

The fire come, transmit vire come

The higher sire come, we burn your wire

Wu-Tang be number one...

[Meth & RZA]

Four years ago a friend of mine

Asked me to say some MC rhymes

So I said this rhyme I'm about to say

The rhyme was Meth and it went this way

Yo, we took a test to become an MC

All the withers in the crowd got amazed at me

God threw me inside his Cadillac

The chaffuer drove off and we never came back

Meth cut the record down to the bone

And now I rock solid chrome microphones

Now we signing autographs, with cheers and laughs

Champagne, caviar, and bubblebaths, but see...

That's the life that I lead, you sucka MC, we G-O-D

Take that and move back, or catch a heartattack

Because there's nothing in the world the gods could  
ever lack

I chill at the party in my b-boy stance

Walk, cap low, 45 in my pants

Fly like a dove, that come from up above  
My nigga's Iron Lung but you can stay one love

It's just a one two three a three a two one  
Throw your blunts in the air for the god Iron Lung  
Blow them right in your face with the bass  
You messed up, come in first place, the real rap taste

First come, first serve basis  
Coolin out boo, take you to the def places  
One of a kind for you people's delight  
And to you sucker MC, you know it ain't right  
Bet you bite all your life, cheat on your wife  
Run in a gun fight with nuthin but a knife  
Bangin with your boy, slingin with the crew  
And everybody know what you've been through  
It's the one two three three two one  
Throw your blunts in the air for your dunn Iron Lung  
Smoke in your place with the highs and the bass  
Come in first place in the real rap race  
Go uptown, buy a bag of brown  
You sucker MC, a sad face clown  
Gettin OD ready to rock crowds steady  
You drive a big car get your gas from Getti

[ODB]  
I'm ODB in the place to be  
Didn't go to St. John's University  
In the streets of Brooklyn I aquired the knowledge  
A Law of Mathematics that's higher than college  
I'm fly on skins that I gets in Queens  
She love filthy swine and my collard greens  
I'm dressed to kill, you know our style  
Cause niggas don't know that Dirty Dogg fly

If you wanna see me baby come, you know Dirty Dog is  
number one

[X2]

I wrote this song about the (?)  
You gotta know where to start when the beats play  
[X2]

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