

Man Method

"Tical"

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sounds of fighting*

"You've been lucky... I wish I got you last time.

En garde I'll let you try my Wu Tang style."

"I'd like to try your Wu Tang style let's begin then!"

Intro: Method (and others)

From the tip top?

(Aiyyo aiyyo what the fuck's up with light dude?)

Yup

One two (no doubt no doubt)

One two one two

Yo one two uh one two one two (yeahh we gon' be up in that)

Ah one two uh one two one two (yeah light that shit up)

Ah one two yo, check me out

Chorus:

What's that shit that they be smokin? Tical... tical, tical

Pass it over here... tical... tical, tical

What's that shit the niggaz smokin? Tical... tical, tical

Pass it over here... tical... tical, tical

Verse One:

Check it, I got styles, all of em sick

Niggaz ain't fit to walk a mile in the dead man's kicks

I make em shit about a pile, of bricks to show

He ain't nuttin but another, a lone John Doe

That wanna flow, here it is, comin up shit's creek

I come to throw monkey wrenches in your program,
sleep

and I'ma grow, like a rash on ya nasty ass

In a whip, with no breaks and I'm hittin the gas

It's a bird, it's a plane, take a look in the sky

Method Man on some shit, niggaz call me The Fly

Cause my style, dates back to hoppin turnstyles

Make ya fear, if ya cutie in the chair, you can bet I'll

get severe on the double I harass it

I don't look for trouble, I'm already trouble

Ya bastard, check the wicked flows that I crafted

Open up a deadly venom style to be mastered

By a psychopathic, way beyond an average

Joe, with a hellafied flow, there ya have it

Chorus

One two, uh, one two one two

One two, uh, one two one two

One two, uh, one two one two

Check it out

Verse Two:

What goes off? What goes on? The Meth shit

that we got is to stay high, no question

Lethal weapon, ain't no time for half steppin
When brothers start wettin everything in ya section
Move that, niggaz came strapped, shoulda knew that
Do dat, pussy cat rap, boy, I'll screw that
To' up, from the flow up, don't even show up
To the battle, I heard you rattle now hold up
Is there a fuckin snake in my garden?
Starvin, for a rap treat, steppin on my feet
Pardon yo delf, before ya find yo delf
In a FUCKED UP situation, without no help
I'm not playin, cause I don't play with nobody
God damn kid, know what I'm sayin, I'm peelin niggas
wigs
I be sprayin, brother with words
Cause I got a spit PRAAA-BLEM
Chorus
One two uh, one two one two
One two uh... (stick a fat tical in your butt, yeah baby
fuckin with tical)
(yeah niggaz better recognize... tical

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