

Mathematics f/ Method Man, Panama P.I.**"John 3:16"**

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[Intro: Method Man]

Boy, you ain't shit

Muthafuckin' right, this my intro, my nigga

Allah Math, that was a good one

One love to the God Inf

In my heart baby, one, one

Stapleton, the Wild West, Park Hill (we gon' freak
this shit like this)

Port Richmond, Now Born, Jungle Nilz

[Chorus: Method Man]

I'm screamin' long live The W

I see you fools through the same as my brothers do

Now can somebody tell me who let them dogs out

And watch these villains tear the roof off they dog
house

[Method Man]

Who got that champagne, got that remy, got it good
and plenty

Who only got a few friends, and they not friendly

And to scrubs, I might just blackout and blow your
lightbulb

We turn night clubs to Fight Club, that's what happens
when you invite thugs

The bouge function with haters and busters

And big head Hollywood hoes, let's get the fuckers

Guess who, you like Meth who, now let me show you
what the tech do

Spit when he talk, and word wet you

It's the return of the su-super sperm

Mackin', lovin' my perm, have ya, fling out that burn,
bitch

If you don't know me, then you better know my flow

Meth Jigga what, Jigga who, jiggalo

[Hook: Method Man]

I don't usually do this, but keep the party going (uh-
huh)

I don't usually do this, but keep the party going (nigga)

I don't usually do this, but keep the party going

Yo yo'ing, yo, yo, yo, yo'ing

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

As if the fortune or fame, that make y'all change
Got Milton Bradley hatin' the game, playas hatin' the
same

Y'all know his name, no need to mention or to explain
What I've been through, how I get down, or why I came
Let's talk about this flame in my mouth, I can't contain
Some weed pocket change and some brain I can't
complain

Now, I heard y'all ladies got them thang thangs, do you
really

Park Hillbillies, come from down south, slap ya silly
So what the dealy, with them Dutch Masters, really yo
Backwoods, and niggaz that make herb with illio
I swear these niggaz don't know they ass from they
elbow

Don't know that I'mma strike, short of a shelltoe
Niggaz around here, stick ya like velcro
Case closed, baby it ain't safe no more
Come on

[Hook]

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Panama P.I.]

If you can drink or smoke it
Whatever gets you by, everybody in here, high
You can drink it or smoke it
Whatever gets you by, everybody in here, high
We gon' keep the party going, Mathematics, Method
Man
Panama P.I., yea, John 3:16

[Chorus 2X]

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