## Method Man F/ Left Eye "Dre"

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(\*talking\*)

Yeah, hell yeah, wanna fuck with the Boss huh Show you bitch made ass niggaz Slim Thugger, Boss Hogg Outlawz

[Slim Thug]

Mr. Buster, where the fuck you at Can't box or lick, so you better get your gat You niggaz some broads, for fucking your road dogs The click you threw up with, label you blew you with That's why we don't respect your ass Now it's time for the Boss, to check your ass fool Use to be homie, use to be my ace Now I wanna slap the taste, out your mouth Make you bow down, Lil' Yo Hating on me, now I'm hating on you lil' hoe Oh don't think I forgot, let J-Dog slide Let Capo ride, just another homicide Calling me, begging for cash Dopefiend ass nigga, I get dead in your ass You should of stayed down, and got paid for verses But now he ol' broke, bank snatching purses Stealing cell phone, plumbing for money You ain't no real G, you's a crash dummy Talking that killa shit, bitch do what you do You fucked with me, now it's a must that I fuck with you

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