

## Method Man F/ RZA, Inspector Deck, Street Thug, Ca "Dos Factotum"

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Before settin it off {\*scratch from original  
"Factotum"\*

[Louis Logic]

... Fresh from a court runnin from a bar tab  
Drivin drunk with car lag in need of a barf bag  
I left my smart half on the hard path to recovery  
With hangover hovering I took a bath in the bubbly  
I woke up in the trash, cold clutchin a flask  
With a wino askin for some from me, but there's no  
stuff in my stash  
I'm so stuck in a glass but insist on throwin Rollin Rocks  
Shades drawn, doors closed and locked, hopin no one  
knocks  
I'm in a lonely spot  
Nowhere, and I want some some Stoli shots  
Like I don't care if my AA sponsor knows or not  
I'll spend a week soaked in scotch on Venice Beach  
with the vagrants  
Then I'm... leavin for Vegas  
But I'm penny free, and owe a lot of dough  
to spot my landlord and old lady likes  
It's like I said, she likes to collect, she don't babysit

[Hook]

"When I get bent, I must represent, no question"  
{\*scratched\*}  
I'm the lush president of the wino section  
Since you find no lessons in this lonely life, it's like...  
"Shorty let me  
tell you 'bout my only vice" {\*scratched\*}  
"When I get bent, I must represent, no question"  
{\*scratched\*}  
I been at war with lady likes and can't find no weapons  
Or find protection on my coldest nights, it's like...  
"Shorty let me tell  
you 'bout my only vice" {\*scratched\*}

So basically, my drinkin schedule's 8 to 3  
But wait and see I bet you I can make the rate increase  
Until I start sprayin my vomit on my Old Navy fleece

So sayeth the logic, so say the sheep  
My next commandment, to drink a case a piece at least  
To set the standard, a buncha drunks that's dead from  
cancer  
Leave your 12 steps abandoned on the way to the bar  
A convoy that's on joy juice racin their cars  
Drinkin grain from a jar, that's moonshine to the Leigh  
men in bars  
And soon I'm hearin angels with harps  
Perhaps it's beepin horns and I'm crossin lanes in my  
car  
And sleepin on the job but made it so far, I'm thinkin  
ain't this bizarre  
It's kinda freezin', tryna find the reason  
When I realized my gates were ajar  
I took the Nestea plunge straight to the tar, but never  
jumped  
Then I awoke in a pool of my puke where I had left my  
lunch

[Hook]

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{\*scratched\*}  
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you 'bout my only vice" {\*scratched\*}

I was born of beer kegs in college dorms and molotov  
mixtures  
Fists up, breakin bottles off niggas  
Make escape doin the hundred yard dash, comin from  
a car crash,  
That's what I call a runnin bar tab, back to the lab  
When an undercover car passed after my ass  
Dropped to my knees and my hands in the grass  
A straight shot to the trees beside my door, but I'd  
forgotten my keys,  
plus I had too much brandy to last, so I hopped to my  
feet  
My hands were both clasped stoppin the stream  
If I puked the cop would probably see  
But he was watchin me flee on wobbily feet, at least  
that's what I'm thinkin  
That's when he tackled me stagnant and stinkin

I said, "No way occifer, I haven't been drinkin"  
Then he said, "You're under arrest kid, and we're goin  
back to the precinct"

[Hook]

"When I get bent, I must represent, no question"

{\*scratched\*}

I'm the lush president of the wino section

Since you find no lessons in this lonely life, it's like...

"Shorty let me

tell you 'bout my only vice" {\*scratched\*}

"When I get bent, I must represent, no question"

{\*scratched\*}

I been at war with lady likes and can't find no weapons

Or find protection in this lonely life, it's like... "Shorty let

me tell you

'bout my only vice" {\*scratched\*}

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