

Method Man F/ RZA, Inspector Deck, Street Thug, Ca "Loud Mouth"

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Hit me, hit me, hit me, hit me, yo
I'm getting real tired of childish ass niggaz judging a
book by its cover
Think a pretty motherfucker won't get fouled mouth
and grimey on a nigga
Know what I mean yo

[Louis Logic]
I'm willing and able, to start spilling a fable
But first quench my thirst to keep my syllables stable
I spent the rent on drinking and now they killing my
cable
In love with lady liq', still my faithful
Sometimes I need a face full of breast
At times I make hateful threats
And practice distasteful sex
But my thirst for spitting rhymes is two times my
unquenchable thirst
For snatching a verse that isn't mine
My first bitin' line of coke, was the dope I spit in this
rhyme I wrote
And quoted in my linear notes, my warped mind will
find a joke in eulogies
And though hell hurts, I'm so well versed in tom foolery
That I have to practice it, with backwards activist
That manages to hold one of the highest batting
averages
We'll run up in your studio with scattered savages
Trample you, sample it, and leave you down in
bandages

[Chorus]
scratching "Used to be a loud mouth, remember me"
- Eminem
Until I found out, and graduated to a human outhouse
Ejected from the rap game for cursing the crowd out
Loud Mouth and I

[Louis Logic]
My ex called me sexist when I called her a bitch
I was drunk though, excuse me if I faultier a bit

Your punk flow wouldn't get you through one show
Cause what you rip you unsown, launching beer bottles
from the front row
A mad bandit, pillaging cribs with panhandles
I'll burn your offices and have your promo ad cancelled
Push back your release date, beating street teams in
each state
For their free tapes, and escape with a clean slate
I'm Dr.Jekyll and Mr.Suspension, obnoxious devil throwing
peace signs
But I'm guilty like Richard I'm Nixon, sickness infliction
Vicious condition, that causes me to cook in the
bathroom and shit in the kitchen
I fit the description, I'm sick, twisted, I'm strange
A kid that's deranged, lobotomized and missing a
brain
Sodomized with a liquor bottle and few cool brews
A silly coo-coo with a few screws loose

[Chorus: 2x]

scratching "Used to be a loud mouth, remember me"

- Eminem

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[Louis Logic]

I practice peer pressure and promote unsafe sex

On my tour of beer lectures, with one day left

I'm one stray head who corrupts the youth, fuck the
truth

I plug drugs as a substitute

I'm a teacher in your district, leading you to mischief

Feeding you linguistics that's featured on my discus

I need to be enlisted in clinics, for exhibiting sickness

And eating cat until the clitoris twitches

Beating rap and leave it in stitches and wounds

The deepest that I get is when my dicks in the wombs

I put my fist to buffoons, and on the rare occasion

When I'm drunk for days in put my lips to balloons

Spaced out like I live on the moon, Randy Kaufman

You're line and some vodka, yeah and it's often

And I'm not just standing sportsmen, a hundred MCs

I'm unfriendly, spitting until my tongues empty

[Chorus: 2x]

scratching "Used to be a loud mouth, remember me"

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