

Method Man F/ RZA, Inspector Deck, Street Thug, Ca "The Ugly Truth"

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[Verse 1]

Yo yo, I hate those filthy fuckin' monkeys
And the features that they share with simians
Disgusting junkies, welfare recipients
They livin' off of someone's money who pays tax and
has a life
While these black bitches stomachs stay fat with
parasites
And they have to have a pipe to relax on average
nights
So their bastard bratty tykes all act like savage types
It's the legacy of black and Spanish guys
Beg when ?tea and genoas? complacency of dads who
have no wives
Police should beat their fuckin' skulls in with magnum
lights
Illegitimate illiterate black should have no rights
Cuz they go from having lives to having life
And I pay to feed their appetites and give them TV's
with satellite
Those steven-stealing dirty fuckin' heathens dealing
dope need to steal a boat
And sail their monkey asses back to Africa
And seal the coast with giant gates made of steel and
bolts
So we can try and save the decent white god-fearing
folk

[Chorus]

And I got strangers moving in in my own backyard
Hometown battlefield, times is hard
Crime is risin', on my horizon
And it's getting mighty hard for folks to find a job
A lot of folks say that the times is changing
But the more things change, the more they stay the
same
And I don't know where I'm gonna go, I don't know, I
don't know

[Verse 2]

Don't hand me your ethics, just credit this as rude hard

speech
Cuz I'm not anti-Semitic, Jews are cheap
With every breath their breathing through large beaks
They're telling more fibs and squeezing four kids into
two car seats
What a waste of white skin, heartbeats and faces like
men
Nigger lovers who treat the beast as if the ape was like
them
They killed to save your Christ and denied that he was
God's seed
It doesn't come as a surprise that meet the Nazi's
I live to see the day that Rabbi's decree their cocks
reclipped at birth
'Till there ain't a Jewish dick that works
We should take care of the rich half first on Hanukkah
And smother out their breath and words with yamakas
'Till they turn to vomiters choking on their manichevitz
Menorahs to the foreheads would make some handy
weapons
'Cuz there's no room for Plandess, Goldberg, and
Blooms
We'll just wipe them off the face of the earth

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

You know who probably hurts us most
Those sneaky guys with chinky eyes and the turban
folks
Godheads who settle on our urban coast
I wish that they would drop dead, buying up
convenience stores and restaurants
Either or they sneaking and I'm tired of the lenient laws
Treatin' them like real Americans when after all
These rice eating heathens even eat their cats and
dogs
And that's because their misers, fucking cabbies in a
hurry
Covered in the stench of curry, and they're awful
drivers
The law provides us with no means of protection
Not even a weapon to stop the evil conception
And my people are threatened by the rate at which they
multiply
Alarming enough to make the true patriots pulses high
Cult is like worship, Hindu and Buddhist rituals
Our lord Christ returning is grave due to his principles
The way they're taking bread from the truly blessed
sons
I have to say the only good brown and yellow folks are

dead ones

[Chorus]

[Verse 4]

I'd like to add lastly, AIDS ain't a disease
We should take tainted IV's and jam up the pillow-biting
fags ass cheeks
And dykes are twice as bad what kinda woman doesn't
like to shag
No dick for those chicks, what kinda life is that?
We got mar tsars fighting for the rights of drag queens
and queers
Who's sperm's on like germ farms breeding fear
The fucking fairies need braziers, high heels, and dick
The stuff so scary to even hear it I'm feeling sick
Your body parts got a right feeling fit, silly fairy
Nobody wants fags and dykes to join the military
We'd be better off killing every bitchy lesbian
And wimpy feminine men than to let them in
Then again I know it seems like I'm the devil's riding
henchmen
But no one on this earth loves all of god's inventions
Not to mention, I got a date to try and talk to Satan
And lots of tension, cuz I'm late for my inauguration

[Beat stops]

[Man talking]

Right this way, Governor Bush

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