

## **Method Man F/ RZA, Inspector Deck, Street Thug, Ca "Who the Fuck Are You?"**

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[Verse One]

I start beef on dark streets, cursing the transients  
Take your pick of your latest whip, hearse or an  
ambulance  
Cause I'm a scientist to the rescue  
Who wish to infect you with contaminants from a test-  
tube  
I pop up on the scene unexpectedly  
All up in your city like teen mother pregnancy  
Fiends love my tendency to serve dope  
Cause I mesh with rap like a pimp in feathered hats and  
a fur coat  
Curtains close the ???????? like ??????????  
Lock you up in fresh wears and let you go in dirty  
clothes  
I'm naked wear my words exposed  
Disturbing folks performing bourbon soaked at  
suburban shows  
Alert the pope and you better call a doctor  
I'm going off my rocker when I chug a quart of vodka  
And just before the cops come I'll face a hundred  
dudes  
Like, "I'm Louis Logic, who the fuck are you?"

[Verse Two]

Plain and simple, ordinary Jack's same as nimble  
Plus you lack the sack if your main veins are thimble  
I hang my head over the pane of windows  
Throwing up like, L.A. gang signs or graf paint in  
scribbles  
Blowing up's a far stretch  
With Indy B-sides I'm hard pressed, for a free ride like  
car theft  
I'm a hard head; I gotta chill with Joe Camel  
And stick with the liks like a hick in old flannel  
The contradiction to turns are y'all niggas spitting a  
verse?  
Is like me smiling while I flip you the bird  
I mister disturbed and doctor depression

I got an obsession for seeing police officers stressing  
And catching a deep throating actress  
Who knows gymnastics and sucks the lubricant off of  
prophylactics  
The facts is, I specialize in crushing brews  
I'm Louis Logic nigga, who the fuck are you?

[Verse Three]

I create ?????? ?????????? of ?????? ??????????  
Something similar to ?????? ??????????  
The faint of heart want to puke on us, my cohorts are  
so sick  
You sold yours sleeping in you ?????????? ??????  
We throw bricks cause we building, not a lack of skill  
Fake cats make a killing in the actor's guild  
I got a glass to fill with beer  
Sipping while I'm stealing gear whipping a black  
Cadillac Seville  
Niggas asking, "is this cat for real?"  
Shit I'm swallowing some Advil pills with a flask that's  
filled  
??? ?????? I'm a shoe in, when it comes to spewing  
confusion  
Over-achiever, working on improving my boozing  
If you think that that's funny  
A drug dealer tried to buy single DAT from me with  
some crack money  
Sonny, my style is new plus improved  
Cause I'm Louis Logic, who the fuck are you?

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