

# Fall Out

Method Man

This - this is brought to you  
By the K-1, Emergency Broadcasting System  
In the - in the event of an actual emergency  
You will be told to... FALL OUT!  
FALL OUT! FALL OUT! FALL OUT! FALL OUT!

S.I. (rockin' it) N.Y. (rockin' it)  
Shit we stay poppin' it, 4-5 rockin' it  
Game stay on top of it, lame, just the opposite  
It's no thang, when I "bring the pain" ain't no stopping it (hold on)  
Who the fuck is this? About to bring the ruckus  
This just ya boy, I'm some on other shit  
My nigga, take a puff of this  
Piff man, I'm loving this, is Staten Island up in this?  
Bitch, like we running it, and somebody wanna pub-a-lic (I'm coming)  
Turn it up a bit, so my thugs can thug a bit  
If I got my brother get, K, we got another hit  
Ladies please, where y'all puffin' them trees?  
I'm damaging M.C.'s, oxygen, you can't breathe, fall

Fall out, yeah, I'm going all out (hold on)  
Hold on, man, what's really going on (I'm coming)  
And when I'm coming, a hundred miles & running (keep back)  
Keep back, y'all ain't got it like that (fall out)

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Here we go again, herb-smoke, blowing in the wind  
Cops chasing, wanna throw him in the pen  
And the day he leave the game, yo, he going in the Benz  
On them 24's looking like he rolling on the rims  
All daying, knawimsayin', I'm staying up to par, parleyin'  
While y'all hating, I'm splitting this cigar  
Man, it's nathan, all y'all do is aim and start spraying  
Cuz tonight's the night, and me and my niggaz ain't playing (keep back)  
Y'all done did it now, another critic kicked Tical  
Alotta niggaz mad cuz I ain't fold like they figure, now  
Let me put my fitted down \*hwak\* spit around  
Listen when this hit the ground, y'all gon' hear the difference now  
Here I got that miracle, sickest individual  
Flow that's so original, see this is what they meant to do  
It's not an act, it's all actual fact  
The kid is back, making tracks, catch panic attacks, and fall

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Aww shit, ain't this about a bitch  
I give a fuck about a bitch, I'm more about a grip  
And I'm all that a nigga got, the more he gotta get  
Feeling like a million dollars, buyin' million dollar shit (keep back)  
What y'all dealing with, one shot killing it  
Stop changing my style, when y'all stop stealing it  
Meth is chillin' like milk top killing  
If it ain't got no real in it, I'm probably not feeling it (keep back)  
I'm deadin' ya kids, and burn another blizz  
What it is, what it is, Wu-Tang is for the kids  
So niggaz please, why y'all puffin' them trees  
I'm damaging M.C.'s, oxygen, they can't breathe, fall

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Rest in peace Ol' Dirty Bastard a/k/a Dirt McGirt