

Who Ya Rollin Wit

Method Man

Uh... what's really good?
Yo, yo, yo..

It's the unstoppable, over come any obstacle
Ya'll know my flavor, pack more punch than Tropical
Any mission possible, do what I gots to do
Labels gettin' butterfingers, and next they droppin' you
You think you know, but you have no idea
The Diary of a Meth Man, what's this I hear?
Somebody told ya'll, steppin' in shit was good luck?
I got the hood stuck, chh-chh, now give the goods up
Ya'll done pushed up, past the point of no return
It's Meth's turn, so roll that shit up and let's burn
I heard Philly got the best 'schem, out in Cali, they got the best perms
Now that we know, when will the rest learn?
Come on, each one, teach one, hear no evil, and I don't speak none
Everything cool until that heat come
Just call my name, and I'll be there
Ya'll kids is slum, like the jewelry in Albi Square

R: We drinkin' Henny til we flip, poppin' bottles til we sick
All ya'll haters eat a dick (yeah, uh)
Let's throw a party in this bitch, all my niggaz and my chicks
Tell me who ya'll rollin' with (yeah)

Method spits fire (Fire!) The roof's on (Fire!) My crew's on (Fire!)
(2x)

M-E-T, H-O-D..

Man, I'm in the house like foreclosures
Talk sober, until some dog gets forced over
New York soldiers, be at ease, fall back
Never ever, I'm the New Era, like ball caps
Kid, whenever, whoever, whatever, ya'll want it
Ya'll can have it, the problem and answer, I'm all that
While we at it, let's tighten up our grips around that cabbage
Silly rabbit, how many kid's done tricked you on your carrots
The product of a bad package, like Bishop Don Juan it's Magic
How I break 'em like a bad habit, hit tracks like it's target practice
Then let these darts take a stab at it
Niggaz ain't got it, ain't never had it
I jam like L.A. traffic, Jellyroll behind the wheel
And the passenger seat behind the field
It's your boy, physically fit, mentally sick
Get dirty money, told you honey, I'm filthy rich

R:

Method spits fire (Fire!) The roof's on (Fire!) My crew's on (Fire!)
(2x)

Yeah, ya'll niggaz don't know it's a game
Until it starts again, let's do it, haha!

Six minutes, Method Man, you're on
If you thinkin' you gon' slip and be alright, you're wrong

You can see me lightin' the bong, while writin' the songs
That the crowd, is either singin' to or fightin' along, fightin' along
I'm try'nna tell you drugs is not your friends
And girlfriend, don't try and front like you got your friend
I'm at the hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
And my chick's a man-eater, she be swallowin' men
Aight, live from New York, it's Saturday night
I got pipes that drain your confidence, and battery light
Aight, mami tight, but she ain't really my type
If ya'll don't see me treat her right, then she ain't really my wife
When I was young, I was stayin' in school, obeyin' rules
Play with my food, what makes you think I'm playin' with you?
This is it, ya'll better come on in, the water's fine
Jump on in, let's do it to 'em one more 'gain

R:

Method spits fire (Fire!) The roof's on (Fire!) My crew's on (Fire!)
(2x)

R:

Yeah, Ladies Love Big John Studd
No doubt, dick up in your mouth
We do this shit everyday, I'm in the cut
With my main shit stain, Ray-Ray Gutter Butt
And we holdin' it down for the whole Staten Island, man
Nothin' else but Staten Island, man
Ya'll stand up, man, Stapleton, the Wild West, Park Hill
Port Richmond, Now Born, Jungle Nilz, hah... Peace!