

## Tribute

## Nonpoint

Come on! Come on! Uh!

That's right, Nonpoint, Darwin's, Grimm in the house, lemme hear that shit  
Na'mean? Uh! Bout to slay those fuckin tracks  
Here we go, come on!

Once upon a time not long ago  
When people wore pajamas and lived life slow  
When laws were stern and justice stood  
And people was behavin like they are too good  
There lived a little boy that was misled  
By another little boy and this is what he said  
Check it "Me and you kid we gonna make some cash (What! What!)  
Robbin old folks and makin' a (Come on! Come on!) dash..."  
Their jackets tied, money came with ease  
But one couldn't stop, it's like he had a disease  
He robbed another (Stick it up!) and another (Stick it up!) Michael Jackson  
(Stick it up!) Stevie Wonder (Stick it up!)  
Tried to rob a man who was a D.C. undercover  
The kid got wild startin' actin' erratic  
He said "I Got you all in check"

Come on!  
Yah Yah Yah Yah Yah!  
Come on!  
Yah Yah Yah Yah Yah!  
Come on!  
Yah Yah Yah Yah Yah!  
Come on!  
Yah Yah Yah Yah Yah!  
Come on!

When I step up in the place and yo I step correct  
WOO-HAH!! Got you all in check  
I got that head nod shit that make you break your neck  
WOO-HAH!! Got you all in check  
Well you know we come through to wreck the disco tech  
WOO-HAH!! Got you all in check  
Throw your hands up in the air and never disrespect  
WOO-HAH!! Got you all in check

Yo grimm  
What's up?  
Which muthafucka stole (Ha! Ha!) my flow?  
Eenie, meenie, minie, moe  
Throw them types of niggas right out the win-dow  
Blast your ass, hit you with a di-rect blow!  
BLAH!! Comin through like G.I. Joe  
Star Wars movie deal like Han So-lo  
Make you bounce around like this was calyp-so  
Always shine cause I got the high pro glow  
You think that you can hide, you think you can lay low?  
Roll up on your ass like Hawaii 5-0  
Mad out, with my dreads in my Kang-lo  
Forget that Moet nigga, just bash the Cisco!  
Yo! Take a trip down to Mexico  
Come back with that shit that might make you psycho  
Maximum frequency through that stereo

Sorry this is it but homeboy, I gots (Say what?) ta go!

Yo, where you go? Where you at? Bring it back!  
Big props to all my people on the hip-hop scene who going  
Fast than me with a brush my inspiration from youth  
Killa bee got loose, don't be teared, don't be mad, no, give it the truth, s  
ay

M-E-T-H-O-D, Man (4x)

Break yourself nigga!  
Hey you! Get off my cloud  
Let me get raw with my southpaw style  
Mover, puffin on a fat blunt from Cuba  
It's the Meth-Tical jet to Cal, I'm the Buddha  
Monk on the hunt for machine gun foes  
I keeps you open like a slug from the shotgun punk  
Double-barrel, yeah Meth bring it to them proper  
Partner, you ain't got no wins in me casa  
Straight up, you movin too fast so baby wait up  
Took one, added seven more now you eight up  
Get on down with your bad self  
Get on down, listen to the sound, come on!  
Few can ever get this whole commit legit  
See you all up in my dick  
But you don't know shit, uh-huh  
What's your definition of a real MC?  
From what you dedicated, ya it must be me  
Meth-Tical, a lewd descendant of the loud hip-hop  
I go on to the break of dawn and just don't stop  
Give me the green light and the sign one way  
At last, What you got to say? Come on

Move it in, move it out  
Stick it in, pull it out  
Shake it up, shake it down  
Come on y'all, Meth-Tical  
Oh I hope and pray that I will  
But today I am still  
Just a...

M-E-T-H-O-D, Man (x11)

Break yourself (Get the fuck up!) nigga!

M-E-T-H-O-D, Man (4x)

Man! (3x)

M-E-T-H-O-D

Bitch!