

# Method Man

Wu-Tang Clan

Yeahhh, torture motherfucker what?

(Torture nigga what?)

What?

I'll fuckin

I'll fuckin tie you to a fuckin bedpost  
with your ass cheeks spread out and shit

Right?

Put a hanger on a fuckin stove and let that shit sit there  
for like a half hour

Take it off and stick it in your ass slow like

Tsssssssss

Yeah, I'll fuckin

Yeah I'll fuckin lay your nuts on a fuckin dresser

Just your nuts layin on a fuckin dresser

And bang them shits with a spiked fuckin bat

Oooooohhhh

Whassup? BLAOWWW!!

I'll fuckin

I'll fuckin pull your fuckin tongue out your fuckin mouth  
and stab the shit with a rusty screwdriver, BLAOWWW!!

I'll fuckin

I'll fuckin

I'll fuckin hang you by your fuckin dick

off a fuckin twelve sto-story building out this motherfucker

I'll fuckin

I'll fuckin

sew your asshole closed, and keep feedin you

and feedin you, and feedin you, and feedin you

Yo, roll the dice, yo roll the dice

Yo, so it's going down like that, huh? Yeah?

Niggaz is whylin, check it out kid

From the slums of Shaolin, Wu-Tang Clan strikes again

The RZA, the GZA, Ol Dirty Bastard, Inspectah Deck, Raekwon the Chef

U-God, Ghost Face Killer and the Method Man

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

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

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

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

Hey, you, get off my cloud

You don't know me and you don't know my style

Who be gettin flam when they come to a jam?

Here I am here I am, the Method Man

Patty cake patty cake hey the method man

Don't eat Skippy, Jif or Peter Pan

Peanut butter, cuz I'm not butter

In fact I snap back like a rubber

band, I be Sam Sam I am

And I dont eat green eggs and ham

Style will hit ya, wham!, then goddamn

You be like oh shit that's the jam  
Turn it up now hear me get buckwu-wu-wild  
I'm about to blow light me up  
Upside downside inside and outside  
Hittin you from every angle there's no doubt  
I am, the one and only Method Man  
The master of the plan wrappin shit like Saran  
Wrap, with some of this and some of that  
Hold up (what?) I tawt I tat I putty tat  
Over there, but I think he best to beware  
Of the diggy dog shit right here  
Yippy yippy yay yippy yah yippy yo  
Like Deck said this aint your average flow  
Comin like rah ooh ah achie kah  
Tell me how ya like it so far baby paw  
The poetry's in motion coast to coast and  
Rub it on your skin like lotion  
What's the commotion, oh my lord  
Another corn chopped by the Wu-Tang sword  
Hey hey hey like Fat Albert  
It's the Method Man ain't no if ands about it  
It's the Method

All right, y'all get ya White Owls, get ya meth, get ya skins  
Don't forget your fourty  
And we gonna do it like this

I got, fat bags of skunk  
I got, White Owl blunts  
And I'm about to go get lifted  
Yes I'm about to go get lifted

I got, myself a fourty  
I got, myself a shorty  
And I'm about to go and stick it  
Yes I'm about to go and stick it

Uhh  
H-U-F-F huff and I puff  
Blow like snow when the cold wind's blowin  
Zoom, I hit the mic like boom  
Wrote a song about it like to hear it here it goes  
Question what exactly is a panty raider  
Ill behaviour savior or major flavor  
All of the above oh yeah plus I do so  
Also flam I'm the man call me super  
Not an average Joe with an average flow  
Doing average things with average hoes  
Yo I'm super I'll make a bitch squirm  
For my, Su-per Sperm (check it)  
Check it I give it to ya raw butt naked  
I smell sess pass the Method  
Let's get lifted as I kick ballistics  
Missles and shoot game like a pistol  
Clip is loaded when I click bang dang  
A Wu-Tang slug hits your brain  
J-U-M-P jump and I thump  
Make girls rumps like pump and Humpty Hump  
Wow, the Shaolin style is all in me  
Child, the whole damn isle is callin me  
P-A-N-T-Y-R-A-I-D-E-R mad raw I don't cry  
Meaning no one can burn or toss and turn me  
Ooh I be the super sperm

Chim chimmeny chim chim cherie  
Freak a flow and flow fancy free  
Now how many licks does it take  
For me to hit the Tootsie Roll center of a break  
Peep and don't sleep the crews mad deep Wu-Tang  
Fadin motherfuckers like bleach  
So to each and every crew  
You're clear like glass I can see right through  
You're whole damn posse be catchin em all cause you vic'd  
and ya didnt have friends to begin with  
I'm

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

Here I am, here I am, the Method Man

Straight from the slums of Shaolin  
Wu-Tang Killa B'z on a swarm  
(Your soul have just been taken through the 36 chambers of death, kid)

(Word to mother, Method Man signing off, peace)