

Quiet Man

Yanni

M-e-t, h-o-d, man
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Hey you get off my clooud
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 wit' 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 emcee
From what you dedicated, hey 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
Have you had your meth today
Huh, move it in, move it out
Stick it in, pull it out
Shake it up, shake it down
Come on down, meth-tical
Oh I often pray that I will
But today I am still
Just a
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Rrrappers can't get with the style extra wicked
Rap flow is bangin' like butter on a biscuit
A tisket, a tasket I'm not tryin' to have it
Mic flow show up and try to grab it

I breaks it down, I gets loud for my crowd
Filthy, dirty like a worm underground
Turn into a crazy early bird, that's my word
Before I kick the bucket I'm a kick 'em to the dirt
Check out the cloud, smoke out from the mouth
Other brothers got mad love style for the hood, hey
Enter the square if you dare
Without a fro, I'm so raw that I'm real
I'm goin' to the country, I'm goin' to the fair
To see the senorita, with flowers in her hair
And get mine, 'cause she love me long time
Bartender bring more wine
Get in line for the
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