

Method Man, Retro Godfather

Come on (come on)
Take it back (take it back)
70's style (style)
I'll do, anything
All y'all old school Studio 54ers
That's, my, word!

There's nothing in the world that I won't do
I'll give my world to you, if you want me to
I'll do, anything
That's, my, word!

O.D.'n on this one fleein, all eyes seein
Dominant supreme being, face the mental
Deep concentration break the point on a pencil
Keep my cliches out your dental, capiche?
Shit that I been through is cause for parental
discretions no question my Westside Connections
L.A. Confidential, world don't stop
'less it's mental, Staten residentials, you wit it?
Wu-Tang, Forever and a day, 'til I'm old and decayed
I'm commited; look ma, we did it
Top of the the world, tell it to my firstborn
and my baby girl, did it my way, take the low ride
on the highway, out the sunroof, yellin
"Thank God it's Friday!" Show a nigga love
If he got my sound pull the plug, he's not underground
call him mud, when I flood the airwaves
Household and stairways (rainy days)
Waiting for these paydays, think not of the ends
If I got twenty, my brother get ten
Now let the madness begin motherfuckers!

There's nothing in the world that I won't do
I'll give my world to you, if you want me to
I'll do, anything.. anything.. anything.. anything..
There's nothing in the world that I won't do
I'll give my world to you, if you want me to
I'll do, anything..
Yo, yo, yo!

We got love for those with love for us
Baby you can look but don't touch, I'm fried off the dust
And plus, the only thing I trust is a fund
Ain't no fun, just paranoid niggaz totin guns
in apparel, keep us camouflaged in the shadows
That's where I bring this tale that you never get to tattle
Obliterate the tri-state, and the crime rate
Tell them swine niggaz fly straight, you can call it fate
And if it ain't mine, call it fake, bottom line
End the case, spoonfeed the track just a taste
of the side dish, soup of the day, I come Wright like N'Bushe
for them Dead Presidents
Fuck what you say, and he say, and she say, and they say
Vacate the premises, caught up in the melee
Sentence this song, to twenty-five years hard labor
in the system, where it takes the form of my wisdom
Respect mine, take my time and protect nine
Next on the frontline, Mr. Meth
No more no less, what you see is what your ass get
Set it off I suggest

There's nothing in the world that I won't do
I'll give my world to you, if you want me to

I'll do, anything.. anything.. anything.. anything..
There's nothing in the world that I won't do
I'll give my world to you, if you want me to
I'll do, anything.. anything.. anything..

Not a problem that I can't fix
Cause I can do it, in the mix
Not a problem that I can't fix
Cause I can do it, in the mix