

Method Man, The Motto

[Intro: Method Man]
Yo... aww shhhhhhhiiiiit!

[Hook: Method Man]
My niggaz, how we do it? You know it like a poet, baby doll
Break through it, you know it like a poet, baby doll
I spit, chew it, you know it like a poet, baby doll
Get in the music, you know it like a poet, baby doll

[Method Man]
If you don't know, you better, ask somebody who I be
On land, air, or sea, I don't need No I.D
Once again, let's get under their skins like I.V.'s
Or Roman numerals fours (IV's) who we doin' the score
I got a shoe in the door, nothin' new anymore
Ya'll got love for me? I got love for you and yours
Tical Part 0, my friend, rappers is fightin'
Like Tyson, when nothin' else work I'll start bitin'
My shit, and his shit, I'm hopin' it end
I live my life like a lotto ticket, hopin' it win
Purple haze got me chokin' again, open again
I'm what's crackin', like your mamma smokin' again

[Chorus: Method Man]
If you see a model, then you might see me follow
Rubbin' her thighs like Aladdin rub the Genie bottle
Back for another swallow, Method, you know my motto:
"Ya'll might just win today, but I'll be back tomorrow"

[Method Man]
Ya'll tryin' to get me started
Who on the short yellow bus tryin' to get retarded?
Kid don't be the artist, formerly known as artist
Jump off a skyscraper, the roof who hit the hardest
Where the bastards at and where they habitats?
I send they asses back to foldin' sweaters at the Gap
I like Nikes, food spicy, I'm a Pisces
That's why women love me and any nigga that's like me
Thoroughbread, I'm with gettin' this dough instead
Need a ho, like I need another hole in the head
Lord help me, I'm crackin' the safe, pocket like 'Face
Mighty Healthy, you know I'm the shit, soon as you smelt me

[Chorus]

[Method Man]
For what it's worth, the early bird sit at the table and eat first
My niggaz need work, mami buggin', rippin' my t-shirt
We can kick it until our feet hurt
Mothers warn your daughters 'bout this tall drink of water
Spoiler, waiter give her anything she order on the menu
Method Man, live at your venue
Smokin' it, jumpin' off the dick, like he mental
Kid, I got a murder rap, and my head is simple
Open up the pussy, put the lead in the pencils
And people sayin' 'Wu gon' break up, ya'll
We got y'all numbers, it's time ya'll got your wake up calls, and..

[Chorus 2X]