Method Man, Fall Out

(feat. Kwam)

[Intro: Kwam]
This - this is brought to you
By the K-1, Emergency Broadcasting System
In the - in the event of an actual emergency
You will be told to... FALL OUT!
FALL OUT! FALL OUT! FALL OUT! FALL OUT!

[Method Man]
S.I. (rockin' it) N.Y. (rockin' it)
Shit we stay poppin' it, 4-5 rockin' it
Game stay on top of it, lame, just the opposite
It's no thang, when I "bring the pain" ain't no stopping it (hold on)
Who the fuck is this? About to bring the ruckus
This just ya boy, I'm some on other shit
My nigga, take a puff of this
Piff man, I'm loving this, is Staten Island up in this?
Bitch, like we running it, and somebody wanna pub-a-lic (I'm coming)
Turn it up a bit, so my thugs can thug a bit
If I got my brother get, K, we got another hit
Ladies please, where y'all puffin' them trees?
I'm damaging M.C.'s, oxygen, you can't breathe, fall

[Chorus 2X: Method Man (Kwam)]
Fall out, yeah, I'm going all out (hold on)
Hold on, man, what's really going on (I'm coming)
And when I'm coming, a hundred miles & running (keep back)
Keep back, y'all ain't got it like that (fall out)

[Method Man]
Here we go again, herb-smoke, blowing in the wind
Cops chasing, wanna throw him in the pen
And the day he leave the game, yo, he going in the Benz
On them 24's looking like he rolling on the rims
All daying, knawimsayin', I'm staying up to par, parleyin'
While y'all hating, I'm splitting this cigar
Man, it's nathan, all y'all do is aim and start spraying
Cuz tonight's the night, and me and my niggaz ain't playing (keep back)
Y'all done did it now, another critic kicked Tical
Alotta niggaz mad cuz I ain't fold like they figure, now
Let me put my fitted down *hwak* spit around
Listen when this hit the ground, y'all gon' hear the difference now
Here I got that miracle, sickest individual
Flow that's so original, see this is what they meant to do
It's not an act, it's all actual fact
The kid is back, making tracks, catch panic attacks, and fall

[Chorus 2X]

[Method Man]
Aww shit, ain't this about a bitch
I give a fuck about a bitch, I'm more about a grip
And I'm all that a nigga got, the more he gotta get
Feeling like a million dollars, buyin' million dollar shit (keep back)
What y'all dealing with, one shot killing it
Stop changing my style, when y'all stop stealing it
Meth is chillin' like milk top killing
If it ain't got no real in it, I'm probably not feeling it (keep back)
I'm deadin' ya kids, and burn another blizz
What it is, what it is, Wu-Tang is for the kids
So niggaz please, why y'all puffin' them trees
I'm damaging M.C.'s, oxygen, they can't breathe, fall

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Method Man]
Rest in peace Ol' Dirty Bastard a/k/a Dirt McGirt