

Method Man, Fast Shadow

[Method Man]

I'm sayin, you-could-you could just come over top of that shit...

Did I hear it?

Nigga and bang your head, PUNK!!

[Ol' Dirty Bastard (in background repeating)]

SUCK A DICK!!! [6x]

SUCK MY DICK!!!

[Method Man]

And it don't, it don't, it don't, it don't, it don't, it don't

It don't, it don't, it don't, it don't stop!

It all starts wit the pad and pen, shall we begin

To burn bush in this rap session, once again

On the run be the Black Stallion

Now you fuckin wit Ticallion, hmmm

Iron Lung, boy me can done, army of one, blaze yo' bun

I'ma get you none, accept challenge AHH!

Run a mile wit a racist, they iced it, I aced it

Placed it, right up in their face till they faced it

Hard to the dome like a chrome microphone

I'm ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-bad to the bone to the bone

Danger zone, that's my life and my song

Keep it movin, hop along little doggies!

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Uh uh uh, FUCK YOU!!!

Drive The Mack Cadillac

Dark shade the window all sunny and black

Pitch antenna back of the car

Inside is a TV, even a bar

Bulletproof down, safe and sound

Chauffeur in the FRONT just to drive the Lexus all around

Give ya, give ya, give ya body a ride, nice and warm inside

Come to the Dirt Dog as the tummy rise

[Laughs] Enter

[RZA]

Yo yo my Wu-Tang cliff'll make your atom split

The power of my brain, you can't fathom it

Whoever go against the will of the grain will get slain

Don't EVER say thy God name in vain

My third eye electronic dragonfly spiral observe

Can record your words

And your lies and approach you

And have my Dogs come and Ghost you

When it comes to the bread son, the heat will toast you

[U-God]

Music makes me lose control

This is not just rock and roll

Hip hop digs right to the soul

Music makes me lose control

Wu-Tang, now we on a roll

On a rise, now here we go

Guaranteed to flip the show

RZA beats is outta control

Outta control, outta control, outta control

Outta control, now here we go

[Masta Killa]

Yo who got that nigga gassed like he can't get skimasked

Abducted from his doorstep

Dufflebag his head for the price of nothin

He's a glutton
What I'm manifestin each day is a lesson
Ya'll faggots, came to the School of the 36 Chambers
Copied on papers of scholars that earn dollars
We trendsetters in Wu leathers, trendsetters in Wu leathers, whatever

[Chorus (U-God) 2x]
Music makes me lose control
This is not just rock and roll
Hip hop digs right to the soul
Music makes me lose control
Wu-Tang, now we on a roll
On a rise, now here we go [Skip next line on the second time of chorus]
Music makes me lose control [2x]

Guaranteed to rip the show
RZA beats is outta control
Outta control, outta control, outta control
Now here we go