

# Method Man, I Get My Thang In Action

[Verse 1]

Niggas wanna test my stees,  
Nigga please,  
I black that eye like peas  
You better freeze  
In ya tracks  
A Wu-Tang (bzzz) killer bee's on ya back  
I comes for the honey plus the phat money sack  
You want it all?  
Yeah I want it all like THAT  
I stab my own moms in the back for a stack  
Niggas like damn, why you want it like that?  
'Cause I'm a dog, and I got no love for the cat  
Attitude's cold like the north polar cap  
Where I do my (??) a little further down the map  
A little black island  
Called Stat  
Where niggas carry gats in they Black Moon hat  
Now I'm mad known for the bones and the rap  
And youse an unknown with a phoney contract  
Wake up and smell the method, motherfucker  
Contact, fallin' in a cypher from a fallen head crack  
An indian giver and I'm out to take it back  
Shaolin Island, baby where you at?  
A runaway train that be runnin' on ya track  
That's how it's goin' down  
Yeah, it's goin' down like that

[Chorus]

I gets my thang in action  
To live, to love, to see, to learn

[Break]

Yo! Tell 'em what's happenin'!  
(What's happening?  
I'll tell ya wh-what's happening  
Tell 'em what's happening  
Brothers ain't got no peers and they be smokin' funny  
Shaddup!)

[Verse 2]

I swing funky rap routines and tap the jaws  
Betcha twenty points and ya still can't score  
Nuttin'  
'Cause you ain't got no points in this game  
Kid, you frontin'  
A home run hitter and you be buntin'  
Brush out the toilet, I got my shit together  
When I'm good, I'm good,  
When bad, I'm better  
You want it?  
Whatever  
I be the stormy weather  
Rain coming down  
To weather with ya leather  
JACKET  
A nigga with a ax  
Couldn't  
HACK IT  
I spark 'em like a match (ssskt)  
Coming back it's the method  
To get louder  
The method  
Man, clap yo hands, now check it

See me in the mist (??)  
But my physical brother came through and got me lift  
Niggas, that I walk by, give me the eye  
The mormon is fuckin' me up, killing my high  
Nigga get back,  
Ya pussy cat,  
I'm fearsome  
Basically dat,  
I'm all of dat,  
And 'den some  
While I,  
Was out on tour,  
Goin' beserk  
I heard you  
Was over at the sand box  
And kickin' DIRT  
All over my name  
But you can't pull my file,  
YOU DON'T KNOW ME, AND YOU DON'T KNOW MY STYLE  
Comin' out 'dere like dat 'dere  
YEAH,  
(??) ghettos couldn't bear

[Outro]  
(Meth-Tical, I told the boy everythin' he KNOW  
To all you bad motherfuckers  
See, I told you that kid go back to that Dolemite  
Everybody needs to love Dolemite,  
I love Dolemite, you love Dolemite  
Hey, how you doin' nigga, I know you  
Know what I did when I did?  
Meth-Tical, shiiit, I told the boy--)  
If ya can't get yaself a ten,  
The least you can do is smoke five twos  
(Where ya at? Method)