

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)