

Method Man, Intro (4:21... The Day After)

[Intro: sample]

Make marijuana legal, make marijuana legal
Make marijuana legal, make marijuana legal (well speak your mind then)
Ok, I will, no one has the right to tell me what I can do with my own body
What I can eat, drink or smoke, this is a free country
And no one can take away my constitutional rights
Hey man, can you put me on and I can say anything I want
Is that what I need to do? (Yea)
Then why isin't alcohol made illegal? Why isin't that
While you drinking it, it hang on and disposes your liver
Besides that, it's a habitat for alcohol
Besides that, cigarettes are much worse than pot
No one ever got killed by pot (you tell 'em, you tell 'em)
God damn it, man, everything, you can get us anything you want
(Anything you want, marijuana legal
Make marijuana legal, what's so bad anyway
What's so bad about feeling good?
There's nothing wrong with blowing crack, yea!)

[Method Man]

Yo, stop, look & listen, guess who coming up?
And y'all was dumb enough to think that Method's number's up
Pockets so fat, they need a tummy tuck, you hungry f**ks
Can sum it up, I give my money up, spit at a honey
Then split a honey Dutch, roll it up, can't roll with us
If you can't hold your liquor, throw it up, y'all know what up
See we them niggaz, ain't no hoe in us, the flow is nuts
I'm off the meter, momma wished that I was off the reefer
But, for now, I got this game up in the cobra clutch
Plus, the silverback gorilla swigger, shot of Tequila to the gut
Nigga, trust, I got that Killa up
What y'all ain't feelin' us? Ain't feelin' ya
When half ya niggaz posing similar, yea
Ladies and gents, I think this game need a enema, yea
It's "common sense", I Used 2 Love H.E.R., now they pimpin' her, yeah
But if you Enter the Wu-Tang, you tripping
Like somebody tied together your shoestring, now listen
I'm the, real deal, come on, come back to get ya like bad karma
Y'all niggaz is throwing rocks with glass armor
F**k the court system, pleading the fifth
And if Def Jam is deaf, start reading my lips
I'm cocky, possibly I got my reasons and shit
They ain't built a man that can stop me from feeding my kids

[Chorus: Method Man]

And if you don't know where I'm coming from, never know where I be in
Most likely, where ya start at'll be the place where you eating
And anybody hating on him, hating on them
That's right, anybody hating on him, hating on them, motherf**kers

[Outro: Method Man]

How could you ever say that I'm washed up
When I'm the dirtiest thing in sight
4:21... The Day After