

# Method Man, Never Hold Back

(feat. E3, Saukrates)

[Intro: Method Man (Dooney Boy) {Pinky Phat Phat}]  
Cool, okay, I'mma let ya'll take it on your own right now  
Why don't you do me a favor (What?) {What?}  
Tell me a joke (why did the chicken cross the road?)  
{To get five dollars from her baby daddy!}  
Eheheheh (hahahahahah) you got that? {eheheh}  
We gon' roll with that right there, aight then  
[beat drops]  
Gilla House, muthafucka, Gilla House  
Gilla House, muthafucka, Gilla House!  
Yeah, another Def Jam, where we don't make stars  
We just sign 'em, uh-huh, that's what's up, Big Sox

[Method Man]  
I'm on the grind... (can't wait to shine)  
Fuck that, I pull your blinds, catch you f'ing with mines, no go 'head  
I got no time (hate to be wastin' time), muthafucka know the name  
And know that I ain't feelin' ya'll lames, like novacaine  
Ain't no way you can (stop the train) or the conductor  
Of the track, muthafucka, that's E3, my love for the game  
(it's just not the same)  
Unless it's Gilla House, and Wu-Tang Clan, in the house, cop them thangs  
Live together and (pop the chain), know your lane  
Fuck cocaine, stick up, bout to blow your brains off the map  
The (Flame is back), it's the amazing  
J. Blazin' grapes of wrath turn to raisin  
What part of the (game is that), we not playin'  
Ya'll try'nna raise the price at the door, we not payin'  
So watcha (watcha want?) You kids are slum  
And son got knuckles in his Air Force One's, come on

[Chorus: Saukrates (E3)]  
Niggaz never seen it this raw (but nothing's gonna hold me back)  
Keep the heat up by the big dog (but I don't wanna hold you back)  
Nigga gotta get this dough (I just wanna live my life)  
Nigga gotta get this dough (Live your life)

[Method Man]  
Yo, yo, on the air (thought you dead?) But I returned  
To give you what you waited four years, now to burn  
Hold your head (and know your ledge) your life flash by  
Hey, kid, walk straight, master your high  
Method Man (Method Man, Man) Whoa, like Black Rob, go  
Catch me in the West Wing, I might "Rob Lowe"  
Yes, I can (yes, I can can) tap your jaw  
And tell whatever chick that I'm with, slap your broad  
This is it, (I'm stuck with ya'll) and ya'll stuck with me  
In the lap of luxury, where the hell's cut for free  
And the kid (can't fuck with ya'll) Til I got a tree  
On some new property, at my new pot to pee, have mercy  
(Mercy me) Things ain't what they used to  
Soon as you get your shot on the top, somebody shoot ya  
These rhymes (ain't nursery) Life's a bitch  
Then you go to court, and she take half your shit, come on!

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Method Man]  
My, life, your life, yeah, Mr. Meth, Big John Studd, yo  
Ya'll know how I do it, screw it, all day, everyday  
You know what I'm sayin'? Stinkin', drinkin' and fightin' crime  
Staten Island, stand up, we in the muthafuckin' house

Come on!