

Method Man, No Hooks

[RZA:]

Spectacular cardiovascular attacker!
Shaq's on the track with the blackular,
Puzzler! Rugged slugger, 40 oz guzzler,
Gold nugget fangs punch holes inside your jugular
Veins... do it quick, before your brain get drained...
With the horror you now have become stained...
Ice cold, like the winter, Eskimo! Enter,
The skill like a splinter! A decimal,
Let's have a festival, Wu-Tang Killer Bees, we...
(Suuuuuuu!) Ah, intellectual,
Styles break your mind!
Shine, nigga, shine!

[All:] We don't need no hooks!

[Shaq:]

The Shaq Attaq has risen,
Au concrete PM this is twizm,
Always & forever, forever always attack,
I bring flava to ya ear like Craig Mack!
Life's a B and then ya D, refer to Nasty Nas Illmatic,
CD, #3 Static!
You don't want none, ya best to keep lookin',
AEIOU's a ass-whoopin'! You're taken
Into Clear & Present Danger, I'm a perfect stranger,
Quick to rearrange a... outlook, so look out,
So here me comes! Quick to beat you down,
Like the RZA on the drums!
Change my name like Prince, punks be tremblin'.
My name ain't Shaq no more, call me Superman
Emblem! Marks, get set, go left,
The Shaq, the RZA, get ready for the Meth!

[All:] We don't need no hooks!

[Method Man:]

Dangersome, comin' mad phat, Terrordome,
Like whadva ak, we can get it on. Break 'em down.
I'm a set it, yeah, ooh dat dirty rat, bring 'em here
To the mindbender, the deathsender to your ear: Method.
Whatup, hookers? Hoodrats are no goodaz,
It be Tical breakin' rims with the Seven footer:
Shaq. Bring it to the front, now bring it back
To the head, black, 'cuz when my Soul Train hit the track,
Target: the Billboard Charts, don't make me start it,
The whole industry is gassed up and now they farted.
My object is destruction, for percussion, rhymes are bustin',
Got your wholes block duckin'
Down! The end is here, apocalypse now!
Gettin' shot, peace'll work it out.

[more We don't need no hooks stuff]