

Method Man, Presidential MC

(feat. Raekwon, RZA)

[Intro: (kung fu sample) Method Man]
[kung fu fighting]
Yeah, uh, heheheh (That's Shadowboxing!)
Yo...

[Method Man]
It's that Blackout, spazzed out, G-String divas
Leave you assed out, passed out, it's cold
Pack your heat up, blow your back out
You bad mouth, make 'em all believers
Throwing rocks from a glass house, y'all ain't perfect either
See that cheeba and that hash out (garbage day tomorrow)
And I have yet to take that trash out, or emptied this cigar
RZA, Rah, we amped, eh, Meth is on his job
It ain't nothing, like the French say; "che sera sera"
So let's move on, until the day we laying in the casket
With them suits on, and I'm so cool that hell is only luke warm
Been too strong, for too, long, I'll probably die
With my boots on, and on my way to cash a coochie coupon
You know I'm, proper, don't let them boys confuse you
The fact is Meth, I'm harder than bottles made by Yoo-Hoo
Wu-Tang, welcome to the House of Flying Daggers
Where the truth aim, flying out the mouth of flying rappers
There it is...

[Chorus: Method Man]
Now, ask yourself, is this for real, it can't be
My, nigga, if it ain't for real, it ain't me
I, elect myself as presidential M.C.
I, elect myself as presidential M.C.
Now, ask yourself, why is he so low key
Why, is niggaz pimpin' when the game chose me
I, elect myself as presidential M.C.
I, elect myself as presidential M.C.

[Raekwon]
Yo, blew 'em and hit 'em, and he went into a spin cycle
Outblew his liver, a river flooded, what's happening
It's drugs we wanted, gloves buttered, thug coverage
This is Fila, white sneaker, Louis Vitton luggage
I came, representative huddle, they all love you
That W, the legacy of little niggaz muggin' you
The fuck, what's up with you, yo, you suck, nigga
Benches used to pluck niggaz, we be on the roof, like "fuck you";
Them red beams is coming, losers, got to walk the plank
Users, with uzi's on 'em, you move, you getting spanked
Shank broilers banked, alcoholics ranked ballers
They should call us, I rock mad ice like a walrus
The lamesters decided to lure us, we was up in Freedomtown
Getting weeded, one Bentley tour bus, you might like the mack and explore dust
You can't fuck with all of us, one of us dropped, there's twenty more of us

[Chorus]

[RZA]
Peel caps like tangerines, you shook/shake like tamberines
Then, jet from the set, in the all black Lamborghin'
Nobody seen me, bitch in a tini red bikini
Niggaz saw her, because they thought they saw a genie
Heidi Klum, pussy juicy, fat as a plum
Picture on the wall in jail, niggaz jerk til they come
God gargantuan, large, colossus, bombardment of darts

Make your squad, throw tantrums
Practice karma sutra on broads, pop bra's
Leave birds with permanent scars, and shit like birthmarks
Digi bark back at dogs, snatch flies from frogs
Blow California chronic to despise the smog
This shit I been with biz in the clearing, pigs sharing
Got fresh, Wu-Wearing, motherfuckers not caring
Then move through your community, with diplomat immunity
Move to rep a two or G., shine like fine jewelry

[Chorus]

[Outro: kung fu sample]
The Shadow Sword... Shadow Sword...