

# Method Man, Problem

[Intro: Method Man]

You don't want no problems, problems  
You don't want no problems, problems  
Yeah... real man... with ya stinkin' ass  
Come on... that's my nigga right there... let's do it  
Never count me out, nigga, just count me in... yeah...

[Method Man]

Look, I ain't came to bone these chicks  
Not this time, I got a bone to pick, I got a zone to pick  
Now, who that nigga in the zone and shit  
Back in the building like he own the bitch, nobody cold as this  
If I ain't got it, then it don't exist  
I spit that bird flu, my flows is sick, I'm still as ill as they come  
Protect Ya Neck, when you dealing with them  
Now Erick stick a fork in him, he done, hah  
It boggles the mind, like try'nna 'ketchup' to a bottle of Heinz  
It's like forensics try'nna follow the crime, they want time  
And sometime, a nigga had to swallow them dimes  
While 85 percent swallowing swine, see  
Wherever he roam, it's all gravy, man, whatever he hone  
Long as I got myself a Marilyn loan, phillies are better chrome  
If there's a problem, nigga, let it be known  
And while I sleep, my bitch be checkin' my phone, cause I'm a problem, nigga

[Chorus: Method Man]

Ease up, or put them g's up  
Scream at ya frog, nigga leap up (now who got a problem with that?)  
They need to beast up, nigga, speak up or  
Forever hold they peace up (if they got a problem with that)  
Hey you (don't want no problem nigga) Hey you (don't want no problem nigga)  
Hey you (don't want no problem nigga) Hey you (don't want no problem nigga)  
Hey you (&quot;Believe, what I say, when I tell ya&quot; - DMX sample)  
Yeah, you, nigga, you don't want no problem with that

[Method Man]

Look, my Clan all one in the same  
Until my name number one in the game, it's not a game, nigga  
Like Billy Danze, I be running with &quot;Fame&quot;  
Me and my lynch mob coming to hang, it's Wu-Tang for life  
Hard body, another day in the life  
Credit his momma now for raising him right, just want the people to know  
I'm bout to blow, like I'm shaking the dice  
Making me mad? Nah, y'all making me right, cause y'all was taking me light  
So let my pen talk and say what he like  
And have the court system say and indict, I'm O.J. on the mic  
Liquid plumber, I be laying the pipe  
And if it's tight, girl, I'm staying tonight  
Not only raising on the price, on M.C.'ing, but I'm raising the bar  
And if you scary, nigga, wait in the car  
Motherfuckers I'm hard, hard as cooked up in mayonaise jars  
Purple haze, Cuban layed cigars, I'm a problem, nigga

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

E, you know I'm just like that  
Big baller nigga, just like Shaq, so come on, niggaz  
If they bust, I better bust right back  
Meth spit it from the gut, like \*gunshot\* man down  
I'm that dude, hands down, stare down  
I'm past due, for Cash Rule, y'all can't clown  
I'm bank now, your ass lose, nothing but rhyme  
New York Times, I'm bad news, and I'm a problem, nigga

[Chorus 2X]