

Method Man, Somebody Done Fucked Up

[Intro: Method Man]

Yeah... one-two, one-two, it's Big M-E-F
The phenom from Vietnam, fresh out of rehab, yo
On my way the weedspot, haha, what's good?
Fuck that, what's hood? Staten Island Advance
Big up to my man Magic down in MIA, what up cuzo?

[Chorus: Method Man]

Knock-knock, who is it, ah shifted
Hot peas and butter, come and get it
Somebody done fucked up, now
Meth spit it, I comes with it
Quick to tell these critics, eat a did-ick
Somebody done fucked up, now
Y'all done did it, done stepped in it
Now run and tell them niggaz who the realest
Somebody done fucked up, now
Can you dig it, you'll never stop the kid up in the fitted
Live with it, somebody done fucked up

[Method Man]

Look, I'm cutting corners on these clowns, marijuana and pounds
Found with Staten Island niggaz that run up on you with rounds
Take a drag, pass it around, guess who back in your town
And the crowd vict', with Officer Brown patting him down
Shit's thick, thick as harmony grits, cuz with some thugs
Ain't no, harmony bitch, them niggaz probably snitch
Y'all be the judge, look what happened to Cocheese
What happens when your co-d's is talking to police, you dig?
Half a cig, let me fuck with ya wig, although you loving the style
They're ain't a pedophile could fuck with the kid
Now that I'm back up on my, feet, take it back to the streets
In the GM with your BM, in the passenger seat
Riding hood, by my hood, ain't no hike in the wood
Life is good, it's so good, live it twice if I could
Man, it's me, once again it's that Wu-Tang
Crushing the shit that you bring, you know how we do things

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

Yo, pulling my shoes up, scuffing my Timbs, back to when?
Puffing again, who stunting, cops fucking with them
Feeling the blow, goosebumping the skin, and on the scale
Of nothing to ten, a ten, man, it's nothing to him
See you can tell by how I'm clutching my pen, like Mae Weather touching her chin
She stunting, going up in her friend
Tell the label give me something to spin, and every light got a price
You want a slice, but we ain't cutting you in
Man, these fiends know my past work, held a monkey until they back hurt
Money talking, wonder what that's worth
And MCF, mean Cash First shit, picture the kid
On the beach in Hawaii, minus the grass skirt
Blast first, ask questions last
Black herse, nigga, stretch yo ass, y'all niggaz know what this is
It's New Yitty, this ain't just a fad
It's M-E-F, and I ain't Biggie, but I'm just as Bad, Boy

[Chorus]

[Outro: Method Man]

Yeah, Big M-E-F, Staten Island Advance, motherfuckers
Word up, don't ever count me out, just count me the fuck in
I'll be back for more...

