

# 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 shitted  
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...

