

Method Man, Step By Step

[Method Man]

This goes out
to all the big head niggaz
And all them big head bitches
You know my steez-o

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Deadly melodic, robotic steez-o blur your optic
So you can't see the topic, condition combo
Blaze bring the heat to your Mourning like Alonzo
Head honcho like Eastwood, gun in my pancho
Another bad desperado, trapped inbetween
the hills and the El Dorados, but you can't do that
Welcome to the Wheel of Fortune where Pat don't Sajak
Bring it to these cats often, the biggest payback
is when I condemn men, to purgatory
Stick a pen, do em in, eight million stories
in the naked Mr. Method, Blade Runner
Blood stain on my track record, top gunner

[Chorus: Method Man]

You know it's sick now, just a little bit, aw shit
Can't quit now, hard as a brick, what's this
Make em get down, head where I fit, more grip
Hold this shit down, she don't know you better school her
(“Step in the Arena” sample scratched)
Step by Step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit
Step by Step, inch by inch, piece by piece, bit by bit

[Method Man]

Check my Extinction Agenda, mind bender
No retreat no surrender, head trauma
Death before dishonor, sword and golden armor
Undetected stealth bomber, blow the session
With Immaculate Conception, hit yo' section
with my Def Squad connection, the Green-Eyed Bandit
E Double up dammit, Iron Lung
flow taste like a knuckle sandwich, now you know
It's time that I take advantage, take command yo
Cops caught me red-handed
Blood On the Dance Floor
or was it Michael Jackson
Fuck it, time for some action
Check my Re-Runs an see What's Happening

[Chorus 2X]

[Method Man]

Before she get her back blown
Jealous men don't understand and get clapped on, now I'm reloadin
Automate and keep it goin, right and exact
Runnin track like I'm Jesse Owens, catch em wit my rap slogan
Jack Frost, leave em frozen
Bust flows and never lay text/latex without my Trojan
Hand writtin ass whippin, I keep spittin
At any head-on collision, throw dart wit precision
And split decision, tell your old folk
and your children what I'm dealin
Good times, and hood rhymes from the villain
Till I see you at the ooh-building motherfuckers

[Chorus]

This one, is dedicated to my big head niggaz
And all them big head bitches
All them big head bitches