Method Man, The Question

[Redman]
Man he must of bumped his motherfucking head or something
Yo
Yo M.C.'s out there, you betta stand clear
It's Funk Doc M.E.TH on da world premiere
From New Jerz straight talk, america's best
Co' Island Staten Island is where I'm at
Y'all amateurs act like hoes affendin us
We're special eders go on tours on banana bus
D. O. same m.o., drive through bricks
Chicken shotty, that ass make me lie to my bitch
Word to god doc throw more lines then fishin rod
No stars, we're supergod non recouperb-alls (yo)
Buttons is pressed to remove the press
Press a bullshit, my index press a full clip (YO)
Set up cones when I'm firing chrom
I hittin ladies to old men in retirement homes
Dail 9-1-1 runnin gun in the street dungeon
Earth, moon and stars checkin out what the sun done
Suspects change clothes
Before I leave the heat, I put two in rain grove for my range rove
Hot to death, cops is vex
I push a buck 60 if they try to block the lex
Drive by on the baja
Snatch the cartier watch I
Boucnce laughing off like clue "HAHA"
Doc is like poppy, supplying you grand
So breaka breaka while I turn it to the Shoalin Man

[Method Man]
Foreva underground
Nigga duck the mic when we come around
Control hammer like the mighty Thor
Bringin thunda down
Now you're in store for predator
Like refugees I come to settle score
Half-baked medifore, that taste even better raw
Hardcore holy war
Hits from the resevoir, southpaw saboteur
Land sharks get they chin checked when I jabba jaw
Time to walk my labrodor
Livin out my dreams, at the same time shatter yours
Code red fill 'em full of lead
Greatful dead live from Hemstead
Tiger Kunk Fu know the ledge
Check the full fledged knucklehead
Clam bread, livin on the edge used to be the best
Jack Frost sniffin at your nose, get your Suddafed
Rap Cheech and Chong, me and Red official budda head
Off track like O.D.B., I'm too black
I'm like Zoro, I mark a Wu, sign your back, motherfucka

Chorus:
(It aint even a question) This side niggaz too hardcore
(It aint even a question) That side niggaz too hardcore
(It aint even a question) In the middle niggaz too hardcore
So what cha, what cha, what cha, want (What cha want?)

(It aint even a question) Def Squad niggaz too hardcore
(It aint even a question) Wu Tang niggaz too hardcore
(It aint even a question) Def Jam nigga too hardcore
(Turn it up, turn it up, turn it up) So what cha, what cha, what cha, want?

[Redman]

Yo stomp wit the big dogs
Sick dog lurkin (Roof Roof)
Doc bradshaw, behind ball plant and steel curtains
Denver Bronco fan, glock squirtin
Brick city, stering wheel hurtin
Prepare y'all fast car for lane mergin
Hasta manana, y'all crash like that Yanna cock block into gramma
Got cock in Atlanta, rockin P.P.P. Bandanas
While we fuck 'em on camera
It's too late to plant bate for my click to fall
We dodge boobie-traps and pitfalls and thick fog
When I tee, LA ride, "It's y'alls"
Website couldnn't find a site wit macintosh
On John Walsh
America's Most, aim for spots to put more in a terrier coat
[Method Man]
Uh huh, we speak for the unheard
Caught in the matrix
Sound from the subbasement, "Spread the word"
Like uncureables from dirty bird, beyond basic
John Wu these fake niggaz, give 'em replacements
The thrilla of a park killer
Bubonic plague any M.C., that swear he illa
Inject the dufus wit the lupus
Yukmouth rhymes that leave him toothless
My filled fly and filled groupless
Observe the record, livin out my name Repid
Study man and all his methods
And through his ethic, learn to expect the unexpected
One step ahead I, return like Jedi
Three hours behind your punk ass, catchin a red eye
First class but cooler than coach, murder he wrote
On the wall of the bathroom stalls shittin these quotes
"Fuck you all"
Scaredy cat kid, duckin these dogs
You don't like us, then we don't like y'all. Lick The Balls!
Be easy, speak easy
This one be off the heazzzaaaayyy
Like my pubic hair, black and greazzzzzaaayyyy

Chorus

(It aint even a question) x5

Caution
Warning
Overload
System Overload
All Systems Ready
Enter voice authorization sample