

# Method Man, This Is What We Do

Yeah, baby, hey yeah, yeah  
And you know, said you know  
Said you know, said you know babe, yeah

So you say your ish is it  
And you say your ish is hot  
You want me to touch your spot  
Cuz that's how we do it  
Now I watch your earrings jingle  
And I watch you work your middle  
Cuz your handle bars ain't little  
Makes me wanna (Y'all ain't ready)

[1] - If you wanna dance  
If you wanna move  
If you wanna dance  
Yeah show me what to do  
I keep it movin', givin' it to you  
Cuz this is what we do  
This is what we do, yeah

[Repeat 1]

Said East Side, where you at, yo what the deally  
And to my ladies over West can you feel me  
Tell me what the deal with the South  
And tell me Master P got it all figured out  
But if you say you with me, show you with me  
You're so pretty, you stay shitty,  
Ain't no shorty over 40 chillin' in the VIP with me  
Damn right, game tight, cuz that's how we do it tonight

[Repeat 1]

[Repeat 1]

[Method Man]

Yo, yo  
Who got the best body on the planet  
I take advantage, then skate like the kissin' bandit  
Leave of hearts  
Got these shorties out after dark  
We're lady killers  
Then blow back apart, raw dealers  
Tical! Dru Hiller, strange love, seven thirty  
I'm like Herbie with a Love Bug  
Then skip town like a Casanova Brown Mrs.  
You look delicious like a two piece with a biscuit  
What's goin' down?  
In my mind I'm rippin' your clothes  
Playing with your feet girl suckin your toes  
Go round with the Ghetto Sarano', mello,  
Romeo, who like his women on the same level  
Pay my bills that were due, all accounts settled  
Now I'm relaxing like Pa now with Ma Kettle  
Baby laughing, earrings in both nipples  
Like Janet Jackson, busting out her latest fashion  
Or the smashin'  
Honey come on over here, I \*\*\*\* feet cold  
Throw them panties over there, you won't need those  
You talk like sex  
You walk like sex  
Ya smell like sex  
Ya yell like sex  
And all ya want is Mr. Meth, hell of a man

That can sell an Eskimo a fan  
I come equipped for any spot that you want hit  
Or want licked, when my dick get the fuck outta here, ahh, shit  
I start to think back on how I go hump  
In seven minutes to heaven at the age of eleven  
Couldn't tell me nuthin' then, can't tell me nuthin' now  
Honey child, milkin' the cow, lovin' my style  
This is what we do kid, me and them Dru kids  
Take 'em blind, crimpin' them crazy, even toothless  
Lastly, if you know me don't ask me  
Call me Method, Mr. Meth if ya nasty

[Repeat 1]

[Repeat 1]

If I move it on the left, will it be hot to death  
If I move it on the right, will you make it last all night (Woody)  
If I move it up and down, will you make a freaky sound, come on  
If I move it in and out, will it make you scream and shout  
Come on

[Repeat 1 until fade]