

Method Man, Uh-Huh

(Bus driver! This here gal refused to give me her seat!)

[Music starts]

(Everybody, uh yeah, uh yeah, uh, uh, uh, now, uh, yeah)

Verse 1:

Yo, what up my people equal,
This be Tical: The Prequel,
Shine up the desert eagle,
Light up that extra lethal,
I mean that Oooweee,
3 years and 2 G's,
I'm back with new trees,
I wrapped in looseleaves,
While ya'll was just rappin',
Who get the set crackin'?
Just like a neck snappin',
Let's get this next platinum,
What's happenin' Def Jam?
Remember Meth Man?
I held ya hand through those years when you was stressed fam,
That's why I still love you,
And Russell still hustle,
Let's get to pumpin' iron,
and flex some real muscle,
Up in this bitch dude,
My click is Rick Rude,
And I ain't got the Ivory,
this ain't the flick, dude!
Somebody told me,
Ya'll can't hold me,
Naughty By Nature do my dirt all by my lonely,
You need to back up bitch,
Ya don't know me,
Gotta leave these hoes alone,
they too nosy.

Chorus:

Meth is killin', M.C. killin',
What more can I say? Stop grillin',
That's what niggas get for actin' Hollywood,
And since ya'll understood,
Would you?
Would you, would you, would you?
Uh-Huh, the dolla day,
the dolla, dolla day ay,
the dolla day,
the dolla, dolla day ay

Verse 2:

Okay the love issue,
Don't let that love get you,
My brothers love pistols,
Doin they thug dizzle,
Bet ya'll ain't know did you,
That I'm a pro did you,
Until the flow hit you,
Fuck it, I'm official,
Bone wit more gristle,
Throwin' from chrome nickel,

Place that don't tickle,
Can't wait to zone with you,
I'm hard as stone chisel,
Meth got his own little formula to go triple,
Fo shizzle,
Ya'll know my occupation,
I'm puttin' in my words,
So any imitation,
I'm puttin' in the dirt,
That shit is aggravatin',
Why ya'll procrastinatin'?
I got some massive waitin',
And she prolly masturbatin',
Welcome to New Yitty,
Where half is two-fitty,
If I got a problem then that's one problem too many,
So don't tip me,
I bust until I'm empty,
Swiftly, that way I get a chance to take you with me,
Motherfucka!

[Chorus]

Verse 3:

Yo I got style,
8 track round,
back up and back down,
Act up we back clown,
Last up to bat now,
It's me Ticallion,
Swing like Barry Bonds,
Mami got a ratty thong,
Happy cause Daddy gone,
Turn it up a lil' bit,
a notch and it'll get,
Cook it with the griddle and it'll get so hot,
Good lookin' kid,
Okay now where was I,
Prepared was I,
Your man broke his jaw tryin' to say what I,
Say on this mic,
Not a day in ya life could ya,
Say I ain't nice could ya,
If I ain't nice would ya,
Get off my dick and tell ya bitch to c'mere,
She stuntin',
Can hear me cummin' like my dick's in her ear or somethin',
I put that on my mama,
She put that on her kids,
She put that chrome on ya dome and blow ya fuckin' wig,
That's how it is,
Ask Bobby Digs,
We back on ya block,
With 'nuff shots to give,
Motherfucka!

[Chorus x2]