

Method Man, What's Happenin'

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[Intro: Busta Rhymes (Method Man)]

Aiyo, Tical? (What up, fam?)

You know Busta-Bust had to come see you, God, it's good to see you, God

(Good too see you too, God)

Let's take the streets for a little ride (Okay, we ridin' high)

Yeah, you better light your L, smoke your L

And just (kiss the sky)

Huh! And if you ever disrespect the Bust or Meth (find their mentor)

Yeah, I-I-I think the streets been lookin' for this one for a long time

(Yeah, aiyo) Come on!

[Method Man]

I came to bring the pain, more hard to the brain

Tical... I'm bustin' that ass again

I burn like acid rain, that acid slang

These niggaz try'nna see how I come ash again

Main and evident, I'm huntin', yes, Meth for president

Be in hell with Dazel and George just for the hell of it

And I ain't yellow kid, flows hot as kettle get

Now if you ain't fuckin' with that, you must be celibate

Spaz! Just a little, got a sack lookin' fizzle

Little hash in the middle, where it at? In the middle, yup

Mommy if you got a fat ass, make it jiggle, yup

Put it in my next video shot by Little X

And M-E-F gon' work til their ain't any left

I'm tryin' get what I'm worth and not a penny less

Think fast (come on) bank cash (come on)

Everybody do it with your stank ass (just come on)

[Chorus: Method Man (Busta Rhymes)]

Make you rob somebody (what?) grab somebody (what?)

Stomp somebody (what?) slap somebody (what?)

Make you wanna step to the bar and sip Bacardi (what?)

Wild out, spaz in the club, we in the party (what?)

Brooklyn (come on!) Shaolin (come on!)

Queensbridge down to Long Island (come on!)

Bronx, nigga (come on!) Manhattan (come on!)

To each and every hood what's happening? (come on!)

[Interlude: Method Man (Busta Rhymes)]

Yeah... let 'em talk, nigga, come on Bust

(Aiyo, Meth, let me get at these niggaz) Yeah!

[Busta Rhymes]

Now watch me back your shit up, I hope your people pull up

And pick up and pack your shit up, homey, it's time to move

While I'm singin', ma, do you let relieve you of all of your

Figure seating sketching, never believe in your niggaz (come on!)

Go head and babble you can watch me patiently waiting

Aimin', attackin', instead I'mma let one of my bitches slap you

I ain't watch you when your niggaz'll try

To feel a wrath of the un-rudely waking of a sleeping giant

(Very defiant), once I give you the pressure

And then I apply it and then your breathing is stop and totally quiet (sss.. oh)

Captain of this ship, so call me the pilot

I leave you and your crew to collide with me

Die, stomp on a nigga, just like a herd of a thousand cattle

That'll travel over your face and frazzle your shit

Shot you, worst than a brick and then be torturin' you

And then get the reverend, and get to steppin', nigga!

This shit'll make you..

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

[Interlude: Method Man (Busta Rhymes)]

Haha, that's the truth... my nigga
(Nigga, listen, listen, let me talk) Let me talk! (huh)

[Busta Rhymes (Method Man) {both}]

Can't you see what I got for you now
(Shake your big fat ass in front of me now)
To all my high bidders (to all my live niggaz)
{We here to blackout, follow the story now
Just feel my heat, and you know I'm gonna
Just keep the street, but nigga did you
Know when you bout to lose it, my nigga
And you know we gon' get real stupid, my nigga}

[Busta Rhymes]

See the police coming (what?) Fireman coming (what?)
Street niggaz ready to riot and start dummin' (what?)
I love to see it, whenever you and your man frontin' (what?)
Me and Meth'll step to you, quick! And smash somethin' (what?)

[Method Man]

Now who is he? Dope M.C. killin these cowards
Wack niggaz get pimp slapped, give me some powder
Click-clack, one in your back, now think about it
Get back, runnin' your gap, I can't allow it

[Busta Rhymes]

Well every nigga (set it off) you know we seeing it through God
The streets be needing niggaz like me and you, God
Aiyo, I think we're up, seen it from here, we got a mile, yo
Logical, we should of done this shit a long time ago

[Method Man]

I got that shit that make rappers shit in they shoes
Nasty M.C., I spit flows and spit in they food
Man, don't tempt me, I'm nothin' like a curious child
I'm simply, a boy in the hood, with furious childs (this shit'll make you)

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes & Method Man]

[Outro: Method Man (Busta Rhymes)]

Every day, every rotation, come with it! (Let me talk... come on, hah)
(Aiyo God) Yeah, lord? (Flipmode/Wu-Tang, nigga, ain't that some shit?)
That's some shit, actually truthfully, Busta Bust! (Meth Tical!)
Yeah... (yeah, let me know when you wanna do that again, God)
Shit we can do that right now, shout out to New Jersey, hahaha, yeah!