

Method Man, Ya Meen

Artist: Method Man f/ Fat Joe, Styles P.

Album: 4:21... The Day After

Song: Ya'meen

Typed by: Cno Evil

[Intro: Method Man]

Yo, I'm bout to hit you with this ya'meen

On top of the ya'meen, with a lil' bit of ya'meen mixed in

Ya'meen? Yeah... yeah... yo

[Method Man]

How should I get it started, fuck it, just get it started

These trash talking artists is nothing, niggaz is garbage

When Meth strike his target, leave it dearly departed

His flow is clearly the hardest, y'all gon' feel me regardless

Might break a promise, but never, breaking the code

Some get popped and call for they mamma, when the drama unfolds

My block, hot as a sauna, never wind up and joke

Crack deals on every corner, fiends wanna foam you with soap

And, if life's a bitch, then I bet she bitter and cold

Everytime she thinking I fold, seven figures get sold

Meth, all in your chest, or inhale it all in your nose

Cops don't know about this Method, but smell it all in his clothes

Yup, I'm still intact, how real is that, I'm back

With enough, fits a million, to figure vanilla wraps up

New York, New York, rock tube socks and Timberlands

Cuz hip hop ain't feeling them flip-flops, they feminine

[Chorus: Method Man]

I'm the one shot dealing, one shot killing it (ya'meen)

Yeah, it's the top billing, the block feeling like (ya'meen)

Yeah, fuck with me (ya'meen), yeah, fuck with me (ya'meen)

If you not for squealing, and for spilling the (ya'meen)

The streets is watching the apple rotten like (ya'meen)

Plus the B.B. hot and the towers dropping like (ya'meen)

Yeah, fuck with this (ya'meen), yeah, fuck with this (ya'meen)

If you get it popping, or get to popping 'em (ya'meen)

[Fat Joe]

You know the haters diss you, let's deal with bigger issues

You know New York is dying after all the shit we been through

And we done lost B.I.G., we done lost Pun

Homey, you can't live, gotta go and get them guns

You know the hammers'll lose your cabbage, them dudes do damage

Send Zulu Nation through Reaganomics, we move them package

We pushing rain pain, gotta go and get that money

Y'all going "hey hey", but don't that pen look lovely

You - must - not - know - who - y'all niggaz is fucking with

I - can - take - life - nig... just for the fuck of it

Crack's crazy, that nigga'll smack babies

Clap ladies for yackin' you gon' catch shady

Call it a mass shower, the way them hollow's drizzle

Mr. Potato Head, you know them things can't miss you

The Average Joe, with an average flow

Me and Meth bringing back New York, nigga

[Chorus]

[Styles P.]

You don't like me, you can get what's right above the testicles

S.P., turn your top five into vegetables

You don't believe me, get 'em all in a room

And the next five, I plan to getting all of them soon

Y'all can meet me at the table that's round, or get ya place in the ground

That's what you get, when you facing me, clown
Who got the crown, I'm piss on it now, while you wearing it
Nobody nicer than Ghost, I ain't hearing it
Been Nike Airing it, white tee out
Stick-up kid season when the dice be out
I'm a thug or star investing in living, niggaz sippin' soup
Ghost rapper, knocking out your icy mouth
Niggaz in the East wanna unite, not me
If you ain't sayin' I'm the best, you ain't come to be right
Knowlmean? If you don't, then you not of being
Your four-four, knock little pieces off of your spleen, nigga

[Chorus]