

Nonpoint, Tribute

Come on! Come on! Uh!

That's right, Nonpoint, Darwin's, Grimm in the house, lemme hear that shit

Na'mean? Uh! Bout to slay those fuckin tracks

Here we go, come on!

Once upon a time not long ago

When people wore pajamas and lived life slow

When laws were stern and justice stood

And people was behavin like they are too good

There lived a little boy that was misled

By another little boy and this is what he said

Check it "Me and you kid we gonna make some cash (What! What!)

Robbin old folks and makin' a (Come on! Come on!) dash..."

Their jackets tied, money came with ease

But one couldn't stop, it's like he had a disease

He robbed another (Stick it up!) and another (Stick it up!) Michael Jackson (Stick it up!) Stevie Wonder

Tried to rob a man who was a D.C. undercover

The kid got wild startin' actin' erratic

He said "I Got you all in check"

Come on!

Yah Yah Yah Yah Yah!

Come on!

Yah Yah Yah Yah Yah!

Come on!

Yah Yah Yah Yah Yah!

Come on!

Yah Yah Yah Yah Yah!

Come on!

When I step up in the place and yo I step correct

WOO-HAH!! Got you all in check

I got that head nod shit that make you break your neck

WOO-HAH!! Got you all in check

Well you know we come through to wreck the disco tech

WOO-HAH!! Got you all in check

Throw your hands up in the air and never disrespect

WOO-HAH!! Got you all in check

Yo grimm

Whats up?

Which muthafucka stole (Ha! Ha!) my flow?

Eenie, meenie, minie, moe

Throw them types of niggas right out the win-dow

Blast your ass, hit you with a di-rect blow!

BLAH!! Comin through like G.I. Joe

Star Wars movie deal like Han So-lo

Make you bounce around like this was calyp-so

Always shine cause I got the high pro glow

You think that you can hide, you think you can lay low?

Roll up on your ass like Hawaii 5-0

Mad out, with my dreads in my Kang-lo

Forget that Moet nigga, just bash the Cisco!

Yo! Take a trip down to Mexico

Come back with that shit that might make you psycho

Maximum frequency through that stereo

Sorry this is it but homeboy, I gots (Say what?) ta go!

Yo, where you go? Where you at? Bring it back!

Big props to all my people on the hip-hop scene who going

Fast than me with abrushima my inspiration from youth

Killa bee got loose, don't be teared, don't be mad, no, give it the truth, say

M-E-T-H-O-D, Man (x4)

Break yourself nigga!
Hey you! Get off my cloud
Let me get raw with my southpaw style
Mover, puffin on a fat blunt from Cuba
It's the Meth-Tical jet to Cal, I'm the Buddha
Monk on the hunt for machine gun foes
I keeps you open like a slug from the shotgun punk
Double-barrel, yeah Meth bring it to them proper
Partner, you ain't got no wins in me casa
Straight up, you movin too fast so baby wait up
Took one, added seven more now you eight up
Get on down with your bad self
Get on down, listen to the sound, come on!
Few can ever get this whole commit legit
See you all up in my dick
But you don't know shit, uh-huh
What's your definition of a real MC?
From what you dedicated, ya it must be me
Meth-Tical, a lewd descendant of the loud hip-hop
I go on to the break of dawn and just don't stop
Give me the green light and the sign one way
At last, What you got to say? Come on

Move it in, move it out
Stick it in, pull it out
Shake it up, shake it down
Come on y'all, Meth-Tical
Oh I hope and pray that I will
But today I am still
Just a...
M-E-T-H-O-D, Man (x11)
Break yourself (Get the fuck up!) nigga!
M-E-T-H-O-D, Man (x4)
Man! (x3)
M-E-T-H-O-D
Bitch!