Wu-Tang Clan, Method Man (Home Grown Versi

1,2 Uhh 1,1
1,2 Uhh 1,1
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
[Verse One:]
Hey, you, get off my cloud
You don't know me and you don't know my style
Who be gettin flam when they come to a jam?
Here I am here I am, the Method Man
Patty cake patty cake hey the method man
Don't eat Skippy, Jif or Peter Pan
Peanut butter, cuz I'm not butter
In fact I snap back like a rubber
band, I be Sam, Sam I am
And I dont eat green eggs and ham
Style will hit ya, wham!, then goddamn
You be like oh shit that's the jam
Turn it up now hear me get buckwu-wu-wild
I'm about to blow light me up
Upside downside inside and outside
Hittin you from every angle there's no doubt
I am, the one and only Method Man
The master of the plan wrappin shit like Saran
Wrap, with some of this and some of that
Hold up (what?) I tawt I tat I putty tat
Over there, but I think he best to beware
Of the diggy dog shit right here
Yippy yippy yay yippy yah yippy yo
Like Deck said this aint your average flow
Comin like rah ooh ah achie kah
Tell me how ya like it so far baby paw
The poetry's in motion coast to coast and
Rub it on your skin like lotion
What's the commotion, oh my lord
Another corn chopped by the Wu-Tang sword
Hey hey hey like Fat Albert
It's the Method Man ain't no if ands about it
It's the Method
Man
Uhh, like that baby paw
Uhh
I got, fat bags of skunk
I got, White Owl blunts
And I'm about to go get lifted
Yes I'm about to go get lifted
I got, myself a forty
I got, myself a shorty
And I'm about to go and stick it
Yes I'm about to go and stick it
[Verse Two:]
Uhh
H-U-F-F huff and I puff
Blow like snow when the cold wind blow then
Zoom, I hit the mic like boom
Wrote a song about it like to hear it here it go
Question what exactly is a panty raider
Ill behaviour savior or major flavor
All of the above oh yeah plus I do so
Also flam I'm the man call me super
Not an average Joe with an average flow
Doing average things with average hoes
Yo I'm super I'll make a bitch squirm

For my, Su-per Sperm
Check it I give it to ya raw butt naked
I smell sess pass the Method
Let's get lifted as I kick ballistics
Missles and shoot game like a pistol
Clip is loaded when I click bang dang
A Wu-Tang slug hits your brain
J-U-M-P jump and I thump
Make girls rumps like pump and Humpty Hump
Wow, the Shaolin style is all in me
Child, the whole damn isle is callin me
P-A-N-T-Y-R-A-I-D-E-R mad raw I don't fry
Meaning no one can burn or toss and turn me
Cuz, Ooh I be the super sperm
Chim chimmeny chim chim cherie
Freak a flow and flow fancy free
Now how many licks does it take
For me to hit the Tootsie Roll center of a break
Peep and don't sleep the crews mad deep Wu-Tang
Fadin motherfuckers like bleach
So to each and every crew
You're clear like glass I can see right through
You're whole damn posse be catchin em all cause you vic'd
and ya didnt have friends to begin with
I'm
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
Yes I am
[Verse Three:]
Uhh, Uhh
Rappers crossing over to that R&B jinx
Walk around town like your shit don't stink
Take it from me, hey G, you don't amaze me
Shot me at point blank range but only grazed me
Nothing mental, just plain and simple
Lyrics you bust couldn't bust a fucking pimple
Come here kid, what, let me tell you something
Your like change of a penny, nothing
Wham, Oh shit, God Damn
Skippy, hit me, man I get flam
Better yet hectic, wreck shit, I'm rowdy
Like a license check this be Audi
Tippy tippy tum tippy tah tippy tum
Direct from the Shaolin Slum, here I come
Straight from the top, the cock, yo I'm fed up
I put it in your ear and fuck your whole head up
Wu-Tang's gang bang, up your butt crack and
Straight from Staten, silky like satin
Used to break clicks with stones and sticks
Nowadays we do it with the Macs and clips
The Method, Man
The Method, Man
The Method, Man
Yes I am, Yes I am
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN
Uhh, 92 for the Wu
Now how brothers want it
With salt or butter, motherfucker
A doo-doo chop, a doo-doo chop, a doo-doo chop chop