

# Method Man, Method Man (Home Grown Version)

1,2 Uhh 1,1

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M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN

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[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