

Method Man, Problem

[Intro: Method Man]

You don't want no problems, problems
You don't want no problems, problems
Yeah... real man... with ya stinkin' ass
Come on... that's my nigga right there... let's do it
Never count me out, nigga, just count me in... yeah...

[Method Man]

Look, I ain't came to bone these chicks
Not this time, I got a bone to pick, I got a zone to pick
Now, who that nigga in the zone and shit
Back in the building like he own the bitch, nobody cold as this
If I ain't got it, then it don't exist
I spit that bird flu, my flows is sick, I'm still as ill as they come
Protect Ya Neck, when you dealing with them
Now Erick stick a fork in him, he done, hah
It boggles the mind, like try'nna 'ketchup' to a bottle of Heinz
It's like forensics try'nna follow the crime, they want time
And sometime, a nigga had to swallow them dimes
While 85 percent swallowing swine, see
Wherever he roam, it's all gravy, man, whatever he hone
Long as I got myself a Marilyn loan, phillies are better chrome
If there's a problem, nigga, let it be known
And while I sleep, my bitch be checkin' my phone, cause I'm a problem, nigga

[Chorus: Method Man]

Ease up, or put them g's up
Scream at ya frog, nigga leap up (now who got a problem with that?)
They need to beast up, nigga, speak up or
Forever hold they peace up (if they got a problem with that)
Hey you (don't want no problem nigga) Hey you (don't want no problem nigga)
Hey you (don't want no problem nigga) Hey you (don't want no problem nigga)
Hey you ("Believe, what I say, when I tell ya" - DMX sample)
Yeah, you, nigga, you don't want no problem with that

[Method Man]

Look, my Clan all one in the same
Until my name number one in the game, it's not a game, nigga
Like Billy Danze, I be running with "Fame"
Me and my lynch mob coming to hang, it's Wu-Tang for life
Hard body, another day in the life
Credit his momma now for raising him right, just want the people to know
I'm bout to blow, like I'm shaking the dice
Making me mad? Nah, y'all making me right, cause y'all was taking me light
So let my pen talk and say what he like
And have the court system say and indict, I'm O.J. on the mic
Liquid plumber, I be laying the pipe
And if it's tight, girl, I'm staying tonight
Not only raising on the price, on M.C.'ing, but I'm raising the bar
And if you scary, nigga, wait in the car
Motherfuckers I'm hard, hard as cooked up in mayonaise jars
Purple haze, Cuban layed cigars, I'm a problem, nigga

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

E, you know I'm just like that
Big baller nigga, just like Shaq, so come on, niggaz
If they bust, I better bust right back
Meth spit it from the gut, like *gunshot* man down
I'm that dude, hands down, stare down
I'm past due, for Cash Rule, y'all can't clown
I'm bank now, your ass lose, nothing but rhyme
New York Times, I'm bad news, and I'm a problem, nigga

[Chorus 2X]