

# RZA, Method Man

Intro Part One: Method Man

Yeahhh, torture motherfucker what?

[Torture nigga what?]

What?

I'll fuckin

I'll fuckin tie you to a fuckin bedpost  
with your ass cheeks spread out and shit

Right?

Put a hanger on a fuckin stove and let that shit sit there  
for like a half hour

Take it off and stick it in your ass slow like

Tssssssss

[Yeah, I'll fuckin

Yeah I'll fuckin lay your nuts on a fuckin dresser

Just your nuts layin on a fuckin dresser

And bang them shits with a spiked fuckin bat]

Oooooohhhh

[Whassup? BLAOWWW!!]

I'll fuckin

I'll fuckin pull your fuckin tongue out your fuckin mouth  
and stab the shit with a rusty screwdriver, BLAOWWW!!

[I'll fuckin]

[I'll fuckin

I'll fuckin hang you by your fuckin dick  
off a fuckin twelve sto-story building out this motherfucker]

I'll fuckin

I'll fuckin

sew your asshole closed, and keep feedin you  
and feedin you, and feedin you, and feedin you

Intro Part Two: Genius (all versions)

[Yo, roll the dice, yo roll the dice

Yo, so it's going down like that, huh? Yeah?

Niggaz is whylin, check it out kid]

From the slums of Shaolin, Wu-Tang Clan strikes again

The RZA, the GZA, Ol Dirty Bastard, Inspectah Deck, Raekwon the Chef

U-God, Ghost Face Killer and the Method Man

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  
 Break:  
 All right, y'all get ya White Owls, get ya meth, get ya skins  
 Don't forget your fourty  
 And we gonna do it like this  
 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 fourty  
 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's blowin  
 Zoom, I hit the mic like boom  
 Wrote a song about it like to hear it here it goes  
 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)  
 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 cry  
 Meaning no one can burn or toss and turn me  
 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  
 M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN  
 Here I am, here I am, the Method Man

Outro: RZA  
Straight from the slums of Shaolin  
Wu-Tang Killa B'z on a swarm  
[Your soul have just been taken through the 36 chambers of death, kid]  
\*coughing\*  
[Word to mother, Method Man signing off, peace]