

'93 Freestyle

Ghostface Killah

Check me out now, check me, check me out now
Here we, here we go
Wu-Tang bang here I come
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle full of rum
Nah, not that one, come again son
Straight out the dome with the hellified poem
I be the Meth Tical coming with the fresh freestyle
It's off the head and never been written before
I said that I'm the baddest brother in the land
I be the man M-E-T-H-O-D
Yes I am, Yes I am, here I am, never eat the ham
I like what, hit the girl from behind with my ill type rhyme
Got the style make you wanna like man combine
Connect four, coming through the [?] door
You know the style, the man he be the Meth Tical (Say what?)
Come on, Come on, Come on, Ghostface, hit me with a taste

Yo, I'ma set it with one shot, forget me not
Ghostface blows the spot, popping niggas like Ronnie Lott
But of course, Wu-Tang Clan made The Source in no time
Niggas got flipped and tossed off the single
Hittin' like a bell and I jingle
A fat rap dose of the Ghost is what I bring you
At last the Wu-Tang Clan got me gassed
Labelled as a outcast the beat got smashed
Back up, thoughts is mad buck with real ass
Like shorty hooded up in a church with two MACs
Thoughts react so fast, I'm so sick
So quick to jig a nigga up with an ice pick
I'm stranded facing your peeps, I be the one
Picture Ghostface in the sun, be on the run
Reject that, brothers wouldn't never expect that
Running up on the God Ghost, what's the catch?
My technique, the words I speak shoot your freak
I get deep like killing George Bush in his sleep
Untold, no one seen shit, no one heard jack
I'm overseas counting G's relaxed and laid back

Are you ready, to face the consequences and suffer?
I even take ya momma you ain't shit, motherfucker
Bring it, and let that killer bee kid sting it
And represent, it's like heads up a brick, when I swing it
Get lost, I break you off something
I'm pumping, like a Reebok, with a pump
From the jump and you was nothing
Bet you thought your freakin' clan had ya back but they was fronting
Smoking dirt blunts and fucking nasty sluts and
You just a naked gun without the bullet, what you busting?
Get your ship sunken, messing this drunken
Master disaster at any rap functions
Listen? Who said the Wu-Tang Clan? Was it you or your man?
You wanna point the finger, I'll bring ya
36 chambers, be out, you'se in danger
Let me pull your brain out your ass with a hanger
Didn't momma tell ya not to talk to a stranger?
Now ya got ya neck in the noose, of the strangler
Just recline, keep the Meth in mind

I'll even test a knuckle check on the hands of time

Nonchalantly, I roll up on the rap scene bluntly
And lamp like I'm knocking off keys collecting monthly
My nickel plated pattern of stacks rips the [?]
I build like I'm a stacking a log to make a cabin
Runnin' wild in Midtown, hit the ground quick
Mad bodies being lost and found
No one can stop me cause that's a sin, you know era
One thing, I bring the MC's, it be terror
Kick dirt on jerks and shit, I be the expert
Catch a hole in your shirt, John I do work
Ghostface maxing in the hall of fame place
Suicidal blends that kick like north lace
Surviving, crazy live when I flips a track
I hit a reverend in the head with a bat
And thew his head in a showcase, in a glass box with no case
Who did it? Ghostface!

Now the new style like Buckshot and my man King Just
I'ma come with the harmonized style
Here we go, here we go, here we go, here we go
Check it out, check it out!

I got 36 styles on my mind, on my mind
Keep it real, Shaolin represent one time
All my people are you with me, where you at?
All my killer bees on attack, where you at?
Throw your fuckin' hands in the air if you want 'em there
If got got your gats peel a cap for the new year
Bodies in motion, what's the commotion?
Wu-Tang Clan be attacking your emotion
Flowin' like the ocean blue, I be coming for your crew
Flying guillotines style with the name Meth Tical
Is it going, is it going, is it gone?
If I ain't on your record then the shit ain't really on
One man band from the Wu-Tang Clan
Ask who the man, god damn it be Method
Here I, here I am and the plan
Hey! (Hey!) What? What?
I gotta get it going on, yeah, down the stair
Hey! Hey! I swing funky raps routines and tap the jaws
Spot you 20 points that you still can't score
Nothing, because you ain't got no points in this game
Bitch you frontin', I'm home run hittin' you be buntin'
Fresh out the toilet and I got my shit together
When I'm good, I'm good, when bad, I'm better
You want it? Whatever, I be the stormy weather
Rain coming down so weatherproof your leather - Jacket, a nigga with an axe
couldn't hack it
I spark him like a match of a MAC
It's the Method, say it loud and the Method Man, clap your hands Now check it, see me in the mix rolling fat blunts and spliffs
Saw my physical, brother came through and got me lit
Niggas that I walk by and give me the eye
The moment is fuckin' me up, killin' me high
Nigga get back, you're pussy cat, fearsome
Basically that, I'm all that and them some
While I was out on tour going berserk
I heard you was at the sandbox and kicking dirt
All of my name but you can't pull my files
You don't know me and you don't know my style
Remember that hair like that, there yeah!

Even Grizzly Adams couldn't bare

Yo, I know a kid by the name of Jiganti
Jiganti's a Teflon Don with a diamante
Forest green with the seats looking crazy mean
On some more rough type shit to make C.R.E.A.M
A little this, a little that, a little bit of everything
Had a little beef with Fat Cat
But it was over, my man's Range Rover got iked
And his piece got raped like the same night
Though it took place standing on the block selling base
And covering grounds, so how that sound?
Within the midst of making C.R.E.A.M
Jiganti, born in Cuba while looking like Bruce Springsteen
He had papes and had mad shit
He had Clacks and Muggs sticking niggas like hot gritts
But Fat Man's van got iked, and saw heavy man
Riding the 190E with a metal pipe
And tried to bug on my man Muggs
But Muggs pulled out the 16 shot and threw two slugs
And now you read it in the New York Post
How a man got slain by an insane Co-Host
Jiganti's blowin' like a motherfucker
And Clacks got a Range Rover with a chauffeur
And yo, Shit got deep and all of that but yo black
Why did it have to go down like that?

Shit's gonna happen if niggas start actin'
Like they want problems
You want 'em? You got 'em
Rap contact, is writin' this exact-
Ly, the way it should, be, attack
Killer Beez on the swarm
Salaikum as-salaam, drops bombs like Qur'an
The ism helps to stimulate my pugilism
I bust rhymes like jism
Impregnate the rhythm with the wisdom
Decipher, the stee, I be hyper
I dwindle the style, that rekindle like old flames
Saliva, check the wicked flows I delyvah
Oops, I mean deliver like the Hudson River
Style came trite, trife like a thief in the night
I be that sneaky-ass nigga bustin' nuts in yo wife
Blasted, buggin' off Bacardi and acid
Flippin' on the mic like gymnastic
Tical!