

BOOM

Method Man

Boy, ain't no steppin' on my feet
When I'm shootin' for my goal, ain't no steppin' in the crease
I'm guessin' nobody told you I'm a legend in these streets
[?] stampin', no disrespectin', body check 'em when we meet
My [?] take their face off, my city never sleeps
Cross sticks on my uni, lookin' pretty with my cleats
Clash of the titans, y'all just fightin' to compete
With the hand that rocks the cradle like Paul Rabil the beast
I'm a gladiator, no denyin' I'm elite
Don't mean to step on your toes, but I ain't tryin' to see defe
at
If this a cold world I'ma keep applyin' the heat
With the testicular fortitude fortifyin' my fleet
I carry a big stick, I'm pickin' my shot
You think I'm tacky, I'm thinkin' "should I stick 'em or not?"
Call a tech, the ref trippin', it's fittin' to be hot
I'm a menace, too many minutes in the penalty box

We hit the bills like (Boom)
All day like (Boom)
All night like (Boom)
Every fight like (Boom)
Offense like (Boom)
Defense like (Boom)
All squad like (Boom)
We hittin' yard like (Boom)
What it sound like? (Boom)
(Boom, boom, boom)