

Do What Ya Feel

Method Man

[laughing] Yea

Follow... Juss do what ya feel and never follow
Never follow... Juss do what ya feel and never follow

Juss do what ya feel and never follow
Juss do what ya feel and never follow
Ha Ha Metical

Who wanna flip wit the acrobatic?
From Ground Zero all the way to attic
Well we be smokin Tical
The reservoir is now open
I swim the English Channel backstrokin
You don't know me or my style
We hold court and blow trial
You catch cal when you browse through my X-files
Who be next now?
Man's down, hands down
Hold ground by yo side when it go down
I dedicate this next dart to my fuckin heart
Little Meth pea the best pod
Now walk wit dat one, word, time time fo some action
Dreamin bout Toni Braxton
Blowin her back out like Bob Backlund
I'm throwin wrestling holds
Tag Team wit Funk Doc We in Funk mode
Take yo best shot
If it don't hip it don't hop
If it don't quit it don't stop
That's the life

I be the supalyrical individual
I be spittin though that Teflon material
To knock Big Ben off of schedule
Betta move wit a set of tools
I be doin it to mics when I'm a heterosexual
I load the mic then cock, drop it like 3 quarters when I slaughter
Don't get caught in the water
Cause the Bricks got its own World Order
Leave yo bitches shot like the third rail caught her
Style stay deeper than Orca
I float the seven seas with ease
Get more drugs than pharmacies
So call me that lyrical genevyz
You can't compare, get you steppin like stairs
Frats, sororities
Don't make me bring it on back, I fuck up the majority
Of niggaz lookin hard at me
I port them like authority
And when my nigga Meth shine, I be in the How High mobile
Rollin 3 dimes at a time

It's the Jersey representa
Get hit from the bottom to ya head when ya enta

[Meth] Word

Ha Funk Doc, break it down

Yo, suck my dick outta animosity
The velocity will fly dat head and freeze yo camps like pottery
then give labodomies to all you rap colonies
And shut yo million dollar investment to economy
And possibly might be the one in black leather
Name tag sayin "Caution when wet"
By the track wetter
The ass-spreader
I love the grimey shit even my girl did grimey shit to me
And I went back wit her
3 years for carryin a loaded handgun
but its forever wit a nigga
(ch-ch-blouw) and he lands one to yo cranium
That red dot on your forehead is not cause you're Arabian
(Watch what you say to him)
You caught up in a tight situation
I should start erasin your organization for makin, wack tunes
While my whole platoon rocks the basement
You couldn't come if I gave my bookin agent
Or producer
Royalty poise 12-shot loaded Luga
Even the crowd get you souped up
You still wack
I peel caps on the regular
Destroy emcees etcetra
Hooped like the Predator
Fuck you, your label, moms, and yo editor
Give you two to the jellular
Left you spreadin all on my shirt
The King of the Flirts, shittin
Bitches hit me off more than New Edition
(tw tw twee twee twee tw twee twee twee)
I make them pigs heart skip a beat from the steel fasique
So I alone (one me gun dun)
Get on the mic breakem off a shum shum

We moonshine and grow crops
Purchasin a handheld wit the sho-shot
It got me spittin
These slugs at my competition, in rap sessions
You ain't be got no weapons you live professin
Next in line
Parental discretion advised
These explicit, street linguistics
Betta than yo momma biscuits
We bombshellin
I might know but ain't tellin, too bad you missed it
Johnny, dangerously, Blaze
Anotha enemy made, anotha due paid
Color-safe bleach so I don't fade
Scar you mental wit my double-edged blade
Razor Sharp get yo bandaids
Hold that

Like E said get the Pozac
Show dem wack niggaz where da door's at
On the case like I'm Kojak
Kissin the grits on that floor bitch
Flip scripts, take loooong shits
Raider Ruckus, one
I come wit premeditated Red Rum
Gingivitis to yo filthy ass gums
Bottom line eitha get down or get done,
Muthafucka