

Even If

Method Man

Yo, c'mon!
Even if I died a thousand deaths
When I resurrect I'll still be Meth
The jams will still be def
I'm here, me and this mic-phone, we here
And ain't tryin' to hear nothin' cuz we had it up to here
(What?)
Lyrics have no dress code (yeah)
From KRS to Depeche Mode
Hit them so cool you cats cold
Had to jump off, it's about to jump off
My niggaz speak with they hands or the gun talk
Yo RZA, we got the Clan in the front and police at the door
Every exit is laced with C-4 about to blow
Life trial I'm passed out
MC's is like bitches in thongs - they assed out
But me, the M-E-T-H- the O-D
Just too real, I can't be touched and can't feel
The monotony in rap, take a picture of my nut sac
Carbon copy that and send your crew a fax
Motherfucker

Turn it up now, y'all done fucked up now
Spit flames (Five mics)
Peep game (On site)
Bring the pain (All night)
Off the chain (Damn right)

"It's the Method Man for short Mister Meth"
"Tical-lion"
"Hmmm"

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, c'mon!
Even if I died a thousand deaths
When I resurrect, through my first born, my name lives on
My words is like a third degree to young emcees
Buzzworthy on your MTV, the Killa Bees
John Jacob, straight up, break up, schemes and plots
Ace up my sleeve, bake up pies in pots
So this is what it's come to (Huh?)
Lickin' shots at them kids that used to punk you (Huh?)
Repetitious rap shit, don't get no air play ya mouth whip
And niggaz can't smoke wit' dry lips so chapped
Bite my shit, I'm like Kojack to get my flow back
In fo' flat, I track you down like a low jack
Spy verse spy, eye for an eye can I penalize the uncivilized
Make 'em civilized
You know right from wrong, so know I'm the bomb
Who don't beef for beats, see the tracks on my arm
Motherfucker

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, c'mon!

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