

Freestyle

Method Man

Microphone coming down when I have to tweak ya
(Break ya) ass, blow your ass one time, peace ta
Dj Twiz, I will leave your ass blind
Cause the ruckus for all you muthafukas
Don't you know me and Method Man jam like smuckers
All you fools out there wanna test these theives
You better come down wit the buddah bless then freeze
And gimme all your loot and your weed muthafuka
You just a cheesy ass sleeve of the grass, blow your ass
Fill the blast from the past when I smoke the hash
It's that Funk Doctor Spock, got it lock
Methtical, get on the mic right now

My rap guns be blazing, trails, I'm hard as nails
Society's the cage, got me locked down in hell
My mental the track from the shadows of rap
Casualties cuz my reality is strapped
Criminology pays, the sun got the rays
Wit the heat seeking missiles, AKA Johnny Blaze, Ow
Hurt so good, Ow, take it to the Ow, Methtical
Bring it to your headpiece, no Ow
What you wanna do, shit, niggaz be like
That's the shit, that make you wanna get high
Now open that high shit, I be choking
What's that shit that they be smoking, Tical

Yea, word up, 1996 in your ass, in your ass, Funkmaster Flex
Funkmaster Flex, complilation freestyle album, freestyle in your ass
In your ass, in your ass, nigga, anybody out there wanna bring it
Bring it, bring it on, bring it on

We got lyrics for years for all you fuking peers
Now you think muthafukas grate to you ears
That's the freestyle, proclaim your name
Who's that nigga smoking Buddah on the A train

It's the Funk Doctor Spock, rock the spot, word up
Coming through, got the glock to your headpiece, what
Release, what, tension, when I mention
Niggaz gave no competition to this shit we got here
The real shit, terror to your ear, feel the fear
Coming down, now up the atmosphere, what we doing
Up your spine, move the back, recline
Say some shit that make you wanna get high

Word up, how high muthafuka, 1996, peace
Def Squad and Wu-Tang up in this bitch, yea, 1996 shootout