

Live from the Meth Lab

Method Man

(One) Shot where his chest at (Baow)
(Ones) One, it's the Meth Lab (Baow)
(Ones) Matter fact, scratch that
We the one, one, one, one, one

(Yeah, look)
Pay me the homage these rappers couldn't afford
I'll never make a promise your mama couldn't abort
See, I'm a big deal, I mean I'm kind of a boss
You can find right on that line you was trying to cross
The kid cooking, got rappers shooked, of course
How he get so good at cooking, ain't never took him a course?
Central booking before I took him to court
Man one, make sure he done 'fore I put in the fork, bong
Y'all don't get it, don't see I'm getting the drop
Now anybody getting it, go from get it to got
I get it started, you'll never get it to stop
Like them inside jokes, you can either get it or not
I get it hot, but y'all been gettin' me cold
Right now I'm passwords, y'all forgetting the code
And so another rapper waiting to roll
Down that highway to Heaven and Jesus paying the toll

(One) Shot where his chest at (Baow)
(Ones) One, it's the Meth Lab (Baow)
(Ones) Matter fact, scratch that
We the one, one, one, one, one (Let's go, Doc, {yo})

I was home and my phone ring, they said Method Man need a verse
For my Gs, I put Dapper Dan on a shirt
Fiends be fighting like hockey fans on a first
Perico flow, Saran Wrap for the work
Check credential, pen game Ginsu
My girl name Nine Nina, she on her menstrual
These young niggas, old niggas, they don't wanna beef
They say they in the street, but their block don't agree
I'm number one, no cap, big facts
Hey DJ, this blue magic on your slip mats
I got hitters, maybe one out of Staten Island
Walk in my shoes? Like tryna do the crate challenge (Get 'em)
KRS-One and me and Meth
Roll on the set with the status, like BMF
Without money, you can't control your honey
If you a jack boy, better run from me, I got it
I was a product of my environment
Now the product I put out built stacks for my retirement (Yes, sir)
I talk dirty like the south where my mother from
I ain't number three or number two, nigga, I'm number one (Ayy)

(One) Shot where his chest at (Baow)
(Ones) One, it's the Meth Lab (Baow)
(Ones) Matter fact, scratch that
We the one, one, one, one, one
(One) Shot where his chest at (Baow, we get the)
(Ones) One, it's the Meth Lab (Baow, woo)
(Ones) Matter fact, scratch that
We the one, one, one, one, one (KRS-One)

We the ones in the Meth lab, a sellout gonna do what?
Machete over they whole crew head, that's a crew cut
You never heard how we used to suit up, bring the brute up
And how these rappers you thought was dope, they got chewed up
Who's up to get bruised up? You gonna choose what?
You can see what's going on, man, you fake, you fucked
Gun under the sellout's chin, his man threw up
'Cause when the gat went bang, the traitor's head blew up
I be saying straight to they face, to traitor, you suck
Corporate pimps are selling you and your man like two sluts
In L.A. they say, "KRS-One, you nuts"
'Cause I bum rush the show with new flavor and new Chucks
I run amok on these fucks, knife in they gut
My tongue sharp, amateurs ain't liking these cuts
These mics, I'm lighting them up, I'm not what you used to
I teach in China now, so my rhymes'll fry your noodle
I'm on a search like Google to find what's useful
I'm the guru in the Meth Lab bringing the fire to you
Fake rappers are the same, like Amazon Prime and Hulu
Talking gaga, goo-goo, it can drive you cuckoo
But I'm the revolutionary, you can't air me
I'm too scary, my roots are Malcolm X like Alex Haley
You know what I'm about, no doubt
Yo, Johnny Blaze, good looking out, I'm out