

N 2 Gether Now

Method Man

Dj....Premier...

Uh uh uh
Who could be the boss?
Look up to the cross
Stranded in the land of the lost
Standin up I'm sideways
I'm blazin up the path
on and on the highways of rap
Choked up by the smoke in the charcoal
Lava stamps and brands me like a bar code
I'm bashin all the media strikes
To keep the media dikes
As reinforcements for the fight
And that alone
Will keep John Gotti on the phone (haa haa)
I'm tangled in the zone
I got the bees on the track
Where the fuck you at? (Tical!)
Let me hear you pigeons run ya mouth now
(Shut the fuck up!)
I'm pluggin in them social skills
That keep my total bills
Above a million
Last time I checked it
Thank God I'm blessed with a mind that'll wreck it
Wait until the second round and knock em out

They call me Big John Stud
My middle name Mud
Dirty water flow
Too much for you thug
And can't stand the flood
What up Doc? Hold big gun like Elmer Fudd
The sureshot
Mr. Meth I'm unplugged (learn)
Temperatures too hot for sunblock (burn)
Playin wit minds
will get you state time
Locked behind 12 bars from a great mine
Killa bees in the club
Wit his ladybug
Brought a sword to the dance floor
To cut a rug
Love is love all day
Till they throw slugs
And take another life in cold blood
Can't feel me til its your blood
Murder rates tremendous
Crime is endless
Same shit different day
Father forgive us
They know not what they do
All praise is due
Im big like easy

And big bamboo

Whats that, I didn't hear you
(Shut the fuck up)
Come on, a little louder
(Shut the fuck up)
Everybody in together now
(Shut the fuck up)
What huh
(Just shut the fuck up shut the fuck up)

Head strong dead calm ??
Dead weight to dead wrong
Lets get it on
Twelve rounds
I'll throw down
Wu whole crown
Protect land wit 4 pound
Limp Bizkit
Get around like merry-go
Bust a scenario
Comin through your stereo
Why risk it
Lifestyles of the prolific and gifted
8 essential vitamins and minerals delicious
Word on the street is
They bit my thesis
Knocked out they front teefer
Tryin to taste mine
Actin like they heard it through the grapevine
Dope fiendin for the bassline 2 for 5 rhyme
Pharmaceuticals
hard as nails to the cuticles
Where you find that monster she beautiful
Wu Tang and Limp Bizkit roll on the set
Kick a hole in the speaker pull the plug and inject

Mic check
So whats it all about? (bout)
And where we gonna run? (run)
Maybe we can meet up on the sun
Discretion is advised
For the blood emergin eyes
We limpin on the track with the Method
So get the sunblock (sunblock)
You gettin one shot (haa)
Until you dissolve
I revolve
Around everything you got
From outta nowhere
Prepare
You be blinded by the glare
I told you not to stare
Now you're turned into stone
Without a microphone
But don't you forget you're in a zone
(So shut the fuck up)
And take that shit back
Cuz all your shits wack
(Doo doo is doo doo)

When its weighed out like that
Burnin up your brain like a piston
So all those that didn't listen
Now they even knew what they were missin
And now they even knew the sky was fallin
Down
Wu Tang Clan for the crown

It was over your head
All day and every day
S I N Y 10304
Wu Tang Killa Bees
And the Limp B-I-Z-K-I-T
Y'all know the time
Y'all know the rhyme
It ain't easy bein greazy in a world full of cleanliness
And, you know, all that other madness
We gone Peace

Limp Bizkit
Method Man
Rock the house y'all
Bring it on