

N.Y.C. Everything

Method Man

Yo, yo, yo
From the heart of Medina to the head of Fort Greene
Now-Y-C/Now I see Everything
Niggas who sling, Shaolin cats throw inside a bing
Bobby Digital got the golden seal sting
Rhyme star, I write a hundred thousand dollar bar
My pinstripe comma deletes your power bar
Dr. Octopus tentacles, same as different song
Bob Digital instrumental, nothing's indentitcal
You biter, non-writer, Mr. Potato Head or Ida
Deep-fried crinkle cut, one nickel cup fucked your whole LP up
You must be stupid you liar
I'm the purifier, live wire, hip-hop revival
A suicide mission you're committin, go against the Wu-Tang henchmen
Perfect precision marksman, spit darts an, flip charts 'an
Archery, shots aimed at your heart then
Daffy Duckest will still +Bring Da Motherfuckin Ruckus+
Project Killa Hill be the buckest
Smoke blunts drink Bud Light beer wit Buzz Lightyear
Wet from here to infinity for them white hair
Bobby Digital, overthrow your whole citadel
Mista pitiful, your whole shrap stack is dispicable
Undernourished, your shit cannot flourish
Cherish every moment of his love before you perish
Bitch, chicka chicka chich, watch me switch
Lookin for a bird, I can hitch, into your atmosphere
Take your pussy out like a pap smear
Make you smile, at the same time crack a tear
Smack ya rear, vagina saliva, Trojan wear, rough rider
Up inside ya, dick applehead, opens up your clit wider
Taste the apple cider, you become strong, then become a ?prider?
(Bobby Bobby Bobby, Digi Digi Digi)
Stuck to your ass like a Victoria's Secret wedgie
Heart of Medina to the head of Fort Greene
Now-Y-C/Now I see Everything
Niggas who sling, Shaolin cats thrown inside the bing
Bobby Digital got the killa bee sting
From the heart of Medina to the head of Fort Green
Now-Y-C Everything, niggas who sling
Shaolin cats is thrown inside the bing
Bobby Digital got the killa bee sting

Drink a Heineken, as we go inside the mind again
Nevermindin men droppin gem, can he shine again
Most definat, let this be my last willing testament
For the pesimist, exercise for the Exorcist
Johnny Treacherous, like Three, I'm supposed to be
Perpetuous, desimate the poetry cuz everything is close to me
The lectorous, Jonathon, king of the seven seas, battle wit Leviathon
The Methodist, poly to your deficit, hit it up
If I can't live it up somebody gotta give it up
John J., blow em out the water adopt the Bombay
Your bitch look like Stronjay, look at me the wrong way
Burn one and sautee, bringin you different ways to sword play
They bustin Bullets Over Broadway, Deep Cover
I'm like Larry when the Fish-burn, I burn rubber

Cuz I'm not an easy lover
To the midnight, butt naked wit a knife
Ask my alien likes, I've been crazy all my life
Hardtime homicide, time flys, do or die
Crooked ass and crooked eye, scripture from the darkside
Johnny 5, I reside, in the killa bee hive,
only the strong gon' survive
From the depths of the killa to the top, we're now born
Wildin on Staten Island be the poet John John
Can't forget Bobby, if I did I'd feel gyp
Like my sandwich ain't a sandwich without Miracle Whip
From the depths of the killa to the top, we're now born
Wildin on Staten Island be the poet John John
Can't forget Digi, if I did I'd feel gyp
Like my sandwich ain't a sandwich without Miracle Whip