

## Say

Method Man

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah (Yeah)  
Yeah yeah (Yo)

Damn, I hate it when it rain  
Ever since I came in the game  
Some hated on the fame  
A lot of niggas done changed  
And started actin' strange  
Even labels turning they backs  
And started backing lames  
Radio is the same, whole lotta speculatin'  
These mutherfuckas defacatin' on the name  
Wu-Tang, if this is where the hip-hop is  
Radio lyin' then, that ain't where hip-hop live  
It lives in the streets, we eat to live they livin' to eat  
I'm fed up, that nigga rides in 'em, givin' 'em sleep  
R.I.P., make me the king of all I see  
And when death call I'm good I got call ID  
See it was planned in the front, now they just gon' front  
Like my joints is on proactive, and they just don't bump  
Then niggas gon' say I lost my skill  
when in fact they all been programmed  
And lost they feel, fo' real

R: They've got so much things to say right now  
They've got so much things to say  
They've got so much things to say right now (Yeah)  
They got so much things to say (Yo)

Damn, another artist chokes again  
They ain't cut as close as him or even broke the skin  
See how niggas ain't yo friends, when there ain't no ends  
Don't care who the case offend, don't underrate my pen  
I got what it takes to win, while ya'll are thinking I'm trash  
Loving the taste of success and this drink in my glass  
Watch 'em cosign that whack shit, give it a pass till it's gone  
Quicker than Red, can't get rid of them clubs  
When they're wrong, call the cops, they credibility's shot  
It's time to learn, what hot really is and really is not  
Off brain niggas, Meth gonna let 'em know off top  
Don't get smacked on dvds, trying to show off blocks  
I can't stop cause my enemies plot, or cause the cops want me  
Shackled and locked inside the penalty box  
And while they waitin' for my shit to flop  
They gettin' pimped like hoes  
Sellin' they ass just to get my spot, come on man

R:

Ask Miss Hill, half these critics ain't got half this skill  
Often so hungry that they have to steal  
If I didn't have my deal, and didn't have this mass appeal  
Then I'm back up in that trap, swingin' crack it's real  
And that ain't worth the time, so search and find a new nerve  
And here's three words: stop working mine

It take a lot more to hurt my pride  
Jerk my vibe more than media lies, cry when dirt dog die nigga  
The last album wasn't feeling my style  
This time my foot up in they ass but they feelin' me now  
Cause Tical, he put his heart in every track he do  
But somehow yall find someway to give a whack review  
It ain't all good, they writin' that I'm Hollywood  
Tryin' to tell you my shit ain't ghetto and they hardly hood  
Come on man, until you dudes can write some rhymes  
Keep that in mind when you find yourself reciting mines

R: