

Switch Sides

Method Man

It's 'Kiss
You know who I'm with; Tical
Hahaaaaa

First off, smack the teeth out a rapper mouth
The beef brawl, I'm 3D right in front your house
The silent killer, I'm Mike Myers; the knife is out
You panicking, all the doors locked and you can't get out
Skinny assassin, load mics just to blast him
Then I'm ashing over the open casket; laughing
Brothers capping, they can't bang with mine
Cocaine in your nose if you sniffing my lines
6'1 but the ego 20 feet, hopping out the Jeep
Gold links swinging like B. A. from A-Team
Burned off the goop, my eyes ready to spray beans
Brodie left your man top greasy, he ain't spray Sheen
My words sharp, I make em come across you
Last rapper wanted a piece got done awful
Always got food for thought, here's a fork-full
Slap anyone who say that P ain't for you

Praying on my downfall (Praying on my)
Moving like an outlaw (Moving like a)
They switch sides like it's southpaw (The switch sides, which side?)
I can't be around y'all (I can't be around y'all niggas)
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I ain't playing with you, I'm letting the thang hit you (Boom)
I don't give a fuck about all them niggas that came with you (Uh)
You tryna get some money? I'm having the same issue (Yup)
I see why they call you 'Fuckboy', the name fit you (Hehe)
I do what I want, you do what they allow you (Mmmm)
You ain't got no style, that's why they gotta style you (Haha)
And I keep it real, shit I don't know how to (Nah)
Nice watch, no ice though, keep the value (Whoo)
Higher than them all, that's just how a nigga be
Writing's on the wall, it's just in calligraphy (Mmmm)
Talking 'bout the best, you'd better consider me (Right)
Fuck around, bust a brain cell tryna figure me
Out

Don't get yourself popped tryna trigger me
Bop you in your head, this where the buck stop; literally
Buck shots, what the blood clot? Watch the pickney
If he flees stop him with a leg shot, pick a knee
Chest shot to make your chess move, Bobby Fisher me
Get assassinated, tryna run? Bobby Kennedy
Keep that same energy, poison in my pen
What's the penalty? My life behind these bars, ain't no clemency
Don't even know the charge
Just like an oxymoron, you don't even know the odds
How I'm gritty with the bars and still pretty like DeBarge
Still holding down my city like I'm Diddy on bed
Tig ol' bitties in her bra

It's Wu Block, big momma busting out her tube top
Homie is a clown, he get the tube sock
Or he can around, shout to Tupac
Sucker free; I'm everything that you not and I'm taking everything that you
got

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