

The Drummer

Method Man

I don't want the horns, blowing..
I don't want the strings to play a melody...
(yeah, it's hip hop, it's hip hop
The mic needs to be a little bit more crystal)
I don't want to hear the good time is coming..
Don't want to hear the voices in back of me...
(youknowwhatI'msaying? Cuz I'm bout to go in)
I'm not gonna hear it! I don't want the drummer..

Awwwww, Meth Tical, yo, you stepped on my corns and shit
Got the charm lit, bomb wrist, what type of arm is this?
I seen you at the Grammy's with a triple Bar Mitz'
Can I kick it? (Hell no!)
That's why she got hair in her elbows and she real slow
And uh, every two weeks she gotta see her P.O
She's a disgrace to signs, she fuck it up for Leos
Method Man (Toney Starks) the most important M.C. in the whole wide world
Is you and you hardly even know it, know it, know it..

Watch me shock the world, move the masses like a landslide
It's a lyrical stickup, everybody's (hands high)
See the bigger, picture, I'm out for the grand prize
I'm not a role player, señor, I'm the franchise

Aiyo, with Trife sweatin', every bullet is life threatenin'
And you could get a chest full of slugs in a slight second
Yo, my nine milli' pistol's really official
So you can Analyze That like DeNiro and Billy Crystal

Aiyo, it's Ghost with the sky blue kufi, smashin' groupies
Leavin' them fiend out, like New Jack's Pookie
Every line is like ninety nine dimes
Shrine Auditorium rap, aquarium's in my wall in the back

Now that you know my name, niggas know my game
If you feel me, then you know my pain
I seen you rap dudes done stole my slang, tryna hold my fame
Ain't even strong enough to hold my thang
Wanna flow, fuck with me though, baby, I'mma tryna see dough
My squad got them caught in the yard screamin' for C.O
Every time we blow, it raise the prize on the padrico
Ya'll niggas shoot your guns like Shaq shootin' a free throw

Spark the fluid, hop out and park the Buick
I got fiends blowin' C.R.E.A.M. like Martha Stewart
We on that up north jail shit, harder than steel chips
Ya'll niggas better bail quick, before you inhale clips

Ya'll better get low, before I let the Tec blow
Streetlife, I'mma tryna get more dollars than Creflo
The whole hood echoes, every time my nine let go
Get out of line or steal your life like a klepto

When Biggie died, they came out with Biggie fries
Big biscuits got me over, in the streets wide
Prada gloves, layin' for thugs, prayin'
Drop a bronco buster, G-37 on the rap patient

I'mma be the shit this summer in that H2 Hummer now
Mami gotta Goya bean ass ay caramba, now
Eh boy el loco, oh no, I ain't Yoko
My hoes, I keep 'em lookin' good, right, but no dough

I don't want no horns blowing..
I don't want the.. I don't want the drummer..
I don't want the.. I don't want the drummer..