

# Uh Huh

## Method Man

"Bus driver, this here gal refused to give me her seat!"

Everybody... huh, yeah  
Yeah, uh, uh, uh, now, uh, yeah, yo

What up my people equal?, this be Tical: The Prequel  
Shine up the desert eagle, light up that extra lethal  
I mean that "ooh wee", three years and two g's  
I'm back with new trees, I wrapped in loose leafs  
While y'all was just rappin', who get the set crackin'?  
Just like a neck snappin', let's get this next platinum  
What's happ'n Def Jam? Remember Meth Man?  
I held your hand through them years when y'all was stressed, fam  
That's why I still love you and Russell still hustle  
Let's get to pumpin' iron, and flex some real muscle  
Up in this bitch due, my click is Rick Rude  
And I ain't got the ivory, this ain't the flick, dude  
Somebody told me, y'all can't hold me  
Naughty By Nature, do my dirt all by my lonely  
You need back off bitch, you don't know me  
Got to leave these hoes alone, they too nosey

Meth is killin', M.C. killin'  
What more can I say, stop grillin'  
That's what niggas get for actin' Hollywood  
And since y'all understood... would you?  
Would you? Would you? Would you?  
Uh huh, that dollar day, that dollar dollar day, ey  
That dollar day, that dollar dollar day, ey

OK, the love issue, don't let that love get you  
My brothers love pistol, doin' they thug dizzle  
Bet y'all ain't know, did you? That I'm a pro, did you?  
Until the flow hit you, fuck it, I'm official  
Bone wit more gristle, thrown from chrome nickel  
Place that don't tickle, can't wait to zone wit you  
I'm hard as stone chisel, Meth got his own little  
Formula to go triple for shizzle  
Y'all know my occupation, I'm puttin' in the work  
So any imitation, I'm puttin' in the dirt  
That shit is aggravatin', why y'all procrastinatin'  
I got some massive waitin', and she probably masturbatin'  
Welcome to New Yitty, where half is two fifty  
If I got a problem, then that's one problem too many  
So don't tempt me, I'll bust until I'm empty  
Swiftly, that way, I get the chance to take you with me, motherfucker!

Meth is killin', M.C. killin'  
What more can I say, stop grillin'  
That's what niggas get for actin' Hollywood  
And since y'all understood... would you?  
Would you? Would you? Would you?  
Uh huh, that dollar day, that dollar dollar day, ey  
That dollar day, that dollar dollar day, ey

Yo, I got style, H rap round, back up and back down  
Act up, we back clown, last up to bat now

It's me Ticallion, swing like Barry Bonds  
Mommy got a ratty thong, happy cuz daddy gone  
Turn it up it a little bit, a notch, and it'll get  
Cook it once the griddle gets so hot, good lookin' kid  
OK, now where was I? Prepared, was I  
Your man broke his jaw tryin' to say what I  
Say on this mic, not a day in your life, could ya  
Say I ain't nice, could ya? If I ain't nice, would ya?  
Get off my dick and tell your bitch to come her, she stuntin'  
Can hear me "cummin'" like my dick's in her ear or somethin'  
I put that on my momma, she put that on her kids  
He put that chrome on your dome and blowed ya fuckin' wig  
That's how it is, ask Bobby Dig'  
We back on your block, with 'nuff shots to give, motherfucker!

Meth is killin', M.C. killin'  
What more can I say, stop grillin'  
That's what niggas get for actin' Hollywood  
And since y'all understood... would you?  
Would you? Would you? Would you?  
Uh huh, that dollar day, that dollar dollar day, ey  
That dollar day, that dollar dollar day, ey  
Meth is killin', M.C. killin'  
What more can I say, stop grillin'  
That's what niggas get for actin' Hollywood  
And since y'all understood... would you?  
Would you? Would you? Would you?  
Uh huh, that dollar day, that dollar dollar day, ey  
That dollar day, that dollar dollar day, ey