

Wild Cats

Method Man

We in the lab smokin' that good-good
Doin' everything hood-hood
Hey, man, let me get some weed, nigga
Like we should-should
Wooooo
Arrh-arrh-arrh-arhh
I don't think they ready for this
Wild cats
Boom boom
Meth Lab, second season
This how you make a song nigga
Ay, ay

Key to my city, my G is tricky, my tree is sticky
Stairway is pissy, the crown they give me don't even fit me
King me, it's risky, if jiggy get me, I plead the fiffy
They'll never snitch me, judge'll convict me, so just acquit me
The buzz against, I'm butter-slippery, they think I'm shifty
Zero to sixty, it's just a quicky, you blink, you miss me
I'm just a fishy, got my bread and my chedda crispy
My queen prissy, I kill her dead if she ever quit me
These hoes only look good when tipsy, they said I'm picky, that's perfect
You done scratched the surface, go 'head and sniff me
I'm pushin' fifty
Can't find your woman? She pushin' with' me
Was pushin' [?], the family business was pushin' [?]
That pusher in me, I did it gritty, no pretty in me
I'm pretty trendy, I had to spend me a pretty penny
One outta many, last to fend me, too many envy
Don't gimmie-gimmie
I do it dirty, no Shimmy Shimmy

It's Hanz-arello but you can 'em Shameek from Belly
Method giselle, we comin' out, we gon' catch a felly
About the jelly, the P-L-O what we call the deli
The Lab we smelly, could smell it all in your Pelle Pelle
Barq or Cola like refrigerators but ain't no Perry
Careful fuckin' with regulators across the ferry
It's necessary, I gotta bury my adversary
These niggas scary, we commandeered his commissary
This shit is manly, a little somethin', so don't get weary
Well kept from Missouri, I be your judge and jury
I love [?], you get it poppin', you'll feel the fury
We tellin' Siri to call the pigs to come get near me
Hit a killer to be a killer but ain't no skelly
Pissin' on 'em, we shittin' on 'em, but no R. Kelly
Speakin' country to Country, Grammar, but ain't no Nelly'
Once Upon A from Shaolin with' no Shkreli

Yeow, We them wild cats
You don't want that dope, we keep slangin' 'til it's right on your Coach, co
me on
Where the bricks Staten Isle at?
I got 'em right in my scope, leave 'em dead 'til I turn 'em ghosts, you know
?
Yeow, we them wild cats
You don't want that smoke, we ain't rich, so we goin' for broke, nigga

Where the bricks Staten Isle at?
We fittin' to go at they throats
You must be a kiddin' tryna go with the G.O.A.T.S
Come on

Yo, when I ain't sober, I'm bitchpolar, invite me over
Doc be dumpin' his ashes in your baby stroller
When I was young I ate paint, lead, we called it waters
Now Red red linin' the Range Rover motor
I smoke west of the border, your bud outta order
I go apeshit, I'm a season with a little [?]
Tell your boss I'm the opposite of a Trump voter
Yo dude, this wild cat not from Villanova
I'm in the cut, like a buck fifty, I Tony Toka
Your side piece, I'ma poke her and adios her
My hood house on the block, we real estate brokers
We make it sound like Forth of July in October
The bricks Tommy Motolla, yeah, I'm a high-roller
I write the crack that'll bring back Lamar Odom
That girl got good brains, I know she got diplomas
She fuckin' with a Goodfella, Ray Liota

I'm kind of a big deal, I'm from the Killing Hill
You shackin a fool, barbeque chicken on the grill
I'm not your run of the mill, so play your peep skills
I hope your girl's on the pill 'cause she's a cheap thrill
We shoot to kill, blood spill for that dollar bill
Your body parts'll be landfilled in Potter's Field
You ain't really real, you bust when pressure build
Like steel water in pipes when the winter chill
My louieville slugger, I call it Lucille
See Lucy Lou, you like Kill Bill, the kid's I'll
The doc fillet 'em like [?], you see his last meal
Your brains spill on your duck bill when caps peeled
Might rupture my Achille heel chasin' this hunnid mills
Streetlife, I'm hard to kill, call me the Man of Steel
Real recognize real, I got mass appeal
You mass and kill, you all ass like Tip Drill

Yeow, We them wild cats
You don't want that dope, we keep slangin' 'til it's right on your Coach, co
me on
Where the bricks Staten Isle at?
I got 'em right in my scope, leave 'em dead 'til I turn 'em ghosts, you know
?
Yeow, we them wild cats
You don't want that smoke, we ain't rich, so we goin' for broke, nigga
Where the Bricks & Staten Isle at?
We fittin' to go at they throats
You must be a kiddin' tryna go with the G.O.A.T.S
Come on