

# Method Man

## Wu-Tang Clan

From the slums of Shaolin, Wu-Tang Clan strikes again  
The RZA, the GZA, Ol Dirty Bastard, Inspectah Deck, Raekwon the ChefU-God, Ghost Face  
Killer and the Method Man

M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN

M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN

M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN Hey, you, get off my cloud

You don't know me and you don't know my style

Who be gettin flam when they come to a jam?

Here I am here I am, the Method Man

Patty cake patty cake hey the method man

Don't eat Skippy, Jif or Peter Pan

Peanut butter, cuz I'm not butter

In fact I snap back like a rubber

band, I be Sam Sam I am

And I dont eat green eggs and ham

Style will hit ya, wham!, then goddamn

You be like oh shit that's the jam

Turn it up now hear me get buckwu-wu-wild

I'm about to blow light me up

Upside downside inside and outside

Hittin you from every angle there's no doubt

I am, the one and only Method Man

The master of the plan wrappin shit like Saran

Wrap, with some of this and some of that

Hold up (what?) I tawt I tat I putty tat

Over there, but I think he best to beware

Of the diggy dog shit right here

Yippy yippy yay yippy yah yippy yo

Like Deck said this aint your average flow

Comin like rah ooh ah achie kah

Tell me how ya like it so far baby paw

The poetry's in motion coast to coast and

Rub it on your skin like lotion

What's the commotion, oh my lord

Another corn chopped by the Wu-Tang sword

Hey hey hey like Fat Albert

It's the Method Man ain't no if ands about it

It's the Method

All right, y'all get ya White Owls, get ya meth, get ya skins

Don't forget your fourty

And we gonna do it like this I got, fat bags of skunk

I got, White Owl blunts

And I'm about to go get lifted  
 Yes I'm about to go get lifted I got, myself a forty  
 I got, myself a shorty  
 And I'm about to go and stick it  
 Yes I'm about to go and stick it  
 Uhh  
 H-U-F-F huff and I puff  
 Blow like snow when the cold wind's blowin  
 Zoom, I hit the mic like boom  
 Wrote a song about it like to hear it here it goes  
 Question what exactly is a panty raider  
 Ill behaviour savior or major flavor  
 All of the above oh yeah plus I do so  
 Also flam I'm the man call me super  
 Not an average Joe with an average flow  
 Doing average things with average hoes  
 Yo I'm super I'll make a bitch squirm  
 For my, Su-per Sperm (check it)  
 Check it I give it to ya raw butt naked  
 I smell sess pass the Method  
 Let's get lifted as I kick ballistics  
 Missles and shoot game like a pistol  
 Clip is loaded when I click bang dang  
 A Wu-Tang slug hits your brain  
 J-U-M-P jump and I thump  
 Make girls rumps like pump and Humpty Hump  
 Wow, the Shaolin style is all in me  
 Child, the whole damn isle is callin me  
 P-A-N-T-Y-R-A-I-D-E-R mad raw I don't cry  
 Meaning no one can burn or toss and turn me  
 Ooh I be the super sperm  
 Chim chimmeny chim chim cherie  
 Freak a flow and flow fancy free  
 Now how many licks does it take  
 For me to hit the Tootsie Roll center of a break  
 Peep and don't sleep the crews mad deep Wu-Tang  
 Fadin motherfuckers like bleach  
 So to each and every crew  
 You're clear like glass I can see right through  
 You're whole damn posse be catchin em all cause you vic'd  
 and ya didnt have friends to begin with  
 I'm M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN  
 M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN  
 M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN  
 M-E-T, H-O-D, MAN Here I am, here I am, the Method Man  
 Straight from the slums of Shaolin  
 Wu-Tang Killa B'z on a swarm

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>

