

# Is It Me

## Method Man

[Intro: Method Man]

Uh... yeah, y'all, guess whose back?

Heh... cauli' flavored, momma crack

Yeah... yeah... Scott Storch (Return of the great)

Mr. M-E-F (aww shit) know what I said

Black people don't use the T-H, yo (got it fucked up now)

Yo, yo...[Method Man]

Guess who back though, crack dough, yes, eyes is hat low

Stash 'dro, pimp on the side, you know how that go

Rap flow, major, taste the flavor, all natural high

Y'all gotta love it when the track go (track go)

Ask Def Jam what's hot, three letters, M-E-F Man

Been stopped, that's off top, young, fresh to death

And you're not, no matter what the job, I'm the best man

Rap C.E.O. minus the yes-man (yes-man)

I know that's right, so act right, Staten on the map

Like fuck y'all, get stuck, y'all and have a bad night

As I brush off my shoulder, that's right

My nigga Scott Storch keep bringing it back like (back like)

Oh boy, dig it, I talk about it and I live it

Been there, did it, shitted and wiped my ass with it

These critics saw the train for brains and must of missed it

If they ain't got the shit, they'll never get it (never get it)

[Chorus: Method Man]

Is it me, or is it these, niggaz in it for cheese

Is it me, all my enemies, hating on Killa Beez

Is it me, or is it me, that ain't feeling M.C.'s

With the top down, wheeling the v, feeling the breeze

Is it me, or is it these, niggaz spitting the same

Is it me, all my enemies, throwing shit in the game

Is it me, or the industry that really got to change

Once again, it's Wu-Tang, in case y'all forgot the name[Method Man]

I spit germ, early bird gets worm, now

Now that it's his turn, clowns don't get turns, now

Fuck with a chick perm, when she get hot, you get burned

You see I'm not kidding, knowing these kids learn (kids learn)

And and I'm that dude, ahh-choo, and allerging to wake jewels

Blast if I have to, and y'all don't give me no hassle

Who rep Rotten Apple to death and get natural

Make hard beats pound like the track do (track do)

If you ask me, this raspy voice nigga is nasty

Khaki's hanging off of his ass, eyes is glassy

That's fucked, that's us, niggaz know where to catch me  
At 1-800 GET-AT-ME, (get at me)  
My, flow's, no holds barred, Holy Jahad  
It's the head nigga in charge, Meth, back on the job  
Like back in the days, back when, the game was hard  
And when they reminiscenced over Wu, my God  
[Chorus][Method Man]  
Until these rap niggaz stepped up, checked up, man this game is messed up  
Next up, you know what it is, don't get it f'd up  
Meth, what? F.Y.I., you need a heads up  
And I don't mean to beat you in the head, but (head, but)  
When you spit that, forget that, I eat these niggaz food  
And the shit wrapped, where Cliff at? Tell 'em Mr. Meth got his shit back  
The gift back, sign, sealed, delivered and gift wrapped  
And when you hear that click-click (click-click)  
That's real talk, some niggaz will talk to the cops  
Get killed off, man how did you get caught with all the rocks  
And still walk, no matter what you mix with a pig  
You still pork, and money is still forced (still forced)  
Yeah, that was right on cue, new and improved  
All these dudes try'nna walk in my shoes, doing my moves  
But that's cool, cause I'ma make it do what it do  
With this W, like I can I get a "suu" motherfuckers?[Chorus][Outro: Method Man]  
W-T-R-B...  
Wu-Tang Radio, Bitch...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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