

Release Yo' Delf

Method Man

When I first stepped on the scene, niggaz was petrified
Jet back to the lab like they were bein' chased by Homicide
My rap flow does you like Tical an' it will never steer you wrong
And all you bitch ass niggaz in the industry
Your careers won't be lastin' long
When I first stepped on the scene, niggaz was petrified
Jet back to the lab like they were bein' chased by Homicide
My rap flow does you like Tical an' it will never steer you wrong
An' all you bitch ass niggaz in the industry
Your careers won't be lastin' long
Check it, I'm the fuckin' man who they mention
Notice, that other niggaz rap styles is bogus
Doo doo, prepare for this verse Tical voodoo
Blazin', the stuff that ignites stimulation
Inside ya, 'cuz I be that house over water
Forgot in the realm that be deep as the Poseidon Adventure
Niggaz need to touch they freakin' picture
For the sickness, that be spreadin' with the quickness
Remedies, cousin, I be doin' on my
enemies
Penalty, then I drink forties to they memories
Emotion, rushin' through your down street vicinity
Blunt smoke in the air reveals my identity
Tical, Tical, Tical, Tical
As I keep it movin', we keep
it movin', uh
Keep it movin' an' keep it movin' uh
Keep it movin', baby, we be movin', uh
Keep it movin', we keep it huh, rharh
What's that rhythm, what's that sound?
Party people gettin' down
When it hit the baddest man
Just release yo' delf
My God, somebody said it's on, if it isn't I'll be set
To blow a nigga up, with my Five Fingers of Death
I bring it to his whole damn fam, understand
If he frontin' on any man down with the Clan
I be comin' for the headpiece you can't cope
For my brother, I bring it to the Pope
Word to mother, serial killa style from Big Isle
No stat, my peoples are you with me, where you at?
Shit's gettin' deep in here, I mean thick
Niggaz lookin' all in my face like they want dick
It's about to hit the fan, hit the flo'
That's all I can stands, an' I can't stands no mo'
What is it? Niggaz think they bigga
'Cause they got the finga on the trigga of a pistol
They don't know I'm wicked when I start to kick it
With the raw sound, wash it down with a mystic
Then I add a snapple, nigga want the juice
But he don't want the hassle, then we try to overthrow the castle
Better yet the tent when I'm comin' to your town

Black man, the rental, God, the pistol
Yah, if you don't want a burn from glock
Then beware, I buck shots, we move up, the buck stops
Here, no more dough will be made
Unless it's being made by hoes
What's that rhythm, what's that sound?
Party people gettin' down
When it hit the baddest man
Just breathe in, till then
An' keep it movin', baby, keep it movin'
I plan to keep it movin', you know we keep it movin', uh
An' keep it movin', baby, we be movin', uh
An' keep it movin', you know we keep it movin', uh
An' keep it movin', you know we keep it movin'
Baby, we be movin', you know we keep it moo, rarh
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was petrified
Jet back to the lab like they were bein' chased by Homicide
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An' all you bitch ass niggaz in the industry
Your careers won't be lastin' long
Throw your hands in the sky
An' wave 'em from side to side
An' if you're ready to spark up the Meth Tical
Let me hear you say, "Stimuli"
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