## Somebody Done F\*\*ked Up

## **Method Man**

[Intro: Method Man] Yeah... one-two, one-two, it's Big M-E-F The phenom from Vietnam, fresh out of rehab, yo On my way the weedspot, haha, what's good? Fuck that, what's hood? Staten Island Advance Big up to my man Magic down in MIA, what up cuzo? [Chorus: Method Man] Knock-knock, who is it, ah shitted Hot peas and butter, come and get it Somebody done fucked up, now Meth spit it, I comes with it Quick to tell these critics, eat a did-ick Somebody done fucked up, now Y'all done did it, done stepped in it Now run and tell them niggaz who the realest Somebody done fucked up, now Can you dig it, you'll never stop the kid up in the fitted Live with it, somebody done fucked up [Method Man]

Look, I'm cutting corners on these clowns, marijuana and pounds Found with Staten Island niggaz that run up on you with rounds Take a drag, pass it around, guess who back in your town And the crowd vict', with Officer Brown patting him down Shit's thick, thick as harmony grits, cuz with some thugs Ain't no, harmony bitch, them niggaz probably snitch Y'all be the judge, look what happened to Cocheese What happens when your co-d's is talking to police, you dig? Half a cig, let me fuck with ya wig, although you loving the style They're ain't a pedophile could fuck with the kid Now that I'm back up on my, feet, take it back to the streets In the GM with your BM, in the passenger seat Riding hood, by my hood, ain't no hike in the wood Life is good, it's so good, live it twice if I could Man, it's me, once again it's that Wu-Tang Crushing the shit that you bring, you know how we do things [Chorus][Method Man]

Yo, pulling my shoes up, scuffing my Timbs, back to when?

Puffing again, who stunting, cops fucking with them

Feeling the blow, goosebumping the skin, and on the scale

Of nothing to ten, a ten, man, it's nothing to him

See you can tell by how I'm clutching my pen, like Mae Weather touching her chin

She stunting, going up in her friend

Tell the label give me something to spin, and every light got a price

You want a slice, but we ain't cutting you in

Man, these fiends know my past work, held a monkey until they back hurt

Money talking, wonder what that's worth

And MCF, mean Cash First shit, picture the kid

On the beach in Hawaii, minus the grass skirt

Blast first, ask questions last

Black herse, nigga, stretch yo ass, y'all niggaz know what this is

It's New Yitty, this ain't just a fad

It's M-E-F, and I ain't Biggie, but I'm just as Bad, Boy[Chorus][Outro: Method Man]

Yeah, Big M-E-F, Staten Island Advance, motherfuckers

Word up, don't ever count me out, just count me the fuck in

I'll be back for more...

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