

# Meth Vs. Chef (feat. Raekwon)

## Method Man

[Kung Fu Sample]

Duel, worthy of a general  
If you want to fight, fight with me!  
One to one! Man to man! [Intro: Lounge Lo, (Raekwon)]  
Get ready to gel team!  
Live and direct from the one-six-oooh  
We got Tical, pow! Raekwon the Chef, Tical!  
It's about to go on, Tical!  
You make the call, I make the call!  
It's all for all  
Method Man, Raekwon the Chef  
(count my shells)  
And there's about to be one left  
(count my shells, nigga)  
I know you know it's on kid  
(Bring that shit I don't give a fuck!)  
\*bell rings\*

[Method Man, (Raekwon)]

Who lit that shit it was I the chinky-eye  
Cheeba-hawk from New York, Tical Staten Isle  
niggaz thought, that they could walk a dog but they caught  
a bad situation, cause I'm a sandwich short  
of a picnic, cause you ain't equipped with the sickening  
style, blowing up the spot like ballistic  
missiles, I be comin through like the four-nine-three-eleven  
tearing up the power-u, Me-Tical  
A bad motherfucking Buddha Monk, what the fuck  
hit your chest, like cardiac arrest, blow the front  
out the frame, hit the pussycat for the pain  
of the dog shit, nobody move run your garments  
A rugged vet, terrible like a Champion sweat  
Wrap a power in a tec, to wet  
a nigga up, with all the dangerous diseases  
Sniffing sneezing coughing aching stuffy head fever  
Fucker, I think it's bout time that you suffer  
Bobbing on my nob like an all day sucker  
\*bell rings\* Bitch!

Meth Vs. Chef

(it's my turn) Meth Vs. Chef

(yo let's bring that shit baby) Meth Vs. Chef

(yo, yeah, one more time nigga) Meth Vs. Chef

(callin me out, it's goin off) I blow your fuckin ass to death

\*bell rings\*

[Raekwon]

I'm going all out kid no turnbacks  
You could try to front, get smoked and that's that  
Lyric assassin, dressed in black bugging  
Sixteen shots to your mug, from a slug then  
I go to war in a concrete jungle, make the punt  
cause niggaz act funny, and fumble  
But I relax, count my shells, a lot of heads gotta fly  
Niggaz stay strapped, armed to die  
Time for jet-black Tim boot, flowing  
Wha-Su God get him, hit em with the nine troop  
No question, cha-cha-BLOW in the session  
Bloodshot in that direction, cypher

\*bell rings\*

Attack you like chess moves best move  
Yo, yeah, yo  
The boards, your ass  
'Tack, 'tack, 'tack, uH! \*bell rings\*  
'Tack the boards like chess moves best move  
at Rae through, comin at your motherfuckin crew  
Live direct, yeah you better step  
Gunshots ring on the set, let's jet  
Motivate, to the gate  
With some quick high Rae stay fly, and rob your Isle  
Airwaves, yo behave  
Now you're a slave with the boots that paved the way  
\*bell rings three times\*  
Ahh shit!Chef Vs. Meth Vs. Meth

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>