

What the Blood Clot (feat. RZA & Y-Kim)

Method Man

[Intro: RZA, (Method Man), {Y-Kim}]
Shit is bangin! You see what I'm sayin? Our shit is bangin!
(Our shit is stainin, son) Yo, Shaolin runnin this shit, son!
Runnin this shit! (Stainin) What's up, Y-Kim? 'Sup, nigga?
{What's up, man? What's up?} What's up? Representin Brownsville
Know I'm sayin? Base, peace to all my Brownsville niggaz!
{The alcoholics son} What's goin on, son?
Peace to all my Putnam Avenue motherfuckers! Bedford-stuy!
(Yeah, peace to the valley goat.)
Peace to my Wild Wild West Brighton niggaz!
(Big up The Bridge!)
[Method Man]
All I hear is gun shots
Can I touch somethin? What the Blood Clot?!
Nigga want Tical, make it happen
You know my fuckin style, fuck the rappin!
We can take it back to eighty-five
if you wanna start actin like you live
It's all good, I'm rollin' with my click
Owls, Backwoods and Phillies
Smokin cess blunts, mixed with illy
Got me flusted, now the whole world looks dusted
I'm in the area with the skill that never rusted (What?)
For real, nigga, touch it and you burn
When will motherfuckers learn?
What be spreadin like a germ? Haha, it's Meth, word
I be that early bird that got the worm and if you check it
I'm on point, like a fax machine you get the message
It's be no question it's them, bust the second guessin's
Keep your thoughts on your lessons
What the Blood Clot?!
To tell the truth, you don't amaze me
Killa Hill Project, a Star Trek phaser couldn't phase me
What? Check the Raider Ruckus, fuck this
Smoke a Dutchmaster, have 'em screamin for the dutchess
Yeah, I gotta have it, so I strive to stack my papes
If I don't do it for mydelf, I'ma do it for Case
cuz that's my peoples, we givin you injections that be Lethal
Weapons, when niggaz start the half steppin
Then I get evil
but don't let that negative vibe right there mislead you
I'm humble, a fuckin Killa Bee, far from bumble

I sting you *BZZZT* and I bring you
Thirty-six Chambers of head banger, bitch
Why I deal with? I think the mic's on the fritz
Faggot soundmen, they be sabotagin shit!
Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane...
Meth-Tical, let the whole world know my fuckin name
What the Blood Clot!?!

[Outro: Method Man, (RZA)]

Yeah, yeah, you know what I'm sayin? (Yeah, what? What!?!)
First of all I'd like to give a big peace and shout out
to my brothers in the belly of the beast
Raider Ruckus, y'all got my back and one love
(Y'all niggaz better start stackin)
June Lover, Shitty Brown (Y'all niggaz better get real)
Pussin, Pil, P.L.O., Stack DAT, Dusty, Storm
(All my real ass niggaz get down, to all my niggaz locked down)
SUUU! We still in here, nigga
(Y'all gotta party, locked down in the street, nigga)
Jamel, one love, nigga, Nice, Uncle Eric AKA Shane
(You get your ass beat in the streets)
I ain't forget you, nigga, Shakim, nuttin
Big Sha, K. Fisk, Big Free from Cipher Heat
For all the fugitives on the run
Everybody from Riker's Island to San Quintan
And a big major shout out to my old dad who just got home
on work release, keep your heads up niggaz Oh my God (You what I'm sayin? Peace to the
Gods)
Here we go, here we go, here we go
(You see that, nigga, fuckin Dirty Bastard?
That nigga is fuckin crazy!)

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

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