

# 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  
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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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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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