

Another Winter

Method Man

Quick to pop off let a couple shots off leave 'em bleeding out with his shoes & his socks off

War dancing. I ain't trying to make it rain though.
You slow gassing. I'll leave you brain on your Durango,
first classmen, old school with the Kangol,
thug passion, that pussy juice like a mango,
hulk smashing, make it jump like everlasting,
god body Ramadan, 30 day fasting.
Six two brown skin fellow with the Caesar fade.
360 waves, side burns with a little graze.
I remain relevant; I'm a raw element,
high street intelligent. Product of my tenement.
Son of Anarchy, smoking that Bob Marley. La la la be killing these niggas slowly.
Wake up, smell the coffee, sleep on the street is costly.
Pay attention to the warning signs, don't cross me.
Give 'em hypertention. That niggas is getting salty,
I'm quick to pop off back the fuck up off me.

Carlton Fisk banana clip silver back gorilla Mr. Streetlife show you what that heat like

Hanz on yo we handle them Berettas PLO yo its forever, bout to show em what it be's like

Method man, turn a dollar to a million,
killa bees we in the building,
making sure the children eat right eat right.
In the building make sure the babies eat right.

In the building make sure the babies eat right.

Black scenery white chalk yellow tape
Carlo got a bullet proof wallet, bitch in every state,
light that smoke that animals ferocious.
Dealing with the boss mentality really focus
tailor made linen & loafers, louie emblems.
Problems on the street my lieutenant quickly attending them.
Carlito ways, brown bag money,
in the book of life you can't get stuck to one page.
All in together now, chinchilla bullet proof hoodies for any sign of winter
war weather
and daddy gonna get that cash so clever
and Meth push the button my hands all on the trigger
and they thought I rot in jail, like go figure,
if I laid down dead in the street you going too nigga,
and this is raw kicking out your door start to scream out loud
Carlton Fisk back for more.

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Now whoever read me wrong, can start by reading my palm,
make me catch a flashback of my father beating my mom.
Kiss the ring, (hashtag) ain't easy being a don
so I gotta carry the heat, ain't easy being LeBron.
This is past rap, but I ain't pass the baton,
tell them rappers bypass it or get to passing it on.
I won't take it passed that, even if I pass it I'm gone.
Better yet, scratch that, ya'll don't get a pass then it's on.
We Hanz On, everybody watchin the Don.
Got their eyes on the kid when they should be watchin their own.
Telling lies on the kid, they said he's not in a zone.
Said he never reach the top, but that ain't stop him from going.
They already on, so hungry his ribs are showin,
The money is getting low, the bum niggas is on
55 Bowen.
These hungry adolescents is grown.
When they get the Smith & Wesson they adolescence is gone.

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