

# Crooked Letter I

Method Man

Ooooh! We have returned  
Yeah, show you how to flow again (show you how to flow again)  
It's the rap rule again (hehehehe) Yo, yo..

Street, Meth, we ride like A.C. and O.J. (y'all niggaz crazy!)  
I runs up on you in broad days, I'm a Loose Link  
I carry's the Heaterz, always  
Small timers, get left for dead in the hallways  
It's that ill breed, move in warp speed, follow my lead  
(Me and my Co-D's, about to O.D.) let me procede  
I'm that O.G., you're not in my league (you know my steez)  
I put the smackdown, on you killer clown M.C.'s

I rock for all my niggaz (I rock for all my niggaz)  
That's why I hurt to be here, okay, let me see here  
Stat' Land, crooked letter is I, we back, man  
Harder than a dick on viagra gettin' a lap dance  
Hittin' like a back hand (I slap y'all kids)  
As if we in a game of spades, and y'all renig'  
John Blaze, not the clothing, cuz some of that is slum  
(Son, I'm already knowin') cut they jeans mad young

R: In the Crooked Letter I, it's do or die  
Shit, every man fights to stay alive  
In the Crooked Letter I, you should not try  
Meth Tical, Streetlife, Killa Bee, why..  
(2x)

Stingy with my dough, even stingier with dojia'  
(Told y'all) You'll never go broke, long as I yo'ya  
Maintain your composure, or party over  
For stank bitches, who get it, twisted like yoga  
Holla for a dollar, yea, and y'all ain't gotta go home  
(But y'all gotta get the fuck outta here)  
Who stay "Lo" like Jennifer, won't see me a lot  
But when you see Vivica, tell her she a "Fox"

We rollin', big truck, sittin' on chrome (twistin' a bone)  
Talkin' to a bird on the bat phone  
Zonin', out the area, roamin'  
The closest you could come to my style, maybe, is clonin'  
The omen (I'm warnin' you now!) Niggaz is holdin'  
Run up, watch me put one up in your colon  
Chizzle town, thugs in the club, like chicks posin'  
Lambchop niggaz is sheep in wolf clothing

R: (2x)

Beware, danger, shoot off your flares  
Warn all your dogs (tell 'em we here)  
The Stat' (we don't bust our guns in the air)  
Never that, y'all don't come out til the coast is clear  
(Who you suppose to fear) Street, I fears no one  
You all thumbs, I probably murder you with your gun  
When I start lettin' off (niggaz is jettin' off)  
You straight chicken broth, we holes in your terrycloth

Double O, 3, long time no see  
Who mind parts seas, and cause blind to see  
Some think this industry is just all rhyme and G  
Then he make it to the door, and he can't find the key  
Don't know what it be, to make y'all follow my lead  
Or make this pretty thing on her knees swallow my seed  
If rap wasn't rap no more, what would it be  
I don't know, I'd be zonin' sometime, must be the weed...  
That's that shit

R:

Yeah, Homicide Housing, Loose Linx  
Carlton Fisk, D.C., rest in peace  
To the Million Dollar Kid, Y  
(S.I., N.Y., 10304) Sick eyes, Size 7  
Big Nut, what up (Big up to Denaun, good lookin' on the track, nigga  
Matter fact, I'mma call Staten Island the tri-borough, now on  
Cuz we'll "tri" any fuckin' thing) Homicide Housing..  
(Fuck y'all)