

Day Ones

Method Man

Meth and Chilla Jones
(And Mr. Jones too) {Jones Ink}
Turn your body to skin and bones
Reppin' Bean Town and New Yitty
Haha, that's two cities
Raw, raw
Yeah, look

Never forgetin' where I came from
The same slums where your daddy got his game from
The same slum where you probably got your name from
The G code, but you don't understand because you ain't one
I ain't dumb, I'm still ridin' with my day ones
That's real talk, when it come to sauce, I'm A1
That prime steak, I dare a hater to say somethin'
And y'all gon' hate, but still gon' get you a plate, huh?
My city cookin', if you ain't watchin', pretend you're lookin'
Was in the pushin' with youngins runnin' from central bookings
What's all that woofin'? Just know I brought a wolf in
Like Head Ice, get your head right or head tooken
That's right, I said tooken, go on and spell check it
I sell records, my rap sheets got jail records
All hail Method and Chilla Jones, we still at home
I'm crack, Jones, I turn a body to skin and bones

I gotta know who's gonna ride with me
I'm takin' off, who's tryna fly with me?
No time for fake ones, I roll with my day ones
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Never forgetting where I came from (Never)
Twenty years, I been kickin' with the same ones, sittin' in the same slums
Bringing visions to fruition with my day ones
Can't stop 'til my mission in the game done (Jones)
I'm the one, they don't believe me, though
It's all good, they do everything but leave me, though
Went from havin' different methods when they see me flow (To what?)
To workin' beside Method on a TV show (Woo)
You busters better drop the mic
Or throw the towel in, baby, tell 'em stop the fight
No más, like Randy retired
I'm workin' hard to see the younger members of my family inspired
Proving I can be admired
Forget the fancy attire
We was buyin' 'em used, couldn't afford a fancier tire
Man, I'm anti with anxiety (Anti)
'Cause I'm everything everyone's tryna be
I got a question, don't lie to me

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