

Elements

Method Man

(There...there?)
One more game
Yo, uh huh uh huh
Staar
Surround sounder, blunt smokin, remy downer
Hip-hop sizzar slingin my raw in your flounder
You get skidawed, undertakin' undergrounders
This lyricist, lounge with low, that be loungers
Aliens is out of townish, fuck applause
niggas clap now with forty pounders, and fourty-fours
Is it all, fair in love with war
Young 'uns with guns, acting like they taking yours, uh
Live by the sword, they gonna die by the sword, uh
My vocal cords break the laws that apply to nature
Low and these niggas love to hate ya
Request the henney straight no chaser
Twin towerin' I skyscrape ya
Now gimme yours

Trifled disciple, arch rival reppin with weapons that homicidal
Star leaves you marked from the start like tribal scars
(Allah punk) I'm hazardous as a bomb and arms spinnin' like Christ
Recitin' psalms in the streets of Babylon
(Verbs I gather well) ??? data shells
My squad camoflauge your wealth
Like the bible with parabels
With the navigator, spittin razor sharp, breath laser data
That'll tickle you now, but sway you later

On this one call me Lee Major
Million dollar man, bionic or proffesor chronic
Still not a player, I just fuck alot the panty raider
Get shortys mad, they curse you wild on your sky pager
Stankin' ass

Yo Mr. Big Mouth, better duck down or bite the bullet
You niggas got guns but you scared to death to pull it
Bet if I pull my gun I'm gon' squeeze
I'm startin at your head, son, and stoppin' at your knees
I hate your screwmugs, rumble counterfeit thugs
Niggas want mine, bet they come and get it in blood
Fat potential, gave birth to a corrupt mental
Foul thoughts paralyzin temples, it's just that simple

You better come with your best gun
Niggas be holdin', it's all war no fun
Niggas be bowlin', you niggas under pressure now
My squads down for whatever with whoever now
Let's get it on
Best to come with your best gun
Niggas be rollin', it's all war no fun
Niggas be holdin', you niggas under pressure now
My squads down for whatever with whoever now
Let's get it on

Arm leg shots to hit the spot like a four fifth glock
We got this hip-hop shilock and all you clique got

Was lip lock, heavy heat, steady street sweepin your peeps
Hawks, machete chops puttin' cease to your petty fleets
This raw rebel got more metal than pop
And rock groups, when my glock shoots the scores settled
A ground attack, I'm bound to clap rounds of rap
Clowns are found flat, face down around the map
Simple minds, cripple smiles, my rhymes are four five
The size oh two nines combine, can't even tickle mine

I told you once, I told your ass a thousand times, chump
Body in the trunk, stay in line punk,
(Fucking with your mind?)

Yo
You be the actual, sixteen bars, comin' after you
Never go against my team, they might embarrass you
Slit-slang terrorist talk, fully armed
Put your hands up, I'ma put a hole in your paws
Ruin your side show, eyes low, brains fried from hydro
Two choices, bass off or either die slow
We all scholars when it's time to clean a dirty dollar
Attack the boards, it's like a rotweiler

Niggas comin out they shoes like they Usher
These motherfuckers on the run, and they socks from
The bounty hunter, Iron Lungster, rain and thunder
Here come the lightning now I'm strikin' back at niggas bitin'
Pushin' buttons just to step away from self-destruction
Inch and a half away from touchin' somethin'
Suckin' away from bustin'
Yall brothers laugh now and cry later
I rap from Alpha to Omega, sixty four to Sega
Whoopin' that ass, walk you dogs through the lookin' glass
Been burnin' MC's since cookin' class
Makin' it hot like the summer in the crackspot
With blacktops, my nickle slot, triple bar, hit the jackpot
On each block, I'm the remedy, send them back to me
After detock, shorty got knuckles in the Reebok
Plus we got a problem with the Benz
(What's the problem with the Benz)
She want the six-hundred, but she aint got the ends

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Niggas be bowlin', you niggas under pressure now
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