

# Guillotine

## Method Man

Uh, yeah  
Music park  
Let's get it  
Yo

Stop playin', y'all know I murder these bars  
Lyin' when you stand 'round here, purgery charge  
They sleepin' on me, king, don't really care what it's called  
When he woke up with the ring to see a courtesy call  
Don't know who got a condom, but this certainly raw  
And I ain't got a problem, but I'm certainly yours  
See, I ain't perfect, but I am perfectly flawed  
And, boy, do I deliver, this some maternity boy  
Who next, baby? Either pick the ball or the soil  
When your chick international, I just call her a broad  
I rap in all capitals, more than half of these rappers do  
If you a half-rapper, then you the rapper I'm rappin' to  
Wrappin' you like package, if you ain't packin' they packin' you  
It just so happens you'll be the rapper in Habit 2  
Son, I'm still Park Hill labral  
Whoever stole my pack of nine-one, I'm still mad at you

Uh, but am I preaching to the choir?  
Then blow a chem cloud like you speaking to the sky  
Hold it like a grudge 'til you're bleeding from the eye  
Wings up, move forever, I believe that I can fly

From the top, my dogs put your dogs underground  
Catch a round or catch a straight dog from the pound  
If this is Game Of Thrones, I ain't far from the crown  
And if this it, a lot of y'all ain't far from a clown  
I fall off, it's nothing, I ain't far from the ground  
Rappers offer sixteens and that ain't far from the Browns  
Then lay your game, your whole squad out of bounds  
I'm too dirty to be washed up, but y'all watered down  
I don't floss much, no, but I can C-E-O  
So I bossed up, ayy, buck fifty is the cost  
Cut A1 with the sauce up in beef  
Ever since I gave the pork up, let's eat  
Put the medal to your teeth  
Y'all done forked up, nice, another one to chalk up  
New York up, Christ, no, y'all don't want to cross us  
Be cautious because this is torture, extortion  
Your inscorture, but rappers tryna tell me if it taught ya  
Heh, Meth get ugly, but he gorgeous  
And he get to this money, Daddy Warbucks  
Tell your smut date over, pull the drugs up  
Cigar gut, it's up all in the club, putting squad up

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