

K.A.S.E.

Method Man

Uh
Yeah
Uh
Meth Lab 3
Carlo
Yeah, woo

It's all digital, revolution televised
Generations at war, police states do or die
Hoodies on, we all look alike, right?
Who am I to spook that and sit by your door and let his uzi fly
Freedom of death, you need to respect
The souls of all the warriors past, beating my chest
I'm the icepickin' Clinton y'all leavin' ya neck
The blood risin' in your lungs now, stealin' ya breath
On that dead presidential shit, movin' through Watts
Then my L.A. Confidential brothers, movin' on cops
Goin' through it and everybody phone don't work
'Cause in war times they cut off all communications first
Carlton Fisk the boogeyman, live in the flesh
It's a zoo, when animals kill, they callin' the vet
If you move wrong, even a step, push a button
Get you touched, close feet, I don't believe in regrets

New era, new time, different war in the streets
Devour the meat, be dyin' on the block live
You won't make it till equality come
The tabernacle filled with mothers and sons
They prayin' for 'em sayin'
Lord, please, just protect 'em
See it through a broader spectrum
Yo all they do is try and come arrest' em
It doesn't matter what they motiv   is
Yo, the bottom line, they killin' our kids

Hands like Marciano
Chillin' with my man Carlo, low down
Threw on them butter-colored Rollo's
Big swallow straight from the bottle, hard to follow
It's the dark liquor mixed with the white, call that mulatto
I might slap box with Dolo
Send your head, sleepy hollow
Then shots follow 41 for Amadou Diallo
I'm like Drago
If he dies then he dies, the motto
L's full of gelato, I'm fire, no El Diablo
In the old-school caddy Eldorado
My bravado, hit the lotto
Scratch off without a scratch on my mavado
Watch the capo, the man behind the chopper El Chapo
Y'all ill, but the gods iller, arigato
Touch  , I ain't come to play, no Serato
Nah-uh, not today, but every Tuesday it's taco
And tell the waitress hold the avocado
The method to the madness is my why mahalo

New era, new time, different war in the streets

Devour the meat, be dyin' on the block live
You won't make it till equality come
The tabernacle filled with mothers and sons
They prayin' for 'em sayin'
Lord, please, just protect 'em
See it through a broader spectrum
Yo all they do is try and come arrest' em
It doesn't matter what they motivé is
Yo, the bottom line, they killin' our kids