

Kill Different

Method Man

Welcome back to the Meth Lab, hah
Now I'm back in that meth bag
Rappers, I'm revokin' they guest pass
I'm sayin' they just trash
Stripes and polka dots, we just clash
I'm here to issue challenge, y'all red flag
No Malice, I'm just bad
The Crips'll Pusha T and your head back
Go slap you in your head like, 'go 'head, rap'
But movin' ahead 'fact, a headshot to see where they head at
That means I'm tryna get it like head scratch
Get it? No head scratch
Ratchets and a P-L-O head wrap
These snitches, I don't know if them head tats or stitches
You preach, I'ma little vicious while I'm freakin' your little misses
No biscuits but I'm all in that Bisquick
Hoes jump in your business
Groupie dudes jump in your pictures
They mother's like, 'Please, Jesus, come fix it'
Lord, them built different
Put hands on 'em, I'ma feel different
Take the S out of skill like kill different

Yeah, kill, kill-kill, kill-kill
We gon' get this money 'cause the paper kill different
Fuckin' game, nigga-game, nigga
Kill, kill-kill, kill-kill
Let him kill himself 'cause the car peels different
Fuckin' game, nigga-game, nigga
Kill, kill-kill, kill-kill
Yeah, we gon' reach the top 'cause success appeals different
Fuckin' game, nigga-game, nigga
Kill, kill-kill, kill-kill
We gon' get this money 'cause the paper kill different

Hear me out, my zeal is ill, hunnid percent
Fly, cut cloth, it's like the baddest bitch in Brazil
We know what it feels
That's why we be composed and drill
And keep our wizzes hittin' the hills
Take this mill, gladly
I feel a mode of hate, I'll hold you with steel
Everything else we gotta build
Blow a bill, facts be real
Stay away from the snakes, they eels
They live in swamps near the fields
I be on chill, can't call it no other way
Watchin' Netflix and Breakin' Bad bills
Pumpin' krills back in 1980 fills
FILA suits and grills
Don't get caught, caught-up on the corners
I'm only here to warn ya, let's just be real
Feel a hustler's reign with the ambition to make a hunnid bills
Stackin' money, talk to bosses
Stay hun' mills', remember Chef one
Blow hills, yeah

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Louis rich, nigga
It's not no mother fuckin' game, nigga
We very strong over here
Paid our mother fuckin' dues, nigga
That's right
Meth Lab, nigga
Hanz
Stallion
Ticallion Stallion, I call him that, nigga
That's a horse, that's a race horse right there, boy
You know what we do, nigga
Been on our Ferrari shit, nigga
Been on our fuckin' motor vehicle fly shit, nigga