

Killing The Game

Method Man

Yeah, nah, nah
You ain't never run into a Goonie in the boonies, better hope I let my toolie
e out
But I ain't never lackin', boy, you actin' when I catch you up in traffic, I
'ma put one in your dome
'Cause the day I lost my brother, I was sittin' with my mother and she told
me I would never be alone
So I grabbed that four-
five, why should homie be alive when he got my best friend? Now he gone
No, this shit just so wrong
Remember his cousin was callin' my phone
Like, Blanco, let's get him, I know where he headed
He need to be deaded, let's go
So we hit the road, gone off them shrooms like I'm Toad
Hop in the [?], that four-forty-four close
It's on, soon as you see 'em, let go
Reloaded it and dump it some more
So we posted up by the store
Freezin', it's twenty below
Blowin' this weed by the O
We just 'bout to leave and then, yo, I think I just seen me that fiend that
Gene and my bro
He's right on the corner with Steven and Joe
Now it's open season, I'm fiendin' to blow
So Lee hop up outta the whip, when he let that shit rip, I saw all of 'em [?
] on the floor, whoa
But I guess what can I say?
I hit J-F-K and was back to L-A
A thief in the night and a thief in the day
So I take what I want, while I'm chiefin' the J
Huh, while I'm chiefin' the J
Be careful out here in them streets where you play
Be careful out here when you speak what you say
'Cause your ex will get cut up, the meat, the fillet, like whoa

(We killin' these lames, so my killers insane
Watch how we killin' the game-we killin' the game
We be killin' the brain and got me not feelin' a thang
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I'm back in my stash, we back in the lab
Got killas in back of your pad with ratchets and masks
We 'bout to catch us a bag, couldn't find no matches or gas
I'm mashin' the gas, I done mastered the class
Do not give these rappers a pass
These rappers is trash
I give these rappers the drag then ask, 'Is you mad or you mad?'
Haters, I'm flickin' 'em all
Critics have written 'em off
Trick, I'ma boss
I might not be bigger than Ross but still might be bigger than yours
I smell like the vault
She smellin' like Christian Dior
But we don't be kissin' them broads, uh-uh, not at all
I mean it, I seen it before

Their momma a queen like Afeni Shakur
Meth know the meanin' of floor
They fienna be king of New York
But why if the kingdom is poor?
Now we keepin' score
Don't know what you figure me for
Who told you the city was yours?
Round of applause and you get around just because
You wasn't down for the cause
Provin' the form, hope it wasn't you in the morgue
See, this what I do when I'm bored
Nothin' to do with the law
Got nothin' to do wit'cha boy
The cops'll put two in your boy
Your day'll be worn for sure
Soon as my key in the door and I get my feet on the floor
Believe it, I'm eatin' some more
Beastin' some more
Beef, it don't need to be thawed
This is the reason I'm raw