

Lithium

Method Man

(Yeah, I'ma sit back and smoke this mother fuckin' bush
You thought it was over?
It's your boy Sheek Louch
It's the Lithium, mother fucker
Meth Lab 2)

Look who comin' back up from the slums
Took a scene from Whiplash, hit you actors with the drum
Ain't no actin' where I'm from, nah
I'm in Staten, get it done
I used to be a student, wasn't really into schoolin', I was truant from the jump
Kept it movin' with the Knicks, Patrick Ewing with the dunk
Beat bump, soundin' like a body movin' in the trunk
Pump shotty, got everybody movin' when it dump
Side note, if you a boss, then you movin' where you want
I got high hopes, if you ever saw when I was broke
In the game since a kid, they never saw me as a G.O.A.T
Yet, I'm scorin' and feelin' like I'm Jordan in the post
Doctor J cool but now I like the coroner the most
Hanz and Sheek Louch, damn, they bar'ing the flow
Who am I to knock they hustle like a warrant at the door?
Life funny, I'm feelin' like I'm Martin off the show
I'm just tryna get this money, buy the Foreign off the show

It go to puma layin' hammers, cabinets finish the job
Big Barker, he involved, Doctor paint a collage
Still a student tryna shoot for the stars
Still improvin', tryna rape all the odds
Rap architecture, nice with the bars
Meth Lab 2, call it the deuce
And when you talk about it later, better call it the truth
The analytics, paramedics, pullin' up at the booth
I heard them engineers, pioneers, put series on loop
I guess them niggas didn't get it 'til proof
How them killas'll move
That's how them gangstas get they money, recoup
The psychedelic relics dyin' to shoot
And, yo, I'm built for the Borough
It doesn't matter who came wit'chu at all
And, yo, them corny niggas destined to fall
Hey, yo, they down to dilute
I'm from the Staten, Hanzarelli the Brute
And, yo, the boogie barker, same wave just a different saga
It's lookin' easy 'cause these cats is trakka
And, yo, when is all these rappers gon' learn hard work, far as music concer ned, trumps talent
Yo, a point of return
Yo, bet your money, yo, I double the bank
And, yo, whoever lose could pay for the stank
Mother fucka!

D-Block!
Hey yo, Meth, what up?
Meth Lab 2, huh?
It's ya boy Sheek Louch
Hey, yo, I got 'em

Hey, yo, yo

We used to shop our demo so we could listen to our story
Now I'm gettin' millions, I'm another category
Hard nigga, bitch, I'm like Denzel in Glory
Young, Red Navigator, bumpin' that nigga N.O.R.E
Had that Clan shit on
Hopin' you left space on the track Protect Ya Neck so L-O-X could spit on
Meth Lab and too high so I'm Uber, cabbin'
I don't Dougie, I don't Kwon, I ain't fuckin' Dabbin'
Big weapons, dashiki, I'm Arabin'
The drama I bring
Little shooters under my wing
I started young, I was a mixtape king
Now my legacy is Ronald Reagan, Aston Martin
Gun on my hip, the passenger bitch kinda resemble Megan (which one?)
Megan Good, Megan Fox
Any state, any jail, or [?] home mother fuckers gon' rep The Lox
Extended clip, don't get put in that box
Bitch

(2, 2, 2

You see, you see, you see why this forever will be locked up in the end)