

P.L.O.

Method Man

(Uh huh
It's the remix, mother fucker!
Yes, sir!)

Where you think he got it from?
P-L-O (P-L-O)
Lights be so melodic at the P-L-O (P-L-O)
P-L-O (P-L-O)
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They'll be a buncha killers at the P-L-O (P-L-O)
Where you think he got it from? P-L-O (P-L-O)
Come and dig your pockets at the P-L-O (P-L-O)
P-L-O (P-L-O)
P-L-O (P-L-O)
Raised me from the slums now I'm C-E-O

You heard P-L-O style, nigga, I'm back again
They told you G Bully be well in love with them Africans
Heffner back on that shit, I guess they mad again
Get crazy on the records, I tear 'em down when I'm battlin'
Come and off your re-up
Hit the strip, I drop a bomb in thirty minutes like I'm North Korea
It take a lot to beat us, you better join us
You still keep lookouts on the corner, they be on us
I still rep the P-L-O like I'm everythang
Crazy like a terrorist, hella, pitch it, then I'ma clap
Pull the trigga on any jigga, you fade to black
This a liberation, they tried to take it, we took it back

That's where the trappers go and post the clocks
Bacon, egg, and cheese, then it's off to get this gaup
Mr. Barker gray and he ain't never gon' stop
Seen it from the bottom, everything look like the top
I swear to God, Park Hill made 'em, broke the mold
Solidify 'em, niggas frontin' on him, he reload
It's all about the work, money, never 'bout them hoes
Frontin' on a Staten, get your fuckery exposed
Frontin' on a Staten, we dismantle niggas, facts
Fuck them niggas rattin', we should kill a couple stacks
My people, are you with me? Where the fuck my hittas at?
Park Hill lives on, still I lay 'em flat

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P-L-O style through the lumps with the dutch master, blunts
Hashtag Fuck Donald Trump
Momma didn't raise no punk, tough love

If push come to shove, nigga, I don't budge
This is what I does, I'm a born G
Check my D-N-A, all in the family
Park Hillian, thoughts covered like an Arabian
Titanium nod pointed at your cranium
Criminal minds and verse, no compromisin'
It's kill or be killed, no silver linin'
Thin line, life or death, Bruce co-signin'
Bottom line, dollar signs, gimmie mine

P-L-O style

Mr. Meth, Staten Isle

Still got shotguns to slam up in your chest piece, blow
We hot son, you could catch a hot one now
And I'ma keep kickin' doors 'til we knock one down
These rappers throwin' flags, they should be throwin' in the towel
Honey showin' me her pat I'm tryna throw it in her mouth
In fact, I'm throwin' bows like they throw 'em in the south
Arm and Hammer, nothin' like the bakin' soda in your house
Y'all don't really know what P-L-O about
Y'all just shoot box money to a C-E-O account
Put millions in the bank, roll a C-Lo and I'm out
I be steppin' on these rappers like a kilo in the drought

I run through, killer, high tops with the sweats on
P-L-O boomers they lie and get they wreck on
Park Hill, my squad ill, you know the set strong
It's the god damn, god damn up on this Meth song
I'm from the oob building, yeah, where they bet wrong
Sell crack, diss cats, yeah, boy, TEC long
I know you happy that that real nigga Tech gone
Schoolboy load my flow y'all niggas slept on
Right, I'm in the elevator, lights out
Get to the fourth floor, take a nigga life out
Hanz On, my man's on, no whiteout
Meth Lab 2, the water team, we ride out

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