

Play IV Keeps

Method Man

Ha, yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah
One time.. yo

Never liked son from day one, bring you tool
That nigga stick you and play dumb, hate a bitch-ass
Who care where you came from, you ain't prepared
for when the pain come, this nigga scared, shook to death
from a cold stare, stuntin, knowin my brothers fiend
to do you somethin over here, we head huntin
in the function I smell fear, adrenaline start pumpin
I Smash Pumpkins, Hard Rock be in the Cafe
Tear the club up, and anyone that try to judge us
The last days, makin sure I get the last say
In the food chain, is you predator or prey?
If you featherweight, lyrics blow your back
crack your vertabrae, lookin for a better way
to get my point across, thoughts accelerate
at the same speed, of the muder rate
Lord, never perpetrate a fraud, til my nigga Carlton Fisk
see the boss, truly yours, Mr. Meth

Life's a snippet, one way ticket
Time tickin fast, blink you might miss it
Semen on Street shit, you might catch fifty stitches
Body bag sprayed up, buried in muddy ditches
I play for keeps, bust heat you catch cold feet
My rap sheet, speak for itself, concrete
Evident, Killa Hill, resident, double dart agent
Secret intelligent my rap style's flagrant

Feel the sting of a killa bee, Johnny Blaze
Street Life, Deck and Mobb Deep, Play IV Keeps
In the city that you never sleep, pay attention
Ain't no shittin when you gotta eat, we hold it down

I move like Mad Max 'cross the wasteland
One hand holds the head of the last brave man
Made man, Cuban Link chain of command
Authorized fam', hot like Sahara sand
My live team turn the club to a crime scene
High beams flash, promoters die behind CREAM
Get your face blown, might face the chrome
We take this more serious than just a poem

I think about a lot of shit, especially when I'm bent
About the foul shit goin on in my life, current event
It's evident I smoke ciggarette down to Brownsville
Thinkin to myself -- how many lives must my pound kill?
Hopefully none, ain't the one to give chase
Hemmed by Jake, worryin who might turn state's
So I chill, put my killa niggaz on the battlefield
On the low plottin silent murderer, never doubt still
never follow beef hey beef follow me
Wanna settle in the court I say settle in the streets
like our pops did it, you got gats get hot with it
Now you dry snitchin, because you got knocked with it
I just rock with it, go with the flow, think for a hot minute

Stash my dough secure the funds of profit

Yo, extreme rhyme niggaz, you wastin your time
Fuckin with my niggaz, extraordinary line swishin
your mind out position, tryin to figure this shit
Rewind it and listen quick, you might miss this
Olympic, rap jave-lon, travel beyond, your weak song
Doin this for too long, to not come strong
You're only a pawn of Viet Dong
Tryin to form against mines, you musta just been born
Secluded on a distant farm
This is the real world, where niggaz get shot and shanked
Where there's tremendous pain, you get your frame inflamed
Crushed to dust, by the next man's clutch
It's Infamous you fucks, intense bad luck..

Stand strong on our two feet, we all ready
for a war here, fuck peace, what?

Stand strong on our two feet, we all ready
for a war here, fuck peace, peace