

# Ronin's

## Method Man

Come on  
Ch'yeah  
Meth, where you at?

My flow? everlastin'  
My lines? Never lackin'  
Even on Christmas Eve, I out rhyme whoever rappin'  
Slime, shoulda tapped in  
But he blind to the facts in  
What the album, track one  
Time for some action  
Pass time for the last time I rhymed in this fashion  
True Religion, he never thought he'd die in this fashion  
But I got time today, if you dyin' then ask him  
Bars, forensic science, that's if you tryna catch 'em  
Lord, I think I'm over it, I ain't over here actin'  
I say it over and over, I ain't overreactin'  
What you picture is death, I'm just closin' the caption  
Who knows if I'ma blow, I just got my nose in a napkin  
Super Saiyan, technically, I'm electrifyin'  
To be specific, what I specifically specifyin'  
See that's progression and I'm especially rectifyin'  
Any confessions, I don't expect to be testifyin'

Fuck your [?] killa, ain't nothin' gon' move  
Meth Lab's back, pardon the goons  
Back in the kitchen with it smellin' of fumes  
Charged water, hard crack wit' a spoon  
Staten Island, straight up, fuck the platoons  
Heard the meth heads callin' you  
Meanwhile it's mumble rappers soundin' kinda foreign  
Find 'em pressed with Molly, tourin'  
The man deplorin'  
Naw, we never go live  
We either gettin' live, edit that  
Protectin' our guys, get it?  
Y'all talk about while we live it  
Y'all live stream and think you litted  
Ain't seen a face to face in a minute  
Call 'em exquisite, come and crumble your waves  
I got that lithium for days  
Homie, sharpenin' blades, yuh  
It's Mr. Parker, he get sharper wit' age  
Be at your door with the beard, I ain't talkin' no raids, fuckers  
Black mufflers got the cowards afraid  
We bet the situation grave  
We'll better dismantle your trades, nigga

This is no glove hittin' the bar, bill open hand, callous slap  
Rough, ashy knuckles spark, split your face rap  
The quick loose your tooth jab, the fifty two clap  
A hunnid rounds backin' 'em down, the house trapped  
We still keep a bat in the back, the the bone crack  
Still spittin' actual facts for bank stacks  
Qball in the sock from the pool rack, snap his neck back  
Every time I think I'm out, I get pulled back  
It's like I relapse and catch a flashback

I took the contract to kill an emcee so masterfully  
So who better than me since '93  
Get you tied to a tree as a target if you wanna be

Yo, I'm a old young nigga, I do it for sure  
White FILAS, white fitted cherry valour  
I keep hunnies on my side like Al B. Shure  
I throw my chain in the crowd when you see me on tour  
I'm at The Meth Lab re'in-up, I'm ready to score  
Hanz On, Methical, Cappdonna, it's hardcore  
This ain't a gang sign, naw, homie, it's war  
Fatigue Timberlands on, camoflaug door  
Sniper team on deck, enemies abort  
Staten Island, New York  
Homicide Hillary  
The Black X six, heavy artillery  
I'm laughin' at chy'all, your raps is killin' me  
Pop your wardrobe, yeah, I do it for love  
In my block, homie, yeah, they do it for slugs  
Smacks hands with the homeboy, show that thug  
And never pop nothin' if you can't look 'em in the mug