

# Scary Hours

Method Man

Shake them niggas

Scary hours no money out, smash the Guinness Stout  
Play the outfield, Lucille, switched cracks on shields  
She's a rich fiend sacrifice her fam shift them niggas  
To Queens  
Guess jeans she charged thirty-five beans  
Hit the cell phone, regulate with well known Tone  
A Wally kingpin who also slam the strike edition  
What up? Corleone smoke the bone, Tone phone me  
What up? He tried to slang there, address him with chrome only  
Grady with the gray beard, transporting for him  
Rocking Nike Air, Rastafarian bird, piping that  
Switchin Benzes, ten carat nigga with gold lenses  
Fronting like he's sitting on a lump, he's sitting on junk  
You wanna pull a heist, draw guns and robberies  
You wanna rock rep, step in yellow Wallabies  
Names arraigned, they're Century Fox, little Glocks  
Them niggas with stocks, wheelyin' blocks  
Rich lifestyle, spoiled like an ordinary white child  
But right now, Sun it still shine, shed light now  
Breakdown, liquidate God, fucking grab the nickel plate  
'Spenser: For Hire', tension when we mention Dryer  
He's a slave cop, behave pop  
Isuzu Beige Top will blow that cat at the Purple Haze spot

I remember sticking fiends at the one-six-oooh  
When we was starving, ducking five-oh, paying 'em dues  
Times is hard in the slums I'm from, they got us barred in  
We warring and cage dodging, ripping and robbing  
Got the NARC sabotaging, slipping cracks in  
Your camouflaging, now you snitching on the squadron  
That's something niggas can't pardon  
City overrun by young gun with bad intention and Wu-Wear garment  
So I see no need to mention, the potency  
Of a sting from a killa bee, kicking the battery  
Out the back of them wisecracks  
Distorted for your get high, you hijack  
These friendly skies ain't for you, they for me and mine  
This the year of the grimy nigga, ragtime  
Keep these niggas on the run, peep my Clan emblem  
Iron Lung ain't got to tell you where it's coming from

Catch us swimming with these sharks now, you rap villains  
(I feel the same way you niggas feeling)  
We feel the same way you feeling, let it be known (let it be known)  
What the blood clot you niggas dealing, you crash dummies  
Cash rules, still don't nothing move but the money

Aiyyo strongarm that kid right there with wavy hair  
Billy Johnson snatched him out his whip in Times Square  
Took his Pumas, nameplate, dude lost weight  
Summer '88, started a fight, that can't wait  
Ask Dorothy, same kid pussy up in Marcy  
Blazing that Ted Rossi up in The Marquees  
He lost like a hundred ounces, Jake rushed his houses  
Had him on the porch, ass no trousers

This souped up, individual stuck, the new stuff  
Same kid crying on the stand with Judge Cuffner  
Kissed him with odd numbers three to nine style  
Before he left he flashing his face like Denzel  
Richard Dale took his Beaver, Un threw up all in his whip  
Mussy dropped and split his wig with the heater  
His shape-up was all fucked up, Heze had me laughing  
God you see how he was laid out in the grass  
With dirt in his mouth, Slim woke him up told him he wild out  
Blood leaking from his teeth he smiled like he gummed out  
Big bolo, stacking his shit, financed a Volvo  
He copped his shit from a small coffee shop in SoHo  
He still pussy, he sell his dust up on the Lower East  
Posing like he rapping out...