

Simmons Incorporated

Method Man

Yo my nigga Jamel Simmons what the deal nigga?
(Gold D, Dig Dast what's goin down, what's goin down)
{Aight, what's goin on, what's goin on
What's the deal pa, where you headed son?}
(Yo I'm bout to go to the studio and lay smash hit
Wit my Uncle Run, boy)
{Word?} Ain't he a Reverend now, collectin plates
At churches and shit?
(He's spittin flames right now baby
He at the top of his game, right now
I'm tellin, I'm show you, watch
Youknowhatimean? He's a born again, hooligan)
Uh-huh

I'm red rum, Reverend Run, brother son, earthquakin
Industry shakin, you kiddin me? We money makin
Your money fake son, I'll call you clay cuz you get's Play-Doh
Jamel and Joey Simmons holdin millions on the lay low
Platinum hailos, hero heads high from hydro
Hit the dime on the combo, she try to diss my rhyme flow
She ain't know we only glamorous like Phat Farm fashion
Simmons name sinamous wit this cash
It's our passion... what!?

Yo basically I'm here to rename rap, it ain't rap no more
Call it Simmons Incorporated, since '74
Lotta money in this fam, think about it
Me wit Run-D.M.C., and him over at Def Jam
Well damn, how the hell you think we livin?
How you think it feel to be a Simmons
Imagine Christmas and Thanksgiving
People wanna know why I ain't on my brother's label
If I did this whole rap game be unstable
Went over to Arista wit Mr. Davis, for the change of neighbors
It's only fair that we share those naked papers
You can tell a cat serious about rap and it ain't luck
If 20 years after his first single, his name's stuck
From '74 to '99, did novice to king, wit a million
MC's waitin in line
Keep a barrel on this album if my man's and them rise

Now speed it up, uh

Run really make ya wanna drop, drop
Now wanna make ya go live, live
Now wanna make ya go live, live
Now hold up

Now I walked on ice and never fell
I spent my time in a plush hotel
John-John Phenomenon, deadly but calm
Word to my born, dead by dawn

Got the right to bear arm, ring the alarm!
Another sound boy dyin, hot irons
Slugs flyin out the hardware appliance
Baby mamma cryin, sobbin and grievin
You was at aws wit them kids till they made it even
Let down ya guard, yes you did, now you barely breathin
To unaware, open season on a duck, we don't give a what
Yo best best to give it up
Sho indeed, let's Run D's MC's, they phony
Some hump free, they mad bogey
Saddle up ya horse, if the sunset mosey
Jam Master Jay deserve a trophy for this track, right?
Futuristic G past type, if that's yo girlfriend
She wasn't last night punk, little boy
Stylin mad chump, ain't no wins here
This sport's extreme, know what I mean?
Gettin royalty, +Down With the King+!!!

Crack, crack, cracks in the cradle
Cracks, in the cradle
Cracks in the cradle, cokes in the spoon
Little Boy Blue higher than the moon
Will he, will he want a weapons, will he wanted the wound
I come to school and lay down the rules
Two, two, two channel empty guzzle, brake gallons of drop
Shorty wit the forty, once sport in the dark
Co-co-corner, black as a goner
Didn't really wanna call my momma in Savannah

I spit dynamite ignite turn off lights
Recite, spit poetry type, get my squad physically hype
Get a hundred blast from Funkmaster, crush ya life
+Blast+ Time to go now, show these fake rappers the way to go down
Down With The Kings, like Smokey down wit Motown
Who wanna come and see, come and test me
Take about a million MC's to wet me
For Run-D.M.C. I let shells fly, freein the five
Wit the red eye, niggas talkin to much
Tape 'em up, leave 'em hog tied

You thinkin about it way to hard, how to get down wit the Gods
Kenny Cash, the Bronx cat, but it'll ride wit gats
Peep chicks huggin the sacks, yours scratchin the back
I'mma shark in a shack, y'all cats is feedin the fish
Now hate and feed wit clips, nigga that leave you ripped
And I'm leavin 'em dry, shit's crushed wit bleadin lips
Bet I, leave these chips, and a C.L.K.
After I hang plaques in the spot wit Run, D and Jay