

Smooth Sailing

Method Man

Yo, behind those mahogany walls
Indoor pools with steel doors, flipping eggs over in my silk drawers
While I'm charging my cell, sparking the L
Baby mother reading my mail, just that they switched seats
To another jail, and his banger is old fire
He's locked up with them dudes from the fucking Wire
That's when I passed her the bone, started to cough
And flossed all through the house, robe on, ruger out
Homebuyers see the sign, yeah ya'll, I'm moving out
In front of the crib, niggas flipped, I had to shoot it out
Thirty G, living room sets, porcelain plates
With big giant wall units, even the front grass
Saw your boy doing it, Tone Stark he'll never fall
I even put work in, under the floor
In the box with the ox, and my skeleton jaw
Tell 'em soldiers I'm in the bush if the President call

Get 'em, the'll be nothing but smooth sailing
When the heat shot, now your crew's bailing
I refuse to bow down, refuse to lay down
Go five and turn, to let the biz, all I found

Man I thought we told ya'll niggas before, Wu-Tang is for the children
P.O.'s violate your dirty urine
These dealers in the lobby of my building, ice grilling
I don't catch cold to catch feelings
I put in that work, then catch millions
If that don't work, back to stealing
Snatch me a purse, and stack real in
Meth, I'm that dealing, millionaire, slash chameleon
I mastered the juks, one of my niggas "Masta, killing"
Spray shots, clap civilians at the dealing table
Off of the love of crack dealing
Once again the fatal, flying guillotine, the millions
Paper rob me able, my woman is all pre-matul
I got mouths to feed, nigga, and I'm the hand that rocks the cradle
Just like Hova, but I ain't trying to 'roc' the label
I'm a soldier, I stay on job, me, eye a coka
Honey's wanna fuck and the industry fucks 'em over

I got my Ghostface on, cause I'm a Killah
I live the Streetlife, why, I'm that nigga
Label me a beast, call me U-Godzilla
When I rumble in the jungle, I go gorilla
Step on the set, Inspectah Deck you
Dead in your face, straight RZArect you
You highly mistaken, I'm hotter than Satan
Catch me in the kitchen with blood on Chef apron
I'm known to, Cap a Don, big gun in my palm
I'm like my arm is gone, plus I Masta the Kill
Give you something, you can really feel
Got many Methods to kill a Man, if it's real, you real
The world's worse like Dirt McGirt
Fuck a bitch raw dog, then dig in her purse

Yeah that boy's a Genius, I stay fresh like I'm straight out the cleaners
I walk hard like a criminal, holding my penis