

Stop Crying

Method Man

Damn, feds done raided the meth lab
I'm Tom Selleck, them boys hatin' on Meth stash
Got Meth mad, somebody playing with Meth bag
If Michael Jackson gone, it's just bad
This ain't a frown emoji, this just sad
This package I'm supplyin' is the best class
Won't brag, I have you flyin', no jetlag
Challengin' the signs of red flags
It just ain't addin' up, that's just math
Check my numbers to check cash
Phenomenon, I drop jewels, no neck rash
She quick to smash, no Ramadan, she just fast
Like opportunity just passed
Life in my community just flash
Like a muzzle when that blast
Silent weapons for quiet wars, you quiet, boy
Them folks singin' ain't choir boys, that's fire, boy
I've been through some things other rappers retire for
And still spending Gs from a while, boy
If I put my two and two together, don't even know what you tryin' for
Imagine dyin' don't even know what you're dyin' for
I've been through some things other rappers retire for
Ain't nobody over here cryin', so what you cryin' for?

Better chill with the slime if you ain't built for the time
You buggin', stay in your pocket, or get chalked out of line (What you cryin'
' for?)
Stop cryin', stop cryin'
Stop cryin', stop cryin' {Yeah}

Too many new jacks playing the cryin' game (Facts)
They all sound alike now when they rhyme the same
The veterans was on top, now times has changed
Gotta change ya mind state or get blown out the frame (What?)
I'm a old head, young nigga, head bunk pun niggas (Yeah)
Tally with my comrades, hustle and jump niggas
Don't violate the Shaolin grain, we pile on the train
Meth lab, PLO Staten Island Hussain
Off the gridlock, come out, smash ya brain
New niggas wear panties, dumb out, act strange
Ask 'em what they cryin' for, tears in they champagne (Shaolin)
Scared to rap when Wu's here, can't maintain
Nah, you not the shit, son, you more like a doo-doo stain
When we let off, you better duck when that bazooka bang
We got the rap game locked, mad stupid slang (What up, Meth?)
On some Slick Rick shit with the dookie chain (Uh-huh)
Smack him in the face while his tears are dryin'
160 crew, we leave him on the stairs cryin'

Better chill with the slime if you ain't built for the time
You buggin', stay in your pocket, or get chalked out of line (What you cryin'
' for?)
Stop cryin', stop cryin'
Stop cryin', stop cryin', yeah, yeah