

Suspect Chin Music

Method Man

Suspect chin niggas, no win niggas
send niggas back to go, try again niggas
all hail me, the good the bag the ugily
the money's around your way, lovely
where for art thou Meth-tical god-child
I pack a smile like crocidile profile
can't hold it down? oh the shit gon' hit the fan now
spin around let your whole crown man down, man down

I live by the street code never old
never love a hoe, never flash the dough
cause you never know who friend or foe
got block control solid gold thought
before the blow lets stroll through the ghetto
habitat with no parole
never snitch switch which
keep a fresh pair of kicks
split the tongue snatch the weed
in case the cops wanna strip search
think first prepare for the worst
when you do dirt
remember there's a million other niggas with the same thirst

No doubt dummy out
bets pull the money out
niggas walk a funny route
this is what its all about?
young guns and dum-dums
slum bums and sons
askin' niggas where they come from
get him for his one, um
sunshine, its crunch time
stranded on the front line
ducking from the one-time
niggas on the run, where the cameras can't come, ha
make this one the anthem
ring around the rosie
pocket full of Grants, uh

Just because you wild in the club you ain't thug
sport gloves and gold mugs you ain't thug
tattoos and hard screws don't make you thug
sucker for love catch a slug, nigga

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shotgun slammin' in your chestpeice, blaow
shotgun slammin' in your chestpeice, blaow

Carry your eyes and avoid spots
cellblocks rap blow you for your slide
time what you got's mine
we can take it to the yellow lines and we can pull nine
whether the rhyme or the crime Ima still shine
heavy on the street talk cut your life support short
never had no love for you so there is no love lost
strictly enforced by the street stories get double crossed

hands off I run with the torch

They got me fed up from the head up
put up or shut up
on stage in them shiny get-up
these niggas is funny
energizer bunny actors
they hustle backwards
son I think they gay rappers
say word, drop some stature
dog splash ya, party crash ya
the spell casta
heard the same before and after its over
flood get your brain end the game, done its over
end of the line out of time bitch its over
on the wrong street with no heat he was sober
we soldiers somebody should've told ya

Million dollar ice on your wrist don't make you thug
cause a bitch is sucking your dick on your skit you ain't thug
bandanas and bad grammer don't make you thug
sucker for love catching slugs nigga

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With the W burning through your flesh
verbally possesed never second guess
blow minds like David Koresh
fuck a vest you need a gun to protect your assets
deep in the aztecs break out before the sun set
street wars gimme yours crime is what I live for
got rhymes galore next time its at the wu store
if you sleep late, next date is at the cest gate
all you sober mcs, I leave y'all niggas half-baked

Microphone is in a choke hold
losin' control bringing drama by the boatload
it takes drama
in the pillage now of cappadonna
my split persona hit their village and their baby mama
y'all niggas playing with this money while we stay hungry
and kept it pudgy it won't make me have to crash, dummy
before its over
you should keep your chain tucked in
and should never run your mouth with a suspect chin
now lay it down

Just because you wild in the clup you ain't thug
sport gloves and gold mugs you ain't thug
tattoos and hard screws you ain't thug
real thugs runnin' with hate and smash love