

Yo

Method Man

Yo!  
Yo, yo!  
Yo!

Yo, it's gettin' hotter, Barker in the flesh  
Yo, he get malicious with it, more or less  
Yo, he get suspicious, man, you know the rest  
Yo, hearts absent in these rapper's chest  
Yes, he is resilient if you go reflect  
Blessed, them goons holdin' but they on they best  
Yo, so when you see 'em better show respect  
It's Hanzarelli, had them grizzlies come and get you pressed  
Yo, you mother fuckers, y'all ain't actin' right  
Y'all niggas spendin' all the paper, y'all ain't trappin' right  
Ain't no other way to say it, shit is black and white  
I have you on the train to Georgia like you're Gladys Knight  
Whoa, he the conductor, fuckers pay the price  
He like a drunk trucker blowin' through the traffic lights  
Y'all like some blood suckas, busters in your blood type  
The shadow figure push the button, make y'all outta sight

Yooo, y'all know what type of time we on  
Yooo, shinin' with no diamonds on  
Yooo, them Staten boys hittin' hard and we always with the shits whenever dr  
ummers on  
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Yooo, respect the juk, y'all ready know  
Yooo, I'm burnin' kush, keep that Reggie though  
Yooo, I'm talkin' bush, y'all so petty though  
You in the town, you can get around, no merry go  
Whoa, boy, I shred 'em up, confetti throw  
I'm runnin' circles around your circle, who said he-oh  
Staten, welcome to the island, we ready, yo  
We Getty, yo, and we part Italians, SpaghettiOs  
Yooo, I'm 'bout my fetti, that heavy dough  
Just let me blow, every forecast is heavy snow  
Burr, if Method freezin', I bet he froze  
Burr, one with every season, I bet he cold  
Forty below let the forty blow while I'm stealin' forty belows after forty y  
ears old, yeeeeow  
Not metaworld but metaflow  
And these are tests, try and catch the metaphor

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Hey, yo, the street is the only life I know

Yo, I get it poppin' everywhere I go  
Since I was an embryo, I been that nigga, yo  
Shoutout to Wu like the episode from the Martin show  
Yo, walk with a Staten strut, burn a dutch  
I'm first on the frontline to hit 'em up  
Mr. Clutch when it's crunchtime, I got the touch  
And I don't need a patent with that but thank you much  
Student of my culture, gun in my holster  
Blow some coca, live it, la vida loca  
I'm a alpha dog, y'all niggas is analog  
We digital, it's impossible to beat the gods  
It's logical, why would you go against the odds?  
It's possible, you could die for that shit you blog  
Check my résumé, real nigga D-N-A  
Get it the ski-mask way 'til my dyin' day

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