

# Method Man, Crooked Letter I

(feat. Kon Artis, Streetlife)

[Intro: Streetlife (Method Man)]

Ooooh! We have returned

Yeah, show you how to flow again (show you how to flow again)

It's the rap rule again (hehehehe) Yo, yo..

[Streetlife (Method Man)]

Street, Meth, we ride like A.C. and O.J. (y'all niggaz crazy!)

I runs up on you in broad days, I'm a Loose Link

I carry's the Heaterz, always

Small timers, get left for dead in the hallways

It's that ill breed, move in warp speed, follow my lead

(Me and my Co-D's, about to O.D.) let me procede

I'm that O.G., you're not in my league (you know my steez)

I put the smackdown, on you killer clown M.C.'s

[Method Man (Streetlife)]

I rock for all my niggaz (I rock for all my niggaz)

That's why I hurt to be here, okay, let me see here

Stat' Land, crooked letter is I, we back, man

Harder than a dick on viagra gettin' a lap dance

Hittin' like a back hand (I slap y'all kids)

As if we in a game of spades, and y'all renig'

John Blaze, not the clothing, cuz some of that is slum

(Son, I'm already knowin') cut they jeans mad young

[Chorus 2X: Kon Artis]

In the Crooked Letter I, it's do or die

Shit, every man fights to stay alive

In the Crooked Letter I, you should not try

Meth Tical, Streetlife, Killa Bee, why..

[Method Man (Streetlife)]

Stingy with my dough, even stingier with dojia'

(Told y'all) You'll never go broke, long as I yo'ya

Maintain your composure, or party over

For stank bitches, who get it, twisted like yoga

Holla for a dollar, yea, and y'all ain't gotta go home

(But y'all gotta get the fuck outta here)

Who stay "like Jennifer, won't see me a lot

But when you see Vivica, tell her she a "Fox";

[Streetlife (Method Man)]

We rollin', big truck, sittin' on chrome (twistin' a bone)

Talkin' to a bird on the bat phone

Zonin', out the area, roamin'

The closest you could come to my style, maybe, is clonin'

The omen (I'm warnin' you now!) Niggaz is holdin'

Run up, watch me put one up in your colon

Chizzle town, thugs in the club, like chicks posin'

Lambchop niggaz is sheep in wolf clothing

[Chorus 2X]

[Streetlife (Method Man)]

Beware, danger, shoot off your flares

Warn all your dogs (tell 'em we here)

The Stat' (we don't bust our guns in the air)

Never that, y'all don't come out til the coast is clear

(Who you suppose to fear) Street, I fears no one

You all thumbs, I probably murder you with your gun

When I start lettin' off (niggaz is jettin' off)

You straight chicken broth, we holes in your terrycloth

[Method Man]

Double O, 3, long time no see  
Who mind parts seas, and cause blind to see  
Some think this industry is just all rhyme and G  
Then he make it to the door, and he can't find the key  
Don't know what it be, to make y'all follow my lead  
Or make this pretty thing on her knees swallow my seed  
If rap wasn't rap no more, what would it be  
I don't know, I'd be zonin' sometime, must be the weed...  
That's that shit

[Chorus to fade]

[Outro: Streetlife (Method Man)]

Yeah, Homicide Housing, Loose Linx  
Carlton Fisk, D.C., rest in peace  
To the Million Dollar Kid, Y  
(S.I., N.Y., 10304) Sick eyes, Size 7  
Big Nut, what up (Big up to Denaun, good lookin' on the track, nigga  
Matter fact, I'mma call Staten Island the tri-borough, now on  
Cuz we'll "tri" any fuckin' thing) Homicide Housing..  
(Fuck y'all)