

Method Man, Buck 50

[Method Man]
Supreme Clientele

Who on this? The Fenon, them niggas can't live
Who on this? We ain't got shit, Summin Gotz ta Give
Y'll done flipped y'all wig, blacked out the kid
Die and live for my nigs and my bad ass kids
Freeze [sniff], lookin at your ice like PLEASE
Plottin on the mouse trap, about to snatch the cheese
I heard y'all kids is 'bout that, psycho therapy
Fuckin, where the cow chat? Blue till they bury me
Never tell a lie, like George with the cherry tree
Now it's cherry pie, if it's not BROKE, let it be
Ain't nuttin nice in, New York, stick ya for ya cake and ya icin
All that tough talk don't mean nuttin when ya up north
So keep them hands where I can see them like ya want freedom
You know that sayin, if ya can't join 'em
Beat 'em and push ya way in
We ain't acrobats but we flip on occasion
Pick the Pace up, past snaggin, throw your waist up
Niggas writin slum juice with Jacob, FOOL
You're like DUDE, I don't like your fuckin attitude
Frontin on my Clan from Shao', we ain't mad at you

[Ghostface Killah]
Yo, Starks dippin cheesy face, meesly pace
Ghostface, jump out the window for a little taste
Droopy luck, my main bitches call me lazy
Educated birds say, "Ghost, you're so crazy"

[Cappadonna]
Cappa slide thru with the Ghost
Post up like paint on walls
Drip jew-els, big heat ruffle inside the bubble-goose
It's the odd couple, holo-points follow you home in Staten Island
Playin with the big toys that make noise
Echo in the hall, a scared voice
Niggas start to act choice, but Dunkin 'hinds
Didn't know Betty Crocker had them two nines
Made the club moist, shattered the windows
Dust heads runnin, the black kingpin buzz the Black Jesus

[Redman]
Yo, the words you talk better be the words you walk
Body you in the van while the nurse is off
Put your vein out, watch me insert the dart
Till it bleeds from Bricks to the Persian Gulf
Light curcuits off, thirty-third if my brain is off
That explains why my language off
My gun aim and cough, y'all ain't trained to brawl
Y'all more like them training bras
Wet behind the ear, you're not prepared
for the project flow, with extra stares
I pass out a vest to wear (bullets'll fly)
Yo, a hard wire, startin bonfires
Pullin mask, so you know it's me
Your weave got more seeds than ODB
Can't smoke wit'cha, watch Ghost tie rope to ya
Def and Wu will open ya

[Method Man]
Your shit lice
Baby shake your shit 'fore your shit lice
Get rich like...

[Ghostface Killah]
Word, it's me y'all

We in two sixes, flirtin with bitches
Dime plush, takin pictures
"How you doin baby, my name's Ghost
Don't get caught up in my chains or the way that I speak"
Seek intelligence, slickest nigga doin it since Grease
Check out the greys on the side of my waves, my crew doze on Riker's Island
Stretched out, malled up in the cage
Pull a ? out on Jimmy Jam, shakes Space Jam
Silky texture, Jordan jumped up like Clyde Drexler
All up in the parrot, nose numb, real as they come
Biggie's Versacis, Snow White rabbit
Hands is like photographic magic
Funeral love, boohoo when we hug, don't make it a habit
Hit the gym in two weeks, my back all chisseled
Elbows unique now, meet the new me
Ghetto fabulous, Tony Atlas
Zulu Nation in the 80's, in front of Masey's I start my own Chapters
Tyco, Nike glow, velvet pose
Special effects, high-tech armors, murk you after shows
Supercalifragilisticexbealidosious
Ghost'll hollar exbefragilisticcalisuper
Cancoon, catch me in the room eatin group up

[Method Man]
Shoe fly shoe, Wally dark Clark crew
Fuck y'all wan' do? Crack a brew, smoke an L or two
And flip like, yellin for the whole click, it's sick like
the way yo' stank bitch eat a dick like
baby shake yo' shit, hold yo' dick like
gettin rich like..