

# Method Man, Everything

(feat. Inspectah Deck, Streetlife)

[Intro: Method Man]

Yeah... yeah... Allah Math...

Yeah... yo... yo...

[Method Man]

Y'all ain't never stopping the kid, why y'all knocking the king?  
Would ya like a shot of liquor or like a shot to the rib?  
Plus you stay on top of they grills, stay on top of they biz  
Thinking niggaz plotting on hairs, think they not when they is  
This is Staten Island gully, you dig? It's getting ugly  
And I ain't found a court that can judge me, the block love me  
Like nines to the side of the skully, popping they top  
I'd rather pop bubbly, one for B.I.G. and one for Pac  
Nigga, trust me, I'm hot as they get, like Al Green  
Getting hit by a pot of them grits, yo, nahmeen?  
Y'all don't really want no parts of this, soon as a nigga  
Start shining, niggaz start some shit, my guard lit  
Like a boss, head nigga in charge, get in these drawers  
Fitted, nine inches bigger than yours  
This Meth dude got that food, and he serving it raw  
Told you before, I bring the pain, and now I'm hurting them, pa  
Hurting them, pa...

[Chorus 2X: Streetlife]

Up from the 36, back on that bullshit  
Okay, I'm reloaded, strapped with a full clip  
Staten Island's the borough, Park Hill, we still click  
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, that's the Clan, we run shit

[Inspectah Deck]

Aiyo, you fucking with some capital G's, Allah Math  
Streetlife, Meth Man, plus the Masta and me  
Soldier I, make it happen, indeed, my sick gift  
Had the highest paid hoe, get it cracking for free  
Worldwide, still trapped in the P's, Pioneers  
Like the twenty inch woofers, that's in back of the V  
Leave ya brain, like you spazzing on E.  
It don't matter who you happen to be, nothing swagger like he  
Keep a dirty cop close, never talk with no feds  
Tear the roof off the mother, right along with ya head  
And I ain't talk unless she talking bout bread  
You would swear that I'm rocking New Balance, how I'm walking the ledge  
Son, I'm just a little off of the edge, as I stalk  
The mean streets, for paused types, callers are read  
Killa Hill where the warriors bred, I'm a Resident  
Patient, it's gonna take more than the meds

[Chorus 2X]

[Streetlife]

Special invited guest, I came to put the rumors to rest  
Rip the rest of the slugs through your chest  
Put the chest to the back of your vest  
Trap your packet, take the money and jet  
Niggaz posted, but you posing no threat  
Punk, you pussy like the opposite sex  
Front, see how many shots you will get  
I'm not asking, I'm demanding respect  
I'm just a man to respect  
Watch your step, son, your funeral's next  
Streetlife is the man in the flesh, I got one hand on your neck  
The other hand is attached to the tech

Your next move could mean life or death  
Make move, take baby steps  
Hold that thought, nigga, save your breath  
We hold courts, in the streets, we rep  
For Cash Rule, and we came to collect, cock sucker

[Chorus]