

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]