

# Method Man, Evil Streets (Remix)

[Intro: Method Man]

Spark that shit up  
and lets fly  
Oh my people  
Heyyy Ohhhh  
Ahhhh Hooooo  
Eiiii Heyyy

[Verse One: Sticky Fingaz]

I'm a hoodlum  
A dick in the dirt is what i'm holding  
Sporting mad Polo but only if its stolen  
I got no morals my mind is in the gutter  
KId I'll open up your face with my orange box cutter  
Soak you when you least expect it  
Before I met Russel I only had a jail record  
Plus nothing ever hurt me when I was at home  
These Evil Streets got a mind of their own  
My Pops left me for dead with just the clothes on my back  
I grew up selling crack  
And learning to drive a car jack  
I got street smarts and I use intuition  
I can spot an undercover with my x-ray vision  
And if anybody test me out there  
They gonna make me kill them and throw away my carear  
I'm my Mothers first born, Her last bad seed

[Verse Two: Fredro Star a.k.a. Never]

Its all about the next caper  
The cocaine, props and acres  
For the sake ah  
Snatchin the green paper  
Me and my crew roll in the zone of the twilight  
The news highlight  
When the next shit don't go right  
Its so tight its blazing  
A nigga squeezed hayz in  
got 'em geezing for a runner  
Then the plot thickens  
On point like Rod Strickland  
Clocks ticking  
Makes the hardest niggas clicks stop ticking  
Hitting they stash  
And murdering like and expert  
Cover ya tracks  
And conceal that dirty shit

[Chorus: Method Man]

This is for the gun Triggers  
The noise bringers  
This is for the gun slingers  
Bell ringers  
The bootleggers  
And every day bangers  
And all my hood hustlers who know where we headin'

[repeat 2X]

[Verse Three: Sonsee]

Its all about the \$50,000 cars  
Dice games and ice chains  
We out of the average niggas price range  
Rings and Remy mixed with Henny  
Chicks with Fendi sucking disk in the Infinity  
This nigga had mad deco  
Fucking petro the nickel metro Blow  
All you heard was the gun echo  
On a dead nbight I get my head right  
Running red lights no headlights  
Pumping Buddah in a black Benz  
Pulling out Mac 10's  
Its just the smell of fucking cigarettes  
Broke niggas with assed out  
Took 2 puffs and passed out  
Woke him up with 21 shots of penicillin  
amped him up  
I guess thought it was hempacillin  
Yo chill kid lamp kid, chill kid you livin'  
Aye yo JB hit me one time

[Verse Four: Method Man]

Its the Blaze that be Johnny  
Not many shots can do that ass raunchy  
Lyric to the muzak we rolling  
Watch out for the niggas that be holding  
Raunchy fucking up your colon  
Of course its Tical  
Verbal assault  
We can walk these dogs through all 5 boroughs of New York  
Some talk  
While other individuals walk  
In my square tryin' to hide thoughts  
Spreading lies in my ears  
Got me questioning my peers  
That be show and prove they don't belong here  
I be the Chef in Hells Kitchen  
Pop in the clip and hit the DJ if the records skipping  
My competition gotta keep me at arms distance  
I know myself onion head niggas don't listen  
I shoot the what  
Got no time for that wiz bitchin'  
I'm about to blow in 5 seconds  
The clocks ticking consider this another mission  
impossible as he gets hostile  
Uncut blowing up your nostril  
We There  
Come on take another if you dare  
The reason why its so raw cause its real  
I swear by the hairs on my Chin Chiggy Chin  
To the day I die I represent the Grimy niggas  
The ones who can't afford Tommy Hillfigger  
The down and dirty Johnny fill Niggas

[Yeah]

[Chorus 2X]