

Method Man, Grid Iron Rap

(feat. Street Life)

[Bishop Don Magic Juan]

"Dropped outta school early so I could get me some paper
That's a good book, I don't mind you gettin knowledge about the game
You dig? So you won't have to have those young girls fool ya, you dig?
Trick ya outta your check, so you can learn about it
Don't try to play if you ain't ready for it
Cuz the game could be detrimental to ya boy."

[Street Life]

I Silver Surf the city circuit, forever lurkin on the street surface
I spit blood for blood verses
Plan span divided, we still stand conquer land
One man'll body slam Def Jam
Focus ya head cam, zoom in, we radio tunin
I know you're listenin so I keep showin and provin
Play the sideline, waitin for the right time to take mine
Street crime, nickel and dime rhyme
f*ck a peace talk, let the gun spark, on the streets of New York
I Shaolin strut through the city asphalt, FED UP
Hold ya head up, I'm circlin the block, keep ya eyes up
Wise up before you get sized up (tied up)
Play no game, speakin on my name you catch a clip full
from close range, diggin in your pocket, take the loose change

[Method Man]

Punch the data in ya mainframe
You want it all, I want the same thing
Strive to maintain, live out my name
Hard to obtain, hard to explain, ain't nuttin changed
Leave the same way I came, Bringin motherf*ckin Pain

[Chorus: Street Life, Method]

Killa Hill projects, hi-tech street intellect
Best connect, blow your headset, f*ck a mic check

Bring em round the underground, pocket full of sound
Ashes to ashes y'all n*ggaz goin down

[Method Man]

Eat sh*t and die slow, battle ground no survival
You goin down, y'all n*ggaz f*ck around
sh*ttin where you sleepin, so my rhyme Proposal came Indecent
Beef from the butcher, sink your teeth in

[Street Life]

f*ck what you believe in, you real-fake
Fishin in the same lake, eatin off the same cake you blow face

[Method Man]

Who go that ready cook, synthetic look, actin crook
Betty shook worm, tryin to shake the hook as the world turn
n*ggaz burn, once again the Super Sperm, rub it in
your skin, like it's Lubriderm, time took to write this
The war will be fought by the righteous
Who stand criticized by his un A*Alikeness
Knowledge is the truth and it's priceless
Real like them Rahway Lifers, nuttin but time on my hands
Observe the black sands in the hourglass, fallin fast
In the savage land haulin ass, Days of Thunder
It's Road Rage, your days are numbered
What RZA put together let no man tear asunder (motherf*cker!)

[Street Life]

This is P.L.O., Killa Hill flow but you don't hear me though
Live in stereo, pumpin loud until your speaker blow
Ghetty-o slang pro, sling rap for cash flow
Keep it live from the intro until the outro

[Chorus]

[Street Life]

I'm on a suicide run, y'all n*ggaz know the outcome
Razor sharp tongue leave scars in your eardrum
Forty-five bar seminar, ghetto rap star
Slide like water rats through the Staten Reservoir
Swingin swords cut your mic cord, snatch ya rap awards
Commercial cats f*ckin up the game, that's why I crash boards
Break laws, wired jaw, keep on tryin yours
Hardcore, something that my street n*ggaz is dyin for

[Method Man]

Snatch your neck and the dope fiend, Golgo 13
Professionals wit no things, say no more
Check my Dogs at the Reservoir
Gourmet special of the day is n*gga Souflee, pusher gotta pay
And the games people play, John J. back around the way
Fish filet, Mister DJ, turn it up a notch
Hit the replay, for dirt bomb n*ggaz in the P.J.
to Klingon, bring on, the Good Times for Keyon
Hood rhymes that's be-yond ya thinkin
For eons, I've been hear to shine on the black minds
Tell you like the last time, year of the grimy n*gga
Rag time, bad sign, flatline

[Bishop Don Magic Juan]

"It's easy to get into the game, but once you get on top
Can you stay there?"