

# Method Man, Hard To Kill

[Method Man:]

Yeah, play times over mutha phuckaz, Spice 1's defiantly in mutha phuckin' effect.  
You know what I'm saying? bringing it to all you bitch ass niggaz, so raise up  
and recognize, and understand that this brother is hard to kill.

[Spice 1:]

I'm running this niggaz off their block taking their shit kicking it to the bitches.  
People cant lift off your spot I'm leaving your shit all up in stitches.  
nigga,  
Bullets go through the door, I'll shoot you and that ho, got a cap for each  
nigga fucking with my cash flow. Pid cap, be love cap pid, because in the neighborhood  
cause still kill at will.

Gotta keep on my pistol on tight, slanging sugar delite, that china white got these  
niggaz killing each other tonight, sometimes a turf is like a war zone, or even  
Vietnam, not at the movies but you still see the died come. And a nigga catch a slug,  
caps' be pulled for fun foo, you got to watch your shit before we pull a ak on your  
own blood, se niggaz will stick you for your cash, that's when they enter the t-shirt  
contest to super soak their ass. So Method Man show these niggaz the deal. Let these  
mutha phuckaz know that your hard to kill.

[Method Man:]

Who dat nigga? You on with me with the super fly Methtical nigga. Who want to die?  
For year nigga. Wow, even try to test sides. Challenger your the bird with  
my 45 cabolar. Can it be that this is the S.P.I.C.E. 1 and the method mutha phucka  
with the guns blazing? You trail, my god, its amazing. Where your punk at?  
Nightmares like Wes Craven. The bigger the critter, the harder to pull the trigga.  
I'll send your ass back to the dark side nigga. Your a snake, I've seen you sliver,  
so I deliver with death. We'll throw your punk ass in the river. On the battle ship  
I'm the captain. Beat that ass bloody as I send it to the camp. Tical!

[Chorus]

S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.  
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.  
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.

[Spice 1:]

Blah! These mutha phuckaz nutz if you want to murder me, harder to kill than your  
average mutha phuckin' G. Rollz with the uzi with that shit that will make your body

drop. Cause if your shot, tic toc and you don't stop. Nigga, down for my  
strap  
niggaz on their back, no rat-tat-tat so its on the map. Died come again,  
coming  
straight out of my jaws, got these niggaz screaming out paws, pistol  
grip and breaking  
out their jaws. yeah, so you don't want to fuck with me, many niggaz out  
there to go  
nuts with me. And even on your block smoke them like a fucked up bell,  
cant be caught  
by no Po-Po's cant be put in no slammer. I don't be fucking with no  
snitches, aint no  
body going to tell, leave your dick in the dirt, and yo momma as well.  
New York  
to Cali niggaz are hard to kill, Shit is too real, your a ignorant mutha  
fucka if your  
not riding with your steal.

[Chorus]

S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.  
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard to killah.  
S.P.I.C.E. coming from the bay area, bay area, puffing carea.  
S.P.I.C.E. coming from the bay area, bay area, puffing carea.  
1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7  
1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7

[Outro: Spice 1]

Capping your ass for the 94, what you know? Grab your glock. Blah! Me  
burst out first 'Mon.  
We are in 7000 G.