

Method Man, Next Up

[60 Second Assassin]

I traveled so far

Im chewin niggas lyrics for a Mars bar

New era, bust em like reign terror

So highly Mecca Nas a nigga died and measured

The inevitable, beyond the ever so, this deadly technical

Scribes get revised in the time before celestial

No being or lyric ever hit precise, double sight

Take light, through the crypts at night

Spark pathetic brains and meteorite

Seven heaven verses the seven wonder, lyrics of thunder

As lightning strikes snakes out from under

Cloudy men drips, sinks Niles of fine mist

Worries startin to give, land for the tales out the crypt

Of the dark, dead senses, gods of heavenly business

Count Dracula told me how to find the eclipse

I leave your lip stitched

Cause you couldnt mind your business

But when it came to this rap,

You shouldve vacated the premises

Make way for a chilla, guerilla, down low killa

Get loopbtin civil, next up

[Prodigal Sunn]

Yo I believe thats me

[Trebag]

Aiyyo P get on the mic for the NYC

[Prodigal Sunn]

P attack you from the metronome

Catch you in your groove home alone

Blowin wit the chrome, nigga

Im blowin to the bone

My title be known, cannibal, dynamical maestro

Sparked and fully hydroed my team of psychos

Sell it higher than the Eifel Towers

Seconds minutes led the hour, wein the power

Spittin bibles, the sunshower, the wise out on the scene

They think we forget the dream

My aura sheens like morphine in your veins

Pastors saying can you and your crew, oooh stand the rain

Many men possess the gin in the jungle of sin

Deeper than, Sunn chosen others frozen

From the explosion, my opposition

Protect my team of demolitions, full competition

Keep em drinkin Benjin

Like some chicken heads on the ground

Bite the trey pound for foes that wanna get down

Me and my clique sharpen the sound

Infiltrate the town town town

[Trebag]

Next up

[Hell Razah]

Yo I believe thats me

[Trebag]

Aiyyo Razah get on the mic for the NYC

[Hell Razah]

If I could chew glass to this, true master shit check it

Hell Razah raise from the dead black Lazaris

Hittin ass to this on King Sols mattresses

Bust your gat to this, make sure you hold it accurate

John the Baptist this dip you wit the fish

Aladdin out the genie lamp grant you on your wish
Trapped in the studio booth and told the truth
You better try a video shoot or get the boot
From BK to Beirut we shuttin down groups
Gatherin the loot while you mackin in a chicken coop
Duck duck goose tie him in a noose
Whats the use of havin your troops if you dont put them to use?
Yall rappers couldnt blow if a windy storm produce
And sung a kiddie song and wore a Power Ranger suit
Salute the first fruit, King David birth root
Play the earths flute just before I execute
Next up

[Method Man]
Yo I believe thats me
[Hell Razah]
Aiyyo Meth lock it down like LAPD

[Method Man]
While you proceed to cut the mustard, I cut the cheese
Mr. Freeze givin cold shoulders to mcs
The sickest of disease
Johnny Blaze at three hundred and sixty degrees
My PLO stees is from here to overseas
Guerillas in the mist swingin from the highest trees
Bombin enemies
See me in the global war being all that I can be
Camoflauge fatigue, hard headed major league
Got em under seige your battleship in sinkin
20,000 leagues beneath sea level
Adjust the trebel on that thang thang got your shovel
Can you dig it? Keep talkin bout it while we live it
All day, every days a Billie Holiday
Lady sings the blues get the street news by the way
Have you heard crime pay?
Hit your block like that lava that burnt Pompei, mega hot
In the melting pot, felt the shot around the world
We unstoppable like Juggernaut baby girl
Armed and dangerous treat militia, Ill make you famous
Camoradiated verbal going through changes