

# Method Man, Perfect World

[Dialogue]

First, they dropped the bomb  
Then came the disease  
Then death  
This our world  
Your world, my world  
I like this world!

Yo, on foreign land keep your toast up, hot rocks  
Catch a close up your snot box, broke up  
Land shark, tryin to post up, reptiles  
Trying to throw cub with crooked smiles  
Take your kindness for weakness, yhey foul  
New York niggas be lovin how the gun talk, POW!  
Another underboss pull a doublecross  
Niggas ain't ready for the holocaust here and now  
Want them games people play, catch these bullets over Broadway  
Twenty-five to life up in Rahway get caught  
Look deep into the black thought, a holy war is being fought  
on Allah's court, my perfect world (if you will)  
Mr. Sandman, bring 'em a dream, infa-red light beams  
Homicide scene, perfect world  
By any means get cream  
Just don't let it come between you and I, seen  
Everything is everything in this three ringed, circus  
Peoples is swift, tryin to work us, lord  
with devil worship and satanic verses  
It takes place in the world, perfect, mine and yours  
Heard when it rains, it pours  
I came to bring the pain once more (once more)  
Pedal to the floor, peep the Jim Crow law  
The Big Apple, rotten to the core  
These niggaz want war? (GIVE EM WAR)  
They schemin and I-Beam'n  
Hitmen like cryin freeman, they need cleanin  
Keep it comin til they all runnin, screamin, bloody murder  
At war with them inner demons, it's goin down  
Invasion, U.S.A., spittin rounds  
If these shells hit the battleground, pave the way  
for birth of a Generation, X  
Spoken with a project dialect, bomb threat  
to the air waves, hit the deck  
Pressed for time in a world lacking sunshine  
Got love for my family, cause they mine  
See niggaz dying in the streets over petty crimes  
We gonna eat, or die tryin, got my mind made up  
Young buck, just don't give a fuck, pressin they luck  
When they best, best to give it up, perfect world  
Baby what? Nigga head or gut, them or us  
Welcome to the dark ages, dirty pages  
Of filth, fine filth flavors  
Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes, life flashes  
Right before his eyes, then he passes

While the 666 got more tricks  
Than the PD's got bricks  
From bloods and crips  
To pips with mints  
We still lickin the scars from whips on slave ships

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Uhh.. the children are the future  
And Wu-Tang is for the babies!