

Method Man, Straight Gutta (feat. Redman, Hanz

I'm from the killa killa hill, we keep it real consistent
For that dollar dollar bill, we will murder you in an instant
Fuck what your name is, you'll be non-existent
If you ever try to show any form of resistance
I'm strong in the hood. I'm in a good position
When I walk they salute, when I talk they all listen
You acting the part like you in an audition
Where shoot out's in the parks is a daily tradition
This is modern warfare, we play with live ammunition
Shot you through your third eye, will change your whole disposition
The body never lie, call me the mortician
Every death has a story to tell, so pay attention
Premonitions on my life, slip the banana clip in
Never put your hat on the bed. I'm a little superstitious
Got my black suit on, they say I am acting suspicious
Big gun in my palm, look like my arm is missing

Ayo one MC two MC
When my gun out, everybody goes down
Word on the street, these boys get butter
Fuck with me, nigga, cause this straight gutta

Got my black suit on, we get malicious
Hanz On checking in for the squad, he on his pivot
Got them big guns, make 'em disappear, call 'em wizards
Will oblige, till you meet your demise, this shit is physics
[?] newest gee on the block, he is the shizit
Suffer [?] wounds to ya frame, you move a smidgen
Hanz rollin with the man he the [?], pay you a visit
Prerequisite have them all in the dirt. They all can get it
Used to percolate the crack in the pot, until it dried
Now I am occupying spots on your block, that shit is aye
And when we popping off the gun at your top, we make it pie
You better take another look at your seeds, and holla bye
Yo as far as ma'fuckas concerned, yo this is it
John Blaze press a button on dudes, they getting hit
As far as guns and that street shit go, my niggas fit
Hanz on with the cavalry yo, we in the mix

Ayo one MC two MC
When my gun out, everybody goes down
Word on the street, these boys get butter
Fuck with me, nigga, cause this straight gutta

I got 28 38's 48 machine guns
Wu-Tang recon, check out the retard
I want that boat money carrying my green card
Caesar planet of the grapes in the weed jar
I straight gutta, mind on butta
Everything dirty where rubber for the come up
Block nigga shine like a 5D shutta
Red, Hanz & Street run this mother

We getting buku scrilla
My brothers on their grind
Not another Columbine call me new school killa
Scoop of French vanilla brought a duce duce with her
I might pull a Lil Jon and let the bruce bruce hit her
I'll be gone till November, cry me a river
You could die, but I figure I'ma try and be the bigger man
I and my gorillas, they gonna fry em up for dinner
Like them boys from Cypress Hill said (how I could just kill a man)

Ayo one MC two MC

When my gun out, everybody goes down
Word on the street, these boys get butter
Fuck with me, nigga, cause this straight gutta