

# Method Man, Suspect Chin Music

(feat. Street Life)

[Method Man]

Suspect chin niggas, no win niggas  
send niggas back to go, try again niggas  
all hail me, the good the bag the ugly  
the money's around your way, lovely  
where for art thou Meth-tical god-child  
I pack a smile like crocodile profile  
can't hold it down? oh the shit gon' hit the fan now  
spin around let your whole crown man down, man down

[Street Life]

I live by the street code never old  
never love a hoe, never flash the dough  
cause you never know who friend or foe  
got block control solid gold thought  
before the blow lets stroll through the ghetto  
habitat with no parole  
never snitch switch which  
keep a fresh pair of kicks  
split the tongue snatch the weed  
in case the cops wanna strip search  
think first prepare for the worst  
when you do dirt  
remember there's a million other niggas with the same thirst

[Method Man]

No doubt dummy out  
bets pull the money out  
niggas walk a funny route  
this is what its all about?  
young guns and dum-dums  
slum bums and sons  
askin' niggas where they come from  
get him for his one, um  
sunshine, its crunch time  
stranded on the front line  
ducking from the one-time  
niggas on the run, where the cameras can't come, ha  
make this one the anthem  
ring around the rosie  
pocket full of Grants, uh

[Street Life]

Just because you wild in the club you ain't thug  
sport gloves and gold mugs you ain't thug  
tattoos and hard screws don't make you thug  
sucker for love catch a slug, nigga

[Method Man]

Suspect chin niggas, no win niggas  
send niggas back to go, try again niggas  
shotgun slammin' in your chestpeice, blaow  
shotgun slammin' in your chestpeice, blaow

[Street Life]

Carry your eyes and avoid spots  
cellblocks rap blow you for your slide(?)  
time what you got's mine  
we can take it to the yellow lines and we can pull nine  
whether the rhyme or the crime Ima still shine  
heavy on the street talk cut your life support short  
never had no love for you so there is no love lost

strictly enforced by the street stories get double crossed  
hands off I run with the torch

[Method Man]

They got me fed up from the head up  
put up or shut up  
on stage in them shiny get-up  
these niggas is funny  
energizer bunny actors  
they hustle backwards  
son I think they gay rappers  
say word, drop some stature  
dog splash ya, party crash ya  
the spell casta  
heard the same before and after its over  
flood get your brain end the game, done its over  
end of the line out of time bitch its over  
on the wrong street with no heat he was sober  
we soldiers somebody should've told ya

[Street Life]

Million dollar ice on your wrist don't make you thug  
cause a bitch is sucking your dick on your skit you ain't thug  
bandanas and bad grammer don't make you thug  
sucker for love catching slugs nigga

[Method Man]

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[Street Life]

With the W burning through your flesh  
verbally possessed never second guess  
blow minds like David Koresh  
fuck a vest you need a gun to protect your assets  
deep in the aztecs break out before the sun set  
street wars gimme yours crime is what I live for  
got rhymes galore next time its at the wu store  
if you sleep late, next date is at the cest gate  
all you sober mcs, I leave y'all niggas half-baked

[Method Man]

Microphone is in a choke hold  
losin' control bringing drama by the boatload  
it takes drama  
in the pillage now of cappadonna  
my split persona hit their village and their baby mama  
y'all niggas playing with this money while we stay hungry  
and kept it pudgy it won't make me have to crash, dummy  
before its over  
you should keep your chain tucked in  
and should never run your mouth with a suspect chin  
now lay it down

[Street Life]

Just because you wild in the clup you ain't thug  
sport gloves and gold mugs you ain't thug  
tattoos and hard screws you ain't thug  
real thugs runnin' with hate and smash love

