

Method Man, The Glide

(feat. La the Darkman, Raekwon, U-God)

[Intro: Raekwon]

Wu-Tang... yeah (what up son) you know
It's back to that good ol' thing again, you know?
(Pass that, pass that, man) Word up, we do this tremendously
(It's on, Rae) word up from staircase to stage
Yeah... (yo who that?) You know what it is
(Oh shit... that's the Wu niggaz man) aiyo

[Raekwon]

From out the air space, I'm rockin' leather pants in the tenth grade
My pen blaze, now we in the wind gate, killin' haze
Put this shit back in order, do it like the crack days
Stack up, you little niggaz back up, your raps suck
I demolish a maggot, faggot lines, nigga, you're a savage
But don't never compare me to your wack times
I'll smash your hood up, yeah, anybody you call
I straight mash out, for cash nigga, put up
The Embassy's calling, Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang
Enemies is falling, y'all niggaz ain't good enough
Now acknowledge the strength, we stand like buildings
In the city, raise that rent up, y'all niggaz gonna give me, baby
Yeah, what, fucker, we stomp niggaz out like XUV's
Then fuck ya girl in the but-ut
Nine rap playboys, see me in the Playboy Mansion
With the playboys on, I play rid up

[Chorus: La the Darkman]

Nigga, we glide when we ride, don't choke when we smoke
Disrespect fam, yo ass gon' get smoked
We got real money, seven figure deal money
I'm in the Samuel Jackson, Time to Kill money

[U-God]

Yeah, we got them anthems, we handsome and raw
All day, cops harass, but we laugh at the law
And a fiend got my stash, I blast through your door
I caught her with the four, his dame was frozen
She loves sniffing coke til her veins is bulging
You punk motherfucker, your ribs is frail
I've been eating calamari, getting big in jail

[La the Darkman]

Nigga, we glide when we ride, don't choke when we smoke

[Method Man]

I got that sidedish super today, eye candy
With the sweetest love, one bite, your tooth'll decay
I'm moving units like I'm moving the yae, and like they say
In this business, you either in it, bitch, or you in the way
Sky's the limit, I ain't come here to play, or come to shit where I lay
Who in that six blunt, clipping his tray
Sippin' some Ice Water, dipping with Rae
Tipping these tricks, dripping for pay
And knowing half them bitches is gay
T.M.I. blowing tree in sky, we on the job
So be advised, that wack niggaz, needin' apply
S.I., represent til we die, this track is pitching to fry
Enter the Dragon, I be spitting that fire
Keep ya balls off, so calling you dogs off
Cuz word to these jeans, hanging off of my ass, I never fall off
The sensei, with this pen I slay
Pick up a queen in Miami, then get M.I.A., John Blaze, bitch

[Chorus 2X]