

TLC, Cradle Rock

Method man & left eye
(appears on method man's album "tactical 2: judgement day")

All the children comin' into the light....
There will be....

Chorus:
Rock-a-bye baby
From the rooftop
When the guns blow
Your cradle gets rocked
When the earth quakes
And the sky start to fall
Down will come emcees
Fake shit and all

Rooftoppin' be the shell shot
The bomb drops
Aftershock blow your mother clock
To smithierines
Time stops
Flying guillotine
Comin' for your fly
What you mean you spilled the beans, huh?
Blacked out and thought I seen 'pac
Laced a big glock
What's a bird to a brother with a flock what
They got some nerve
They even try share the turf
On john j
Flap a nigga gay
With the word play
Hot neck shoot you with a gift
It's your birthday
God hatin' ugly in the worst way
F**k 'em like the earth say
From first day
I surveyed the hassle
Death knockin' at your door
In the big apple
Meth roton to the core
Shackled in the sound castle
The dungeon with vermin
In the form of emcees
Determined to step foot on god's soil
Not knowin' that these egg-heads
Come hard boiled
And heavy handed
The aliens have just landed
Any any way
Overthrow these niggas planet
Independence day
Felons get split melons
Homicide
Bug nigga's get the bug repellent
Insecticide
Johnny 5 take it worldwide
As long as I pledge allegiance
To the dark side
I never die
Who you know with a flow like this
Bring 'em in
What clan you know blow like this
Bring 'em in

Take dat nigga

There will be....

The sound of gun bursts
Put the foul in the turf
(foul in the turf)
You can't think planet from the my control theory
(my control theory)
Murder in the first bring 'em back down to earth
(back down to earth)
Ya'll niggas don't hear me prepare for the worst
(prepare for the worst)

Times gon' change
Nuttin' will remain the same
Million dollar broke niggas
Still f**ked up in the game
Make me wanna choke niggas
Shittin' on my name
Tuck ya chain when I approach
Nigga go against the grain now
Can you stand the rain now
Die hard fan

Call me john john mcclain now
Snake verse the crane style
Death to the enemy
Wu brother number one
The centipede
Troublesome
Send 'em all to kingdom come
Sun still shine one
Time for your crooked mind
Drunk off of cheap wine
Son I'm in the street crime
Every word every line
Got juice very fine
Turn me loose on man kind
Detonate the land mine
Funk gets my go now
I'll never sell, never sold
Live by the code now
Never tell, never told
Darts I throw
Like clyde with the finger roll
Clutch shots and whatnot
This is where the buck stops
Still can't eat
And y'all still can't sleep
I elect myself as presidential emcee
Wu tang killa bee
The bee hive facility
In love with the blunt smoke
Even though it's killin' me
Bad vibes fillin' me with
Thoughts of conspiracy
Whitewater scandals
With bill clinton 'n hillary
Too hot to handle
Too well put together to dismantle
F**ker
You heard
F**ker...

There will be....

Excuse me as I kiss the sky
Catch me when I fall son
I'm too young to die
Me and lefty
That be the eye
Come touch me
If you don't know me
You'll never know me
Booster brady

En espanol
Me legs shocks on you
Man if you test me....
Fire upon your head
I say fire upon your chest
Man if you test I say
You feel exempt
Anybody want to contest me
As you reach for me
Check
Cocky.....
Check
Smarty boy contest me
Have to reach for me....

Chorus

A-yo
I got three-hundred and sixty
Degrees of self
That's mind, body, and spirit
120 degrees of peace
We gon' break it down into simple terms
That's 9 nigga 9
Highest level of change
Too many niggas sittin' on they ass
Waitin' for shit to just happen
Shit don't just happen
Don't f**k around and miss the boat
If you take away the negative
Make room for the positive
That's addin' and subtractin'
On the real
Niggas better learn they math
'cause if my calculations serve me correct
I'm gonna f**k around and have all this shit
I'm on yo ass nigga
I'm on yo ass...