

Street Life

"Play IV Keeps"

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[Method Man]

Ha yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

One time.. yo

Never liked son from day one bring you tool

That nigga stick you and play dumb hate a bitch ass

Who care where you came from you ain't prepared
for when the pain come this nigga scared shook to
death

from a cold stare stuntin knowin my brothers fiend

to do you somethin over here we head huntin

in the function I smell fear, adrenaline start pumpin

I Smash Pumpkins, Hard Rock be in the Cafe

Tear the club up, and anyone that try to judge us

The last days, makin sure I get the last say

In the food chain, is you predator or prey?

If you featherweight, lyrics blow your back

crack your vertabrae, lookin for a better way

to get my point across, thoughts accelerate

at the same speed, of the muder rate

Lord, never perpetrate a fraud, til my nigga Carlton
Fisk

see the boss, truly yours, Mr. Meth

[Street Life]

Life's a snippet, one way ticket

Time tickin fast, blink you might miss it

Semen on Street shit, you might catch fifty stitches

Body bag sprayed up, buried in muddy ditches

I play for keeps, bust heat you catch cold feet

My rap sheet, speak for itself, concrete

Evident, Killa Hill, resident, double dart agent

Secret intelligent my rap style's flagrant

Chorus One: all

Feel the sting of a killa bee, Johnny Blaze

Street Life, Deck and Mobb Deep, Play IV Keeps

In the city that you never sleep, pay attention

Ain't no shittin when you gotta eat, we hold it down

[Inspectah Deck]

I move like Mad Max 'cross the wasteland

One hand holds the head of the last brave man

Made man, Cuban Link chain of command

Authorized fam', hot like Sahara sand

My live team turn the club to a crime scene -ac

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