

Street Life

"Suspect Chin Music"

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[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

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