

## Streetlife f/ Method Man

### "Shoot on Sight"

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[Intro: Streetlife]

What, yeah, I ain't playin' around  
No more, man, used to have for you and shit  
What, wanna stab me in my back, and all that  
Yeah, word, you ain't got to say nothin' to me  
When you see me in the world, nigga  
What, yeah, yo, yea, yo

[Streetlife]

I knew it come down to this, you let this rap shit  
Come between us, now you smellin' your piss  
Showed you love on the strength of click, little bitch  
Wanna switch, ride on the next nigga's dick?  
Time to show you how real it can get, real quick  
We can battle for your bitch or that ice on your wrist  
We can do this for any price, your life's at risk  
If you shit five mil, still wouldn't cop that shit  
I respect no M.C. who claim they sick  
With your gangsta anticts, what part of the game is  
this?  
Ignorant simplest, life after death is a myth  
Never shit where you sleep, never walk where you piss  
Don't forget I was Street, before this rap game shit  
Nowadays, rap niggaz, be dying in they whips  
Fuck a rhyme, take this back to sellin' dimes on the  
strip  
Never in your lifetime, would you rock like this

[Chorus: Streetlife (Method Man)]

I knew it come down to this  
We used to be all right, now it's shoot on sight  
(Shoot on sight, nigga)  
I knew it come down to this  
You fucked up homey, you switched up on me  
(Switched up, homey)  
I knew it come down to this  
You in the danger zone, you shouldn't be alone  
(You better have that chrome)  
I knew it come down to this  
Down to this, down to this (come on Streetlife)

[Streetlife]

I knew it come down to this, I figure I'll  
Warn you first, before I let you swallow my fist  
I got gorillas in the myst, with banana clips  
Ready to peel when I feel you slip  
I don't care how much shotties you shot, how many  
bodies you got  
You rub me wrong, then your body will drop  
I'm from Homicide Housing, where we murder the cops  
Just for browsing, walk in the beat on my block  
You got some nerves, changing my words  
But I'm on to you fake ass nigga, you heard?  
This is grown man business, stay in your place  
I got big big guns, that will erase your face  
I see you eyein' me, eyein' you, bite your tongue  
Cuz if you speak them fight words, muthafucka, you  
done  
I live the life, and everything come with a price  
I'm only tellin' you once, I ain't sayin' \*two gun shots\*

[Chorus 2X]

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