

Tom Petty % Stevie Nicks

"Grid Iron Rap"

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[Streetlife]

I Silver Surf the city circuits, forever lurkin
on the street surface, I spit blood for blood verses
Grands man divided, we still stand, conquer land
One man'll body slam Def Jam
Focus your headcam zoom in, with radio tune in
I know you're listenin, so I keep showin and provin
Play the sideline, waitin for the right time to take mine
Street crime, nickel and dime rhyme
Fuck a peace talk, let the gun spark, on the streets of
New York
I Shaolin Strut through the city asphalt (FED UP!)
Hold your head up, I'm circlin the block, keep your eyes
up
Wise up, before you get sized up (TIED UP!)
Play no games, speakin on my name, you catch a
clipful
from close range, diggin in your pocket, take the loose
change

[Method Man]

Punch the data in your mainframe, you want it all
I want the same thang, strive to maintain, live out my
name
Hard to obtain, hard to explain, ain't nuttin changed
Leave the same way I came, bringin motherfuckin pain

[Streetlife]

Killa Hill Projects, high-tech street intellect
Let's connect, blow your headset, fuck a mic check

[Method Man]

Ring around the underground, pocket full of sound
Ashes to ashes, y'all niggaz goin down

Yo.. eat shit and die slow, battle ground no survival
you goin down, y'all niggaz fuck around
Shittin where you sleepin, so my rhyme proposal
came indecent, beef from the butcher sink your teeth
in

[Streetlife]

Fuck what you believe in, you real fake, fishin in the
same lake
Eatin off the same cake you blowface

[Method Man]

Who got that ready-cooked, synthetic look, actin crook
Betty-shook worm, tryin to shake the hook, as the world
turn
Nigga burn, once again the supersperm
Rub it in your skin, like it's Lubriderm, time took to write
this
The war will be fought by the righteous
who stand criticized, by his un-A*Alike-ness
Knowledge is the jewel, and it's priceless
Real like them Rahway Lifers, nuttin but time on my
hands
Observe the black sands in the hourglass, fallin fast
in this savage land, haulin ass, Days of Thunder
It's road rad, your days are numbered
What RZA put together let no man tear asunder
(motherfucker)

[Streetlife]

This is P.L.O., Killa Hill flow, but you don't hear me
though
Live in stereo, pump it loud until your speaker blow
Ghett-io slang pro, sling rap to cashflow
Keep it live from the intro until the outro

Killa Hill Projects, high-tech street intellect
Let's connect, blow your headset, fuck a mic check

[Method Man]

Ring around the underground, pocket full of sound
Ashes to ashes, y'all niggaz goin down

[Streetlife]

My dick! (My dick!)
I'm on a suicide run, y'all niggaz know the outcome
Razor sharp tongue leave scars in your eardrum
Forty-five bar seminar ghetto rap star
Slide like water rats through the Staten Reservoir
Swingin swords cut your mic cords, snatch your rap
awards
Commercial cats, fuckin up the game, that's why I
crash boards
Drape floors while you Jordan, keep on tryin yours
Hardcore, somethin that my street niggaz is dyin for

[Method Man]

Snap your neck and the dopefiend, Gobol 13
Professionals we know things, say no more
Check my Dogs at the Reservoir, gourmet special of the
day
is nigga soufflee, pusher gotta pay
And the games people play, John Jay back around the
way
Fish filet, Mr. DJ, turn it up a notch
Hit the replay, for dirt bomb niggaz in the PJ
to cling-on, bring-on, the good times, to key-on
Hook rhymes that's be-yond, your thinkin, for eons
I been here, to shine on the black mind
Tell you like the last time, year of the grimy nigga
Ragtime, bad sign, flatline..

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