

Coolio F/ Montell Jordan

"Box in Hand"

Visit "[Box in Hand](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse One: Ghostface Killah

Yeah, assorted flavor Clarks
No doubt
The beer champ
Yeah, curly head kid
Yo, yo, yo

From Gators to blazers, low fades and razors
Big dick saloon, I contact the womb; the black asian
Which location keeps circulating
I want the twin power after day shit on his mason
A God steam represent the gummy with the green
who walk fiend stand up on your block and burn a bean
Sir Ballentine, lookin at this bitch walk behind
The thing that's fucked up appeal us that's wine
They turn around take my last pull off the L
these niggas on the block keep looking at me well
But they want the jewel it ain't hard to tell
I'm recognize his face, he actin like Denzel
But fuck him, I went to check low for chop
on a ball gone the size like faith up top
Now it's a whole new ball game, strategic mind frame
My dialogue's rebellious raid and razor fame
Glass out a red light, see Killah get on a ninja bike
Show my love to the God he peeled out and made a
right
Sound of speeding motorcycle

Chorus:

When you walking down the street with your - Box in
your hand
and you bringing the music of the - Wu-Tang Clan
And you hear Ironman on your - radio rapping
Your feet start the dancing and your - hands start the
clapping

Verse Two: Street

Street's running through your dancehall gunning

like Lee Harvey Oswald stunning slapping MC's with
summons
for pumping - that watered down substance
Beef there's slugs finger creeping
making moves like Crying Freeman
Prince of thieves, earth's third seed
Heavyweight like golden fleeces homicides stroll the
street
If Luther preached it, look at the thugs holding heat
In the city beef got me plotting trilogy
To the smoke enemies sneak attacks I'm beyond and
above that
Seen that done that, respect black
I catch a slug to your hardhat
lounging in the everglades, surfing the airwave
Catch a buck fifty where the razorblades swiftly
Shaolin cats be shiesty, strictly
drunk off the Irish whiskey

Chorus

Verse Three: Method Man

Rest your headpiece on this one sun
cough up a lung
Sleeping on my murderous type ones I get you done
I'm looking at these cuthroat kids and how they live
It's like we was partners in spades and you renege
Can't fuck with no nigga like that he get me jack
Or sent back, meaning whole life fade to black
I'm looking in the half of right and roll tight
fool me once but can't fool me twice, I'm 25
To life on this mic device ain't nothing nice
a mixture of long wild rice and no spice
Inflicted, rap addicted, track I stick it, flip it
daddy long dick-ed, slide
A little bit beyond twisted, mind in stitches
You thought weak but meant wicked
Niggas choke off my second hand smoke lifted
everyday is like my birthday I'm mad gifted, dead calm
Hit me with the eighteen bronze, buddah palm
About to blow like Napalm, before your arm
Prepare for the warfare, or buy a share
Oh what the fuck we dealing with, yeah
Johnny about to go there
need another year
Bust a shot for my sons that didn't make it here

Chorus

