

Star Polite

"Elements"

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[Method Man]
(There...there?)
One more game
Yo uh huh uh huh
Staar
Surround sounder blunt smokin remy downer
Hip hop sizzar slingin my raw in your flounder
You get skidawed undertakin' undergrounders
This lyricist lounge with low that be loungers
Aliens is out of townish fuck applause
niggas clap now with forty pounders and fourty fours
Is it all fair in love with war
Young 'uns with guns, acting like they taking yours, uh
Live by the sword, they gonna die by the sword, uh
My vocal cords break the laws that apply to nature
Low and these niggas love to hate ya
Request the henney straight no chaser
Twin towerin' I skyscape ya
Now gimme yours
[Star]
Trifled disciple, arch rival reppin with weapons that
homicidal
Star leaves you marked from the start like tribal scars
(Allah punk) I'm hazardous as a bomb and arms
spinnin' like Christ
Recitin' psalms in the streets of Babylon
(Verbs I gather well) ??? data shells
My squad camoflauged your wealth
Like the bible with parables
With the navigator, spittin razor sharp, breath laser
data
That'll tickle you now, but sway you later
[Method Man]
On this one call me Lee Major
Million dollar man, bionic or professor chronic
Still not a player, I just fuck alot the panty raider
Get shortys mad, they curse you wild on your sky pager
Stankin' ass
[Polite]
Yo Mr. Big Mouth, better duck down or bite the bullet
You niggas got guns but you scared to death to pull it

Bet if I pull my gun I'm gon' squeeze
I'm startin at your head, son, and stoppin' at your
knees
I hate your screwmugs, rumble counterfeit thugs
Niggas want mine, bet they come and get it in blood
Fat pote

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