Judas Priest "Rukus"

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(Here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus) (Here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus) (Here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus) (Here come the... (Shotgun, slammin in your chest piece - plow!) --> Method Man

I break pens, make ends Fake friends smile up While I rip a style up But I know the real ones Who steal guns And jooks to crooks, C-k-l-y-n See, they be dyin Daily, rarely do they make it to the news New suit, no shoes, no clues I mind my business, you better mind yours I'm steppin to jaws So get the gores for the cause Laws ain't made for a nigga, pid tax-free So they wanna find out where the cracks be So they run up, gun up, wanna touch us They must be lookin for the rukus

(Here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus) (Here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus) (Here come the rukus, the muthafuckin rukus) (Here come the...) (Shotgun, slammin in your chest piece - plow!) --> Method Man

[VERSE 2]

Now I'm back on the block stuck Shit outta luck I need some dead men, they keep me alive in '95 Gotta eat, got a street, let's pump it Blow that shit up like a trumpet No doubt, baby, maybe when they be thinkin Shit is dead, we split his head, hit his crib Yo, fuck that, my nigga Big I just did his bid We need a steady flow, ready-go, get the ifth

Let me hit the spliff, let's do this
Yo, tell em who dis, the rudest
Like a nudist I got no shame
I put the flame to your perimeter claim
Fuck po-po, I smoke em like cocoa
In fronto pronto
As I go on to
The next order of business
I'm sellin crisness over bridges
National, unrational, yet everything works out
Every hour on the hour, another bag of flour
I got the Kryptonite that'll take away your power

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(Shotgun, slammin in your chest piece - plow!) -->
Method Man

[VERSE 3]

They wanna put me in a institution For distribution, solution Prostitution - trick D's wanna seize ki's, ease off the brick My brother caught a body, but the rap won't stick They want names, people play games like poker I got the joker and the ace, the smoker in the waist Under fire cook the cocoa to the base Easy money, bee's honey, sweet, brick city street Cold flip with the whole strip, deep Gettin z's yet I never sleep I be up, I re-up, and then I transact My man's packed, I do too So if they don't shoot you, then I will So you die still Either way I take your breather away So I guess you better leave away This ??? or get the clapper I know how to make muthafuckas scatter

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