Lisa Loeb & Nine Stories "Cradle Rock"

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All the children come into the light...
[Sample of "Bright Tomorrow"] There will be...

Chorus/Intro: Left Eye and Method Man

Rock a bye baby from the rooftop When the guns blow, your cradle gets rocked When the earth quakes and the sky starts to fall Down will come emcees, fake shit and all!

Verse One: Method Man

On top I be the show shot

The bomb drop

After shot blow your bumba claat to smithereens

Time stop, flyin' guillotines

Commin for your flock

What you mean you spilled the beans, ay?

Black out and thought I seen pop

Lazer beam glock

Whats a bird to a brother with a flock, wha?

They got some nerve

To even try and shit a turd

On John J, flap a nigga gate

With the wordplay

Hot Nik shoot you with the gift

Its your birthday

God hatin' ugly in the worst way

Fuck 'em like the Earth say

From first day I survey the hassle

Death knockin at your door

In the Big Apple

Meth rotton to the core

Shackle, in the sound castle

The doungeon, with vermin

In the form of emcees determined

To step foot on God soil

Not knowin' that these egg heads come hard boiled

And heavy handed

The aliens they just landed

And you in the way

Overthrow these niggas planet
Independance Day
Felons, get split melons
Homicide buck niggas get the buck with pelets
Insecticide
Johnny 5 take it worldwide
As long as I pledge aligence to the Dark Side
I'll never die
Who ya know with a flow like this?
Bring em in
What clan you know blow like this?
Bring em in
Take that nigga [that nigga...]

[Sample]

Hook One: Method Man [Left Eye]

The sound of gun birth put the foul in this earth [foul in this earth]
You can't fake plannin' from the
?Mack Control Theories? [Mack Control Theories]
Murder in the first bring 'em back down to Earth
[back down to Earth]
You niggas don't hear me, prepare for the worst!
[prepare for the worst]

Verse Two: Method Man

Funk gets me goin' now Never sell, never sold Live by the code now

Times gon change, nuttin will remain the same Million dollar broke niggas still fucked up in the game Make me wanna choke niggas shittin' on my name Tuck your chain I approach nigga Go Against the Grain ?Hit the standin' brain? now Die Hard fan call me John John McClain now Snake vs the Crane Style Death to the enemy, Wu brother number one The centipede, trouble some Send 'em all to Kingdom Come Sun still shine one Time for your crooked mind Drunk off of cheap wine Son I'm in the street crime Every word, every line Got juice very fine Turn me loose on mankind Detionate the land mine

Never tell, never told Darts I throw Like Clyde with the finger roll Clut shots an what not This is where the buck stops Still can't eat and y'all still cant sleep I eat up my ?self? as presidential emcee Wu-Tang killa bee The bee high facility In love with the blunt smoke Even though its killin me Bad vibes fillin me With thoughts of conspiricy White Water scandals with Bill Clinton Hilary Too hot to handle Well put together to dismantle Fucka, you heard me?

[Sample]

Hook Two: Meth

Excuse me as I kiss the sky
Catch me when I fall son I'm too young to die
Me and Lefty, that be the Eye come test me
If you don't know, you never know me
Boost the birdie

[Interlude]

Chorus

Outro: Left Eye

Ayyo, I got 360 degrees of self, that's mind body and spirit
120 degrees a piece
We gon' break it down into simple terms
That's nine nigga nine

Highest level of change It's too many niggas sittin' on they ass waitin' for shit to just happen

Shit just don't happen

Gon' fuck around a miss a buck

If you take away the negative, make room for the positve

Thats addin' and subtractin' on the real Niggas betta learn they math Cause if my calculations serve me Correct I'ma fuck around and have all this shit

I'm on yo ass nigga

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