MotoLyrics MotoLyrics.com Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Lisa Lopes "Cradle Rock"

Visit "Cradle Rock" on MotoLyrics.com

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

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

Visit <u>Lisa Lopes</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.