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# Method Man "Buck 50"

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[Method Man] Supreme Clientele

Who on this? The Fenon, them niggas can't live Who on this? We ain't got shit, Summin Gotz ta Give Y'll done flipped y'all wig, blacked out the kid Die and live for my nigs and my bad ass kids Freeze [sniff], lookin at your ice like PLEASE Plottin on the mouse trap, about to snatch the cheese I heard y'all kids is 'bout that, psycho therapy Fuckin, where the cow chat? Blue till they bury me Never tell a lie, like George with the cherry tree Now it's cherry pie, if it's not BROKE, let it be Ain't nuttin nice in, New York, stick ya for ya cake and ya icin

All that tough talk don't mean nuttin when ya up north So keep them hands where I can see them like ya want freedom

You know that sayin, if ya can't join 'em Beat 'em and push ya way in We ain't acrobats but we flip on occasion Pick the Pace up, past snaggin, throw your waist up Niggas writin slum juice with Jacob, FOOL You're like DUDE, I don't like your fuckin attitude Frontin on my Clan from Shao', we ain't mad at you

## [Ghostface Killah]

Yo, Starks dippin cheesy face, meesly pace Ghostface, jump out the window for a little taste Droopy luck, my main bitches call me lazy Educated birds say, "Ghost, you're so crazy"

### [Cappadonna]

Cappa slide thru with the Ghost Post up like paint on walls Drip jew-els, big heat ruffle inside the bubble-goose It's the odd couple, holo-points follow you home in Staten Island Playin with the big toys that make noise Echo in the hall, a scared voice Niggas start to act choice, but Dunkin 'hinds Didn't know Betty Crocker had them two nines

Made the club moist, shattered the windows Dust heads runnin, the black kingpin buzz the Black Jesus

#### [Redman]

Yo, the words you talk better be the words you walk Body you in the van while the nurse is off Put your vein out, watch me insert the dart Till it bleeds from Bricks to the Persian Gulf

Light curcuits off, thirty-third if my brain is off That explains why my language off My gun aim and cough, y'all ain't trained to brawl Y'all more like them training bras Wet behind the ear, you're not prepared for the project flow, with extra stares I pass out a vest to wear (bullets'll fly) Yo, a hard wire, startin bonfires Pullin mask, so you know it's me Your weave got more seeds than ODB Can't smoke wit'cha, watch Ghost tie rope to ya Def and Wu will open ya

[Method Man] Your shit lice Baby shake your shit 'fore your shit lice Get rich like...

[Ghostface Killah] Word, it's me y'all

We in two sixes, flirtin with bitches Dime plush, takin pictures "How you doin baby, my name's Ghost Don't get caught up in my chains or the way that I speak" Seek intelligence, slickest nigga doin it since Grease Check out the greys on the side of my waves, my crew doze on Riker's Island Stretched out, malled up in the cage Pull a ? out on Jimmy Jam, shakes Space Jam Silky texture, Jordan jumped up like Clyde Drexler All up in the parrot, nose numb, real as they come Biggie's Versacis, Snow White rabbit Hands is like photographic magic Funeral love, boohoo when we hug, don't make it a habit Hit the gym in two weeks, my back all chisseled Elbows unique now, meet the new me Ghetto fabulous, Tony Atlas Zulu Nation in the 80's, in front of Masey's I start my

own Chapters Tyco, Nike glow, velvet pose Special effects, high-tech armors, murk you after shows Supercalifragilisticexbealidosious Ghost'll hollar exbefragilisticcalisuper Cancoon, catch me in the room eatin group up

[Method Man] Shoe fly shoe, Wally dark Clark crew Fuck y'all wan' do? Crack a brew, smoke an L or two And flip like, yellin for the whole click, it's sick like the way yo' stank bitch eat a dick like baby shake yo' shit, hold yo' dick like gettin rich like..

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