

Method Man

"Criminology 2.5"

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[Intro: 'Scarface' sample (Raekwon) {Ghostface Killah}]

What you think I'm a fucking worm like you?

I told you, man, I told you, don't fuck with me

I told you, no fucking kids, no, but you wouldn't listen

Well, you stupid fuck, look at you now {Ya'll already know! }

(For real, ya'll, back behind the wall again) {yeah, you know what it is }

(You know what it do, '09 style this time) {It's time to go in now, ya'll }

(For real, making CREAM again, nigga... BLAOW!) {you already know, it's crunch time }

[Raekwon]

First of all, black park it, guns, we spark it

Hit you in the back of your dome, from far, kid

Dice kickers, gun clickers, run up in the bank for ones, quick

The drug dealer niggas, we flip 'em

Polo rugbies, flags on my hats, you love these

Knockout artists are one-piece

Fly in a foreign, all my money ties is tied-up

I'd rather sell coke, no bargain

Tough like a Hummer, fly like a Maybach

Spot runner, clap you in a gun shop, one up

Fuck about police, we Park Hillians with gold geese

And everyday's a Sunday Easter

Cousins in Gaza, the new improved Shottas

Stretched out, mink on the floor, you hassa

We run through with turbans, diamonded up chain with boots on

Mori umbrellas in Tucson

Rhyming is a color, the lifestyle is live, my fly brothers

Something go wrong, we slug something

[Interlude: Raekwon (Ghostface Killah)]

Chill my nigga, chill (I got this, I got this)

Make sure you handle that beat, you know what time it is

Body that beat, man, come on (Yeah)

[Ghostface Killah]

You can catch me anywhere, frost bitten chain
Bad dame, a thousand grams in Delaware
The smokeshop's is owls, laid back, hanging niggas to
death
Word, you can call us coat racks
With 'giants' all around me like, Eli Manning
The bitch is on the block like, he died scrambling
Cuz L frames is crack, popped out, nina one of his eyes
Can't come back home, they locked out
All he did was re-up, hustle for kick money
Kept Beez all around him, thinking he shit honey
Bow, I'm into bobsleds, wasting large bread
Gucci helmet is blue, trim in his dark red
The rap TJ Swan, it's me Ason
If he don't spin my shit, break the DJ arm
And glide off like an escapade, renegade on ice
Lemonade Clark, the haze is nice
The Goldielocks, rocks sapphire, chain is right
Bitch niggas, ya'll watch what ya'll say in ya mics,
suckas

[Interlude: Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, Rae, aiyo, Rae, check it out, yo
Let me go in there one more time and air these niggas
out
For old times sake, you know how we do, my nig'
Old times sake, just for me, man, one more time, I'm
begging you
Let me just go in, and just fly on these niggas heads,
man
It's what I'm talking about

[Ghostface Killah]

It's like a body in a project hallway, who did it?
Who's the next nigga that sucked the snit-ich
That's my word, it could never be me
You see the deer head on the living room wall, like his
neck fell off
That can be all sculptured and glazed with gloss
Call the shots that Bill Belichick would call
Snake niggas slither all in the glass house, racial slurs
When it's time to go to war, they cash out
Throw 'em in the rear-naked choke, they tap out
Niggas try to surround the kid, I backed out
And threw two rocks at 'em, watching the ho drop
I'm from a place where we locking the low glocks
Yellowtape, the bodies, jiggy and road blocks
Got the towels up in the air, it's so hot
Talking bout Staten Island, profiling

Switchblade city, the goons is wilding
Escape from my slums, nigga, you got talent
And we don't want the fifth of 'yac, we want the gallon

['Scarface' sample]

What you think I'm a fucking worm like you?
I told you, man ---

[Method Man]

Vacate black, bust gats, wherever we at
You all that, hit 'em in the chest, we fall back
I got mines, nigga, where yours at?
We call that, raw rap, got fiends in front of my door
mat
That Witty Unpredictable fly shit, drive-by shit
These the niggas I ride with
And we gon' get cake, ya'll, as soon as this pie split
Smacking up the dry snitch, nigga, you my bitch
Somebody put Tical on, matter fact, put Tical on
One suuu, Staten Isle on 'em
I bank roll, I break codes, and I ain't trynna catch
another case, case closed
Give me my crown, cuz I deserve it, real dudes giving
me pounds
But not too close though, the semis'll round
Bitches, running they mouth, goons, running your gate
My team running the block, cops running my plates
Well fuck that, Criminology rap
Niggas hate, I hate back, floating in the flyest
Maybach, nigga

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