

## Method Man "Dart Throwing"

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*[Raekwon the Chef]*

Let's get it on Kokomo  
John John Blazeini, Donna J-Bird  
Yeah  
Another Persian legacy

*[Method] The Iron Lung*

*[Raekwon the Chef]*

Yo yeah  
Yeah, yo, yo  
Dart throwing, yo aimin at your nostril, Aeropostle  
sword rockin halibut steak we choppin  
Mili-tia, eight to nine generals at one time  
Fine we blend wine, go beyond one line  
Spot the snakeskin, Dunn was scaley  
Chopped his head off fuhrilly, sit back, crack the  
Bailey's  
Wetter than white milk, grab the quilt - that's the heater  
My nigga drop losses, strike like Adidas  
Shit is deep, the Grant's still burnin  
The long time earnin, just got snatched by more  
Germans  
Europeans are seein me bleedin, jet off in  
the Lex skiin, goggles, Louis Rich Sweden

*[Method Man]*

I dig my life experiences, wrap it up  
in twelve inches, keepin my defenses  
Put it up in raw trenches, holdin court on the park  
benches  
In the ghetto servin life sentence  
Mass confusion in New York, on these city sidewalks  
Busy sidewalks, there's no snoozin  
Stop actin like it's me losin, peep my modern day  
Pompei on city streets, the Sun pack heat  
in Hell's Kitchen, time to get money finger itchin  
Once again plot thicken, and you succumb  
to the will of the slum bite your tongue

Burn a bush with the Iron Lung, pay dirt to no one  
Guilty by association, stank bitch

wanna give me some, nappy nasty -- I pass  
Let them players flash, and trick on they cash  
on your funky ass I only buy shit that last  
A lifetime I write rhyme, chippin through  
the pipeline then it's flight time, that's when I'm jetty  
in a fifty-seven Chevy, gassed on my own Getti  
Head heavy, with deadly medleys

*[Cappadonna]*

I opened up my rap bible, then the light came  
over the children, as it began to rain  
I started buildin, spoke many times before  
but didn't score, my reading was poor  
Injected with the Devil's english, I extinguish  
and approach all homonyms, shit in your brain  
Wipe my ass with the phenonmenyms, be holy  
or get shot down with the Moet-o, kid encyclopedia  
Left y'all petrol, my dancehall standoff  
rap like Peter Metro, echo echo, what?  
Beware my psycho, limw piece tec-o leggo  
Uniform flow, stay strong black my shit is real  
Peace out bro

...

*[Method Man]*

Tical  
Eyes as diamonds, time again  
Motherfuckers wanna battle with the bat or pen  
Give it to em raw, give it to em raw  
down to the fuckin floor, up to the roof with the proof  
Meth-Tical mad, god damn!  
Hahahaha, right  
Motherfuckers

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