

Method Man

"Elements(feat. Star, Polite)"

Visit "[Elements\(feat. Star, Polite\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Method Man]

(There...there?)

One more game

Yo, uh huh uh huh

Staar

Surround sounder, blunt smokin, remy downer

Hip-hop sizzar slingin my raw in your flounder

You get skidawed, undertakin' undergrounders

This lyricist, lounge with low, that be loungier

Aliens is out of townish, fuck applause

niggas clap now with forty pounders, and fourty-fours

Is it all, fair in love with war

Young 'uns with guns, acting like they taking yours, uh

Live by the sword, they gonna die by the sword, uh

My vocal cords break the laws that apply to nature

Low and these niggas love to hate ya

Request the henney straight no chaser

Twin towerin' I skyscrape ya

Now gimme yours

[Star]

Trifled disciple, arch rival reppin with weapons that
homicidal

Star leaves you marked from the start like tribal scars

(Allah punk) I'm hazardous as a bomb and arms

spinnin' like Christ

Recitin' psalms in the streets of Babylon

(Verbs I gather well) ?? data shells

My squad camoflauged your wealth

Like the bible with parables

With the navigator, spittin razor sharp, breath laser

data

That'll tickle you now, but sway you later

[Method Man]

On this one call me Lee Major

Million dollar man, bionic or professor chronic

Still not a player, I just fuck alot the panty raider

Get shortys mad, they curse you wild on your sky pager

Stankin' ass

[Polite]

Yo Mr. Big Mouth, better duck down or bite the bullet
You niggas got guns but you scared to death to pull it
Bet if I pull my gun I'm gon' squeeze
I'm startin at your head, son, and stoppin' at your
knees
I hate your screwmugs, rumble counterfeit thugs
Niggas want mine, bet they come and get it in blood
Fat potential, gave birth to a corrupt mental
Foul thoughts paralyzin temples, it's just that simple

[Chorus]

[All]

You better come with your best gun
Niggas be holdin', it's all war no fun
Niggas be bowlin', you niggas under pressure now
My squads down for whatever with whoever now
Let's get it on
Best to come with your best gun
Niggas be rollin', it's all war no fun
Niggas be holdin', you niggas under pressure now
My squads down for whatever with whoever now
Let's get it on

[Star]

Arm leg shots to hit the spot like a four fifth glock
We got this hip-hop shilock and all you clique got
Was lip lock, heavy heat, steady street sweepin your
peeps
Hawks, machete chops puttin' cease to your petty
fleets
This raw rebel got more metal than pop
And rock groups, when my glock shoots the scores
settled
A ground attack, I'm bound to clap rounds of rap
Clowns are found flat, face down around the map
Simple minds, cripple smiles, my rhymes are four five
The size oh two nines combine, can't even tickle mine

[Method Man]

I told you once, I told your ass a thousand times,
chump
Body in the trunk, stay in line punk,
(Fucking with your mind?)

[Polite]

Yo

You be the actual, sixteen bars, comin' after you
Never go against my team, they might embarrass you
Slit-slang terrorist talk, fully armed
Put your hands up, I'ma put a hole in your paws

Ruin your side show, eyes low, brains fried from hydro
Two choices, bass off or either die slow
We all scholars when it's time to clean a dirty dollar
Attack the boards, it's like a rotweiler

[Method Man]

Niggas comin out they shoes like they Usher
These motherfuckers on the run, and they socks from
The bounty hunter, Iron Lungster, rain and thunder
Here come the lightning now I'm strikin' back at niggas
bitin'

Pushin' buttons just to step away from self-destruction
Inch and a half away from touchin' somethin'
Suckin' away from bustin'

Yall brothers laugh now and cry later

I rap from Alpha to Omega, sixty four to Sega
Whoopin' that ass, walk you dogs through the lookin'
glass

Been burnin' MC's since cookin' class
Makin' it hot like the summer in the crackspot
With blacktops, my nickle slot, triple bar, hit the jackpot
On each block, I'm the remedy, send them back to me
After detox, shorty got knuckles in the Reebok
Plus we got a problem with the Benz
(What's the problem with the Benz)
She want the six-hundred, but she aint got the ends

[Chorus]

[All]

You better come with your best gun
Niggas be holdin', it's all war no fun
Niggas be bowlin', you niggas under pressure now
My squads down for whatever with whoever now
Let's get it on

Visit [Method Man](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.