

# Method Man "Elements"

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**(feat. Star, Polite)**

*[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 loungers

Aliens is out of townish, fuck applause

niggas clap now with forty pounders, and forty-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

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