

## Method Man "Extortion"

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Intro:]

Yeah...

Time to let these niggaz know Son

Niggaz don't even wanna motherfuckin understand

Knowhatl'msayin? Time to hit em with the third degree

Yeah you know the QBC, here to drop a G

Yo...

[Verse One: Havoc, Prodigy]

Look into the eyes, True Lies, your whole click despise

Especially me, H-A-V-O-C

Don't want your chick, cuz she's burning third degree

Plus you snitchin, you ain't got no ties on me

I keep it strong, while you scream word is bond

Lying through your teeth swearing on your first born

Your word is weak, go hold a wake in this

Hit you up quick strictly shit that I'm livin in

You walk a line that's thin, you religious well you sin

Fuckin with the Mobb, Infamous to the end

I hold a nine Ruger, with an infa-spot disc

Red dot right at your face, so set sail or rock it

And kept drivin, pull off like the Indy 5 G

In a four time Ford truck with Speed

like the motion picture, this nigga Gone With the Wind

My crime work, ninja style shit was did

And got away with, escaped it, the Jakes from tracing

Anything that lead to the source, you know the boss

of the Mobb killing, is like an Unsolved Mystery

Puzzling, nobody knows, it's all history

Madness amongst me, I frequently have to get lovely

Never fails it's always something

No rest, daily gotta rock my vest

I shoot at your best man yeah your MVP

He played the front line got struck down immediately

I wave a Mobb Deep flag, you hear the sound as it slaps

when

heavy load my military hold ammunition

Far from animation, it's real live, you think not

My crew, changing New York, who taking your spot

I put the green light on, your whole click, Island shit

Running through the hoe-house wilding, extorting

(Extortion, hit that up, extortion, hit that up)

[Verse Two: Havoc, Method]

Extortion is the key I got the key for extortion  
Spend your fortune, dead your shorty like abortion  
Take precaution, Infamous laws enforced in  
You married to the Mobb, kid take it then divorce it  
Cause I ain't got no time for them domestic disputes  
If you scared get a dog don't got a click then recruit  
You're weak troop, lost the tan in the mist  
On your name my shit, take it like a man you little bitch  
I blaze yo britches, P.L.O. extortion, you forcin  
The hand that rocks the cradle, caution before you  
enter  
This Shaolin representer, carry thirty-six deadly shits  
You fuckin with, top contenders  
Official to the bone gristle  
It don't matter if you bust rhymes or bust pistols  
Remember me, burn a nigga to a third degree  
Don't act familiar motherfuckers you ain't heard of me  
Just peep the stee and the rap how it's supposed to be  
Tap the pockets bag the goods like a grocery, we food-  
shoppin  
On top of that we hip-hoppin, and don't stoppin  
Out-of-state drawers-droppin, the panty-raiders  
Slide on ya like gators, umped that stank bitch back out  
and then played her, but that ain't nothin  
Crossin this dog walkin, native New York and  
Shaolin slang talkin, rap nigga  
Mr. Freeze crowd shiver  
What? Young, black, and don't give a fuck  
If the next crew get the scissor...  
(Extortion, extortion, give that up kid, extortion)  
Bottom line, what the fuck you wanna do  
You eyin me, at the same time I'm eyin you, punk  
Wanna pop the most junk  
Be the same motherfucker with the most lumps  
Chew on that shit  
Punk faggot (word up)  
Burn his ass like a book of matches  
[Yeah, that's just about it]  
Under pressure like fat bitches

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