

## **Method Man "Ghetto B.I."**

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*[Method Man]*

Yeah ha.. we vibin'  
Channel livin' all day ha c'mon  
Yo its me the m-e-t-h uh o-d  
??  
Sniff a whole key  
My coke deep  
Be my consciouss tellin me it dont make sense  
Then guard his nonsense  
A niggas best defense is his offense  
So yo I watch po po  
And duck a dodo  
Birdies in them gogo's  
Trying to steal my mojo  
Oh no your'e fuckin with a pro  
Who go for dolo  
For sure though  
A season veteran holy a (dobo??)  
Come on now judge judy  
Youre televised through our vision  
While I black you get imprisoned  
When my eyes see through your eyes  
Your hypnotized  
Subconsciously you change the station to channel live  
That underground hard-core sound who said it'd die  
Cause if it is me and my nine's  
The first to ride  
For my niggas  
Live by the fire die by the flame  
Happy im gone knowin my son's gonna be the same  
As his dough-diggy dog that  
Who put his feelings on a pamphlet  
A pen unleash the dragon again uh  
Im on ya like hot grease on a skillet  
Gorillas on real tv because they feel us

*[Verse 2]*

I'm livin like a hundred in a jeep stolen  
Wools in sheeps clothng  
All beef frozen  
Bust like cheap trojans  
Nautrally rollin blunts and weed smokin

We keep chokin  
Bitches on they knees open  
I spit like a automatic semi barking part  
And if you hear me starin blame the remmy martin  
So liquor shots ghetto people  
Dutches and c-lo's duckin the repo  
For fuckin them lady c-o's  
Rhymes blind devine (evol??)  
Smoked out in the cadillac regal  
With a mommy on my beecho  
Theres eight million stories  
Only six million ways to die  
Theres two million niggas getting away with crime  
Theres two million more whack niggas tryin to rhyme  
Now theres four million niggas tryin to eat at one time  
It keeps the thugs gunnin in the blood runnin  
And the judge frontin  
Enough to make nigga touch something

*[Chorus]*

Niggas fuckin with that strick-nine  
The models get mine  
So we gonna be big time  
Its ghetto buisness  
Niggas jack cars and rap stars  
Rockin the cash bars  
Bitches dancin naked on their lap  
Its ghetto buisness  
Niggas hold guns  
Hot ones steakin' the biscut  
Ghetto nigga soft cores is ghetto business  
Yo, drinks and weed son  
Never seeds son  
I got what you need son  
Its all ghetto business

*[Verse 3]*

Yo this is for the senile  
Walking on the green mile  
My lyrics be like the spirit of a teen gone wild

Shit is after ten bitch wheres your child  
With a nine in his pocket lockin it down like penile  
I did the knowledge to born  
Your style straight corn  
I woke up in the morning  
Heard your shit and just yawned  
You fuckin up my high  
No lie  
You can die  
??

Before i break you up like god  
Yo its the herb slinger  
New style bringer  
Rap is for my war plan  
Fat like Corporal Clinger  
We still bring the hardcore with r&b singers  
While the beast ask you out like hoes on Jerry Springer

*[Verse 4]*

Yo rally hot boys feel so sick  
And I won't stop 'til I'm so so rich  
While Y'all niggas spit  
I (WHOOO) blow hits  
Don't waste time  
And I don't waste rhymes  
Few minutes, shit  
Track done like swiss  
If you ain't hot come like this  
Real niggas hold a gun like this  
Pop something, one in your leg  
Make your ass run like this  
Now picture that  
Defeat rhymes never that  
Son son you brave  
You ain't a man cause you got a little something to  
shade  
I've been a thug since the sixth grade  
Rockin a fade  
Young Boomy  
Look what the ghetto done to me  
Made you bolder now  
Heart colder now  
Brick soldier now  
Gun holder now  
Nigga snath my chain, catch him hold him down  
Hit him with the hot slugs like over now  
I know you wanna test rock, what you waitin for  
I live one-thirty-eight basement door  
City up north you can't escape the raw  
Find me where channel live be at  
(What is this)  
Ghetto Business

*[Beat Fades Out]*

*[Rowdy Rahz Freestyle]*

You aint fin to blow up shit  
Youre merely a bomb threat  
How the fuck you gonna move a crowd  
You aint moved out from your moms yet  
I'm a vet, better yet a vet-er-an

The words smith and wessun  
Like megatron  
Understand I'm past hip-hop  
I should be put into tiny ziplocks  
Distributed by those who flip rocks  
Leak use after word Smith b  
So dope you better sniff me  
And learn to keep me out ya mouth  
Get me  
I'm goin to Armaghetto swiftly  
My whole click be sickly  
So we don't sleep we spit in bed  
Those thats trying to get hit in the head  
Fuck around and get hit in the head  
Everything I write is either a death sentence or a blood  
line  
For those who love nines  
We don't stand in club lines  
We V.I.P  
Thugs love to hear me spit that  
If you ain't down with ghetto business  
THERE'S THE EXIT PUNK, HIT THAT !

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