

## Method Man "Hard To Kill"

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*[Method Man:]*

Yeah, play times over mutha phuckaz, Spice 1's  
defiantly in mutha  
phuckin' effect.  
You know what I'm saying? bringing it to all you bitch  
ass niggaz, so  
raise up  
and recognize, and understand that this brother is  
hard to kill.

*[Spice 1:]*

I'm running this niggaz off their block taking their shit  
kicking it to  
the bitches.  
People cant lift off your spot I'm leaving your shit all up  
in stitches.  
nigga,  
Bullets go through the door, I'll shoot you and that ho,  
got a cap for  
each  
nigga fucking with my cash flow. Pid cap, be love cap  
pid, because in  
the neighborhood  
cause still kill at will.

Gotta keep on my pistol on tight, slanging sugar delite,  
that china  
white got these  
niggaz killing each other tonight, sometimes a turf is  
like a war zone,  
or even  
Vietnam, not at the movies but you still see the died  
come. And a nigga  
catch a slug,  
caps' be pulled for fun foo, you got to watch your shit  
before we pull a  
ak on your  
own blood, se niggaz will stick you for your cash, that's  
when they  
enter the t-shirt

contest to super soak their ass. So Method Man show  
these niggaz the  
deal. Let these  
mutha phuckaz know that your hard to kill.

*[Method Man:]*

Who dat nigga? You on with me with the super fly  
Methtical nigga. Who  
want to die?  
For year nigga. Wow, even try to test sides. Challenger  
your the bird  
with  
my 45 cabolar. Can it be that this is the S.P.I.C.E. 1 and  
the method  
mutha phucka  
with the guns blazing? You trail, my god, its amazing.  
Where your punk  
at?  
Nightmares like Wes Craven. The bigger the critter, the  
harder to pull  
the trigga.  
I'll send your ass back to the dark side nigga. Your a  
snake, I've seen  
you sliver,  
so I deliver with death. We'll throw your punk ass in the  
river. On the

battle ship  
I'm the captain. Beat that ass bloody as I send it to the  
camp. Tical!

*[Chorus]*

S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard  
to killah.  
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard  
to killah.  
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard  
to killah.

*[Spice 1:]*

Blah! These mutha phuckaz nutz if you want to murder  
me, harder to kill  
than your  
average mutha phuckin' G. Rollz with the uzi with that  
shit that will  
make your body  
drop. Cause if your shot, tic toc and you don't stop.  
Nigga, down for my

strap  
niggaz on their back, no rat-tat-tat so its on the map.  
Died come again,  
coming  
straight out of my jaws, got these niggaz screaming  
out paws, pistol  
grip and breaking  
out their jaws. yeah, so you don't want to fuck with me,  
many niggaz out  
there to go  
nuts with me. And even on your block smoke them like  
a fucked up bell,  
cant be caught  
by no Po-Po's cant be put in no slammer. I don't be  
fucking with no  
snitches, aint no  
body going to tell, leave your dick in the dirt, and yo  
momma as well.  
New York  
to Cali niggaz are hard to kill, Shit is too real, your a  
ignorant mutha  
fucka if your  
not riding with your steal.

*[Chorus]*

S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard  
to killah.  
S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard  
to killah.  
S.P.I.C.E. coming from the bay area, bay area, puffing  
carea.  
S.P.I.C.E. coming from the bay area, bay area, puffing  
carea.  
1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7  
7 1-8-7  
1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7

*[Outro: Spice 1]*

Capping your ass for the 94, what you know? Grab your  
glock. Blah! Me  
burst out first 'Mon.  
We are in 7000 G.

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