

## **Method Man**

# **"Play IV Keeps - Featuring Inspectah Deck/Streetlife/Mobb Deep"**

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Ha, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, one time, yo

Never liked, son, from day one, bring you tool  
That nigga stick you and play dumb, hate a bitch ass  
Who care where you came from? You ain't prepared  
For when the pain come, this nigga scared, shook to death

From a cold stare, stuntin', knowin' my brothers fiend  
To do you somethin' over here, we head huntin'  
In the function I smell fear, adrenaline start pumpin'  
I Smash Pumpkins, Hard Rock be in the Cafe

Tear the club up and anyone that try to judge us  
The last days makin' sure I get the last say  
In the food chain is you predator or prey?  
If you featherweight, lyrics blow your back

Crack your vertabrae, lookin' for a better way to get my  
point across  
Thoughts accelerate at the same speed of the murder  
rate  
Lord, never perpetrate a fraud 'til my nigga, Carlton  
Fisk  
See the boss, truly yours, Mr. Meth

Life's a snippet, one way ticket  
Time tickin' fast, blink, you might miss it  
Semen on street, shit, you might catch fifty stitches  
Body bag sprayed up, buried in muddy ditches

I play for keeps, bust heat, you catch cold feet  
My rap sheet speak for itself, concrete  
Evident, Killa Hill, resident, double dart agent  
Secret intelligent, my rap style's flagrant

Feel the sting of a killa bee, Johnny Blaze  
Street Life, Deck and Mobb Deep, Play IV Keeps  
In the city that you never sleep, pay attention  
Ain't no shittin' when you gotta eat, we hold it down

I move like 'Mad Max' 'cross the wasteland  
One hand holds the head of the last brave man  
Made man, Cuban Link chain of command  
Authorized fam', hot like Sahara sand

My live team turn the club to a crime scene  
High beams flash, promoters die behind cream  
Get your face blown, might face the chrome  
We take this more serious than just a poem

I think about a lot of shit, especially when I'm bent  
About the foul shit goin' on in my life, current event  
It's evident I smoke cigarette down to Brownsville  
Thinkin' to myself, how many lives must my pound kill?

Hopefully none, ain't the one to give chase  
Hemmed by Jake, worryin' who might turn state's  
So I chill, put my killa niggaz on the battlefield  
On the low plottin' silent murderer, never doubt still

Never follow beef, hey, beef, follow me  
Wanna settle in the court, I say, settle in the streets  
Like our pops did it, you got gats, get hot with it  
Now you dry snitchin' because you got knocked with it

I just rock with it, go with the flow  
Think for a hot minute  
Stash my dough, secure  
The funds of profit

Yo, extreme rhyme niggaz, you wastin' your time  
Fuckin' with my niggaz, extraordinary line swishin'  
Your mind out position, tryin' to figure this shit  
Rewind it and listen, quick, you might miss this

Olympic, rap jave-lon, travel beyond, your weak song  
Doin' this for too long to not come strong  
You're only a pawn of Viet Dong  
Tryin' to form against mines, you musta just been born

Secluded on a distant farm  
This is the real world, where niggaz get shot and  
shanked  
Where there's tremendous pain, you get your frame  
inflamed  
Crushed to dust by the next man's clutch  
It's Infamous, you fucks, intense bad luck

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In the city that you never sleep, pay attention  
Ain't no shittin' when you gotta eat, we hold it down

Stand strong on our two feet, we all ready  
For a war here, fuck peace, what?

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