

## Method Man

# "Play IV Keeps - Method Man/Inspectah Deck/Streetlife/Mobb Deep"

Visit "[Play IV Keeps - Method Man/Inspectah Deck/Streetlife/Mobb Deep](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Method Man]

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 muder rate  
Lord, never perpetrate a fraud, til my nigga Carlton  
Fisk  
see the boss, truly yours, Mr. Meth

[Street Life]

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

Chorus One: all

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

[Inspectah Deck]

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

[Havoc]

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 ciggarette 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

[Prodigy]

Yo, extreme rhyme niggaz, you wastin your time  
Fuckin with my niggaz, extrordinary 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..

Chorus One

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

Chorus One

Stand strong on our two feet, we all ready  
for a war here, fuck peace, peace

Visit [Method Man](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.