

## Method Man

### "Ridin' for"

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[Black Ice]

Three young cats strapped with gats decided to ride  
out one night  
The in-flight drug used to induce the hindsight was  
dust  
The moonlight was robust but they couldn't see the  
beauty in it  
Their duty in it was to carry out another senseless killin  
Senses and feelings distorted they boarded their  
vessel Nessel  
Discreet in crotches and underneath seats they tuck  
heat  
to complete the mission they had no decision in  
No longer do they use our light and dark  
used to create the vision in our towns  
but now they red and blue override our brown skin  
We've been conditioned to let off them rounds when  
we see another color rag  
or, hear another brother brag about what set he claimin  
Poverty, drugs and poor education should be the target  
but we won't stay gamin that  
We'll kill and maim another cat like there's no shame in  
that  
like there's fame in that  
We hang out them car windows and bust them slugs  
in the name of genocide in disguise, so we don't take  
blame for that  
But if there's honor amongst you thieves in life  
then what the fuck you hidin for?  
Recognize your deed to trife and decide what the fuck  
you ridin for

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