

## Method Man "Simmons Incorporated"

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*[Intro: Dig Dast (Jamel Simmons) {Gold D}]*

Yo my nigga Jamel Simmons what the deal nigga?  
(Gold D, Dig Dast what's goin down, what's goin down)  
{Aight, what's goin on, what's goin on  
What's the deal pa, where you headed son?}  
(Yo I'm bout to go to the studio and lay smash hit  
Wit my Uncle Run, boy)  
{Word?} Ain't he a Reverend now, collectin plates  
At churches and shit?  
(He's spittin flames right now baby  
He at the top of his game, right now  
I'm tellin, I'm show you, watch  
Youknowwhatimean? He's a born again, hooligan)  
Uh-huh

*[Jamel Simmons]*

I'm red rum, Reverend Run, brother son, earthquakin  
Industry shakin, you kiddin me? We money makin  
Your money fake son, I'll call you clay cuz you get's  
Play-Doh  
Jamel and Joey Simmons holdin millions on the lay low  
Platinum hailos, hero heads high from hydro  
Hit the dime on the combo, she try to diss my rhyme  
flow  
She ain't know we only glamorous like Phat Farm  
fashion  
Simmons name sinamous wit this cash  
It's our passion... what!?

*[Run]*

Yo basically I'm here to rename rap, it ain't rap no more  
Call it Simmons Incorporated, since '74  
Lotta money in this fam, think about it  
Me wit Run-D.M.C., and him over at Def Jam  
Well damn, how the hell you think we livin?  
How you think it feel to be a Simmons  
Imagine Christmas and Thanksgiving  
People wanna know why I ain't on my brother's label  
If I did this whole rap game be unstable  
Went over to Arista wit Mr. Davis, for the change of  
neighbors  
It's only fair that we share those naked papers

You can tell a cat serious about rap and it ain't luck  
If 20 years after his first single, his name's stuck  
From '74 to '99, did novice to king, wit a million  
MC's waitin in line  
Keep a barrel on this album if my man's and them rise

*[Method Man]*

Now speed it up, uh

*[Chorus 2X: Run]*

Run really make ya wanna drop, drop  
Now wanna make ya go live, live  
Now wanna make ya go live, live  
Now hold up

*[Method Man]*

Now I walked on ice and never fell  
I spent my time in a plush hotel  
John-John Phenomenon, deadly but calm  
Word to my born, dead by dawn  
Got the right to bear arm, ring the alarm!

Another sound boy dyin, hot irons  
Slugs flyin out the hardware appliance  
Baby mamma cryin, sobbin and grievin  
You was at aws wit them kids till they made it even  
Let down ya guard, yes you did, now you barely  
breathin  
To unaware, open season on a duck, we don't give a  
what  
Yo best best to give it up  
Sho indeed, let's Run D's MC's, they phony  
Some hump free, they mad bogey  
Saddle up ya horse, if the sunset mosey  
Jam Master Jay deserve a trophy for this track, right?  
Futuristic G past type, if that's yo girlfriend  
She wasn't last night punk, little boy  
Stylin mad chump, ain't no wins here  
This sport's extreme, know what I mean?  
Gettin royalty, +Down With the King+!!!

*[D.M.C.]*

Crack, crack, cracks in the cradle  
Cracks, in the cradle  
Cracks in the cradle, cokes in the spoon  
Little Boy Blue higher than the moon  
Will he, will he want a weapons, will he wanted the  
wound  
I come to school and lay down the rules  
Two, two, two channel empty guzzle, brake gallons of  
drop

Shorty wit the forty, once sport in the dark  
Co-co-corner, black as a goner  
Didn't really wanna call my momma in Savannah

*[Mike Ransom]*

I spit dynamite ignite turn off lights  
Recite, spit poetry type, get my squad physically hype  
Get a hundred blast from Funkmaster, crush ya life  
+Blast+ Time to go now, show these fake rappers the  
way to go down  
Down With The Kings, like Smokey down wit Motown  
Who wanna come and see, come and test me  
Take about a million MC's to wet me  
For Run-D.M.C. I let shells fly, freein the five  
Wit the red eye, niggas talkin to much  
Tape 'em up, leave 'em hog tied

*[Kenny Cash]*

You thinkin about it way to hard, how to get down wit  
the Gods  
Kenny Cash, the Bronx cat, but it'll ride wit gats  
Peep chicks huggin the sacks, yours scratchin the back  
I'mma shark in a shack, y'all cats is feedin the fish  
Now hate and feed wit clips, nigga that leave you  
ripped  
And I'm leavin 'em dry, shit's crushed wit bleadin lips  
Bet I, leave these chips, and a C.L.K.  
After I hang plaques in the spot wit Run, D and Jay

*[Chorus 4X]*

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