

## **Method Man "Snuffed Out"**

Visit "[Snuffed Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Word, yo, I loved you to death nigga  
Word.. it's like til death do us part  
Dedicated  
Peace nigga now we must part kid  
Yeah, fuck it, whatever

We used to be tight, now it's shoot on sight  
Takin the ghetto right, slidin in your wife on a rainy  
night  
Low budget nigga wanna act like, yousa killa in the  
spotlight  
But never lived the life?  
Throw the grilla in your mouthpiece, rock you to sleep  
Fuckin wit street, you better travel wit heat, speakin my  
piece  
You survived my attempt to homicide  
Tried to slide and lit five rounds but hit the building  
side  
This is how it's goin down, ain't no peace until you're  
gone  
Play around, with your life playa you won't live long  
Probably got a vest on, but your thoughts react like a  
young pawn  
That's when I swarm on your street dreams you mor-on  
Carry on, forty lead dons went through your teflon  
I remained calm, even though you straight passed  
through my left arm  
I never fold I reload, keep my clip full mode

Empty out six slick, to bloody up your wardrobe  
Plus that click you run with, I heard y'all niggaz rub  
dicks  
Greet niggaz with a french kiss, some real fag shit  
Seen the bitch in you, from the first day you came  
through  
Saw the size of my crew, and started actin brand new  
That bullshit you pulled, you gon' pay too  
You went bubblin blue, it's dead on the avenue  
I bailed you out, passed off a key to the stash house  
So you could lay low, from your p.o., before you  
mashed out  
Then you went the wrong route, that's why I threw my

dick  
In your girl's mouth  
Get snuffed the fuck out, walk witcha guns out

I'll see you nigga!  
Yeah, see you!

See you!

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

---

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