

Method Man

"Snuffed Out - Method Man/Streetlife"

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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, whateva

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!

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