

## Method Man "Supa Ninjaz"

Visit "[Supa Ninjaz](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Dino the dart specialist, Knahmean?  
Golden Arms, yo  
MethTical, John, John do your thing, thing  
What? Check it

The all eye seein', heavenly divine  
The truth brings out, the temper in my spine  
A hill sound again, feelin' symptoms that bit me  
I feel for you victims with everything up in me

A head ringa, stuffed in sidewalls of frenzy  
Back the fuck up, 'cause I'm stimmi off the Remi  
A semi bloodshot eye, donkey dick of nuts  
Every cut, I split and try and felt the guts

Nigga what? Earthquakin' speech, woofer hiss'in'  
The razor faced victims, whew, that's what kissed 'em  
Appropriate precaution, surroundin'  
Certain it curtains, I'm dumbfounded, I'm poundin'

The pavement for mental enslavement  
I'm cravin', a misbehavin' savior  
America the grave for gun wavers

The wave runners, what the blood seed again  
Make you wonder about the thunder underneath the  
skin?  
The sapphire rhymes slap fire out your minds  
With right timin', bite with vampire rhymes

Hmm, eye spy, with my crooked eye  
Four metal street soldiers, born to die  
Put 'em up, yeah, fuck, yeah, when it's Hammertime  
Niggaz can't be touched here, the true and livin'

Night vision unseen, like Jean  
When I hack men The Unforgiven  
Left in prison in the Wu-Tang dirty dungeon  
Now, you succumbin' to my twelve part dirty dozens

Flabbergasted, by tracks that be Tru Mastered  
Opposites attract, beef plus they ass backwards

Stick yourself 'til I'm felt  
This ass whoopin' is bein' dealt  
Like hot peas and butter nigga, I got the belt

What the deal, huh? Swing low, sweet chariot  
I walk the Underground Railroad with Harriett  
Just a slave to the rhythm, victims I'm like alien  
About to put that shit up in 'em  
I can't live without my radio  
A 100 miles and runnin'

T2 Judgment comin', nobody's safe  
When I reminisce about case, still hit the staircase  
When the coppers give chase, I give 'em finger  
The only hip-hop singer  
To tell America to kiss his Killer Bee stinger

Nothin' can save ya from this major misbehavior  
Heavy hands layin' corners in the elevator  
Guard your grill

I speculate, get my darts straight, don't exaggerate  
Dictate, do it with the Papermate, set the plate  
Set the bait, checkmate, fuckin' withcha mental state  
Double take, meditate, earthquake, VGL contemplate  
Big boys integrate, catch you at the Sess skate

Army tank, high rank, got the bank, got the shank  
Talk the talk, walk the walk  
From New York to Up North to Downstate  
To L.A, to all day  
To cliches to instant replays, to all the DJ's  
To PJ's, in the PJ's, equality days

With money like legs I plant eggs, Pele roundhead  
The dog bred, snakes runnin' from red, catch dead  
Big born is on take the uniform, we perform  
Shit like gangs are now born check for new dawn  
Fuck a U Conn, you been warned, we the realest  
We never were conned, duffed out and knowledge  
born

"Rock, the body, body, rock the body, body"  
"Rock, the body, body, rock the body, body"  
"Rock, the body, body, rock the body, body"

...

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