

4 P.M. "Killin' Fields"

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{intro, some lady, whatEVA}

{Method babbles for a bit about Wu affiliates}

[Method Man]

Shoes full of dirt, kickin sand on your works
Somethin gotta hurt, catch a case off a verse
Live in concert, kids comin out they shirts
I'm hyped now, jumpin in the crowd, feet first
Meant it when I said it, lungs bring the pain son
without the anesthetic, make em look pathetic
Needin help from paramedic, Hot with the Nickel
Bust back take em witchu, survival of the fittest
and the world out to get us, I feel it in my bones
I can feel it in my testosterone when it's on
Stat' bring it back, hard rap for your pussycat
Cognac, off the meat rack, where the pussy at?
Johnny, got these niggaz mad at they mommy
Jumpin on my hard salami, say what you like
In the heat of the night, I crash individuals
Splash on the mic airtight with the lyrical

Chorus:

Nigga run with it, have fun with it
Blow your gun with it, and be done with it
Welcome to the killin field, where Johnny Dangerous
Headbanger Boogie niggaz, goin through changes

[Method Man]

It all starts with the pad and pen, my special blend
of herbs and spices on mic devices, murder men
Make em mices I recommend, somethin that's
priceless
For you rap hooligans, claimin you nicest
Call it what you like kid.. you can even call
a psychic for all I care, still ain't got a prayer
amongst the righteous, Blazini, cheat death like Houdini
Word to Bad Bird that fucked nerds in bikinis
Observer, lyrical flur's, you bein served
from the gizzard, pluckin yo' nerves with nouns and

verbs

From the ghetto to the suburbs, I must be heard
Niggaz get what niggaz deserve
You can put that on my Clan logo, Wu-Tang group or
solo
Bloody up my next promo
with the blood of the next bozo, clown-ass niggaz be
loco
Puffin on lye, cuckoo for cocoa

Chorus

[Method Man]

Yo yo, shit be hot in the kettle pot
Twisted metal bust shot til the beef settle, forget me
not
City nights get a nigga hype, scar of life
Send em back now we Poltergeist, ghost, tell em
who the number the one rap host? Huh?
Verbal overdose leave em comatose, huh?
The nigga with the golden throat is out to get you, Hot
Nickel
Bust back and take em witchu, eye for eye
Never lie, crossin my heart, hopin you die
Somebody pat the engineer down, I think he wired
I'm off the meat rack, quick to react, my niggaz need
that
They need gats, cockin heat back, be out like Freejack
The heat's on, you think one-eight, and Johnny's
blamed
Who that nigga burn biscuits, and spit flame
Leave no witness, in the fast lane with shady bitches
that only want me for my riches, I know your steez
Terror Fabulous, caution, biohazardous degrees
from this ravenous, MC's be yappin
Meth be the co-captain, on Def Jam's that's close
captioned
for hearin impaired, to get a share, now what's
happenin
Money to share, that's why we here
And y'all actin, like we can't eat, like y'all eat
Now we scrappin, out in the street
I know your crew's hardheaded motherfuckers
and I'm just like you

Chorus

Welcome to the killin field, where Johnny Dangerous
Headbanger Boogie niggaz, goin through changes

I been in the ghetto all my life

I swore to take that bitch for better or for worse,
yaknowhatl'msayin?
That's for life nigga y'know? Til death do us part..

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