

Modjo

"Cradle Rock"

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All the children come into the light...
[Sample of "Bright Tomorrow"] There will be...

Chorus/Intro: Left Eye and Method Man

Rock a bye baby from the rooftop
When the guns blow, your cradle gets rocked
When the earth quakes and the sky starts to fall
Down will come emcees, fake shit and all!

Verse One: Method Man

On top I be the show shot
The bomb drop
After shot blow your bumba claat to smithereens
Time stop, flyin' guillotines
Commin for your flock
What you mean you spilled the beans, ay?
Black out and thought I seen pop
Lazer beam glock
Whats a bird to a brother with a flock, wha?
They got some nerve
To even try and shit a turd
On John J, flap a nigga gate
With the wordplay
Hot Nik shoot you with the gift
Its your birthday
God hatin' ugly in the worst way
Fuck 'em like the Earth say
From first day I survey the hassle
Death knockin at your door
In the Big Apple
Meth rotton to the core
Shackle, in the sound castle
The doungeon, with vermin
In the form of emcees determined
To step foot on God soil
Not knowin' that these egg heads come hard boiled
And heavy handed
The aliens they just landed
And you in the way

Overthrow these niggas planet
Independance Day
Felons, get split melons
Homicide buck niggas get the buck with pelets
Insecticide
Johnny 5 take it worldwide
As long as I pledge aligence to the Dark Side
I'll never die
Who ya know with a flow like this?
Bring em in
What clan you know blow like this?
Bring em in
Take that nigga [that nigga...]

[Sample]

Hook One: Method Man [Left Eye]

The sound of gun birth put the foul in this earth
[foul in this earth]
You can't fake plannin' from the
?Mack Control Theories? [Mack Control Theories]
Murder in the first bring 'em back down to Earth
[back down to Earth]
You niggas don't hear me, prepare for the worst!
[prepare for the worst]

Verse Two: Method Man

Times gon change, nuttin will remain the same
Million dollar broke niggas still fucked up in the game
Make me wanna choke niggas shittin' on my name
Tuck your chain I approach nigga Go Against the Grain
now
?Hit the standin' brain? now
Die Hard fan call me John John McClain now
Snake vs the Crane Style
Death to the enemy, Wu brother number one
The centipede, trouble some
Send 'em all to Kingdom Come
Sun still shine one
Time for your crooked mind
Drunk off of cheap wine
Son I'm in the street crime
Every word, every line
Got juice very fine
Turn me loose on mankind
Detionate the land mine
Funk gets me goin' now
Never sell, never sold
Live by the code now

Never tell, never told
Darts I throw
Like Clyde with the finger roll
Clut shots an what not
This is where the buck stops
Still can't eat and y'all still cant sleep
I eat up my ?self? as presidential emcee
Wu-Tang killa bee
The bee high facility
In love with the blunt smoke
Even though its killin me
Bad vibes fillin me
With thoughts of conspiracy
White Water scandals with Bill Clinton Hilary
Too hot to handle
Well put together to dismantle
Fucka, you heard me?

[Sample]

Hook Two: Meth

Excuse me as I kiss the sky
Catch me when I fall son I'm too young to die
Me and Lefty, that be the Eye come test me
If you don't know, you never know me
Boost the birdie

[Interlude]

Chorus

Outro: Left Eye

Ayyo, I got 360 degrees of self, that's mind body and
spirit
120 degrees a piece
We gon' break it down into simple terms
That's nine nigga nine
Highest level of change
It's too many niggas sittin' on they ass
waitin' for shit to just happen
Shit just don't happen
Gon' fuck around a miss a buck
If you take away the negative, make room for the
positve
Thats addin' and subtractin' on the real
Niggas betta learn they math
Cause if my calculations serve me
Correct I'ma fuck around and have all this shit
I'm on yo ass nigga

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