

Mathematics

"Men Of Respect"

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[Verse 1: Raekwon]

Back with another one, this hip hop shit ain't over
The Wu brought it back I told you
Chef shit is hard
The hip hop critics is dick heads
They'd rather see Shallah in the yard
Writing rhymes that's soft as cotton
We can never ever see that
The nigga flow grows is poppin
First verse I'll be ready to get clowns
Catch em in hallways, the worst look get laid down
And I rhyme for shooters and boosters
Get money churchmen
All those respect my Wu shit
Regardless if you see me on TV in 3d and HD
Ima stay safe in Rae beats
This time I'm a bastard swordsmen
Who put in that work, real quick then I'm repping to
Boston
Don't try to get in my way
Any rapper any herb I'mma blow you like herbs and
lick

[Verse 2: Eyes-Low]

Fuck a cell phone plan
With a ring I get \$100
Five dubs in a whip on my way to holler
Yeah I do credits but not the type you get in college
My niggas gettin' 4 Benzes, so we rip impalas
Tints on the windows, lookin' like the Ds
Got the dope boys nervous when they see me in the
street
Fuck the hollering on wax, you can see me if it's beef
Hollywood will load the gat and put the BBs in his
fleece
I'm a preacher with the peace
I used to sell X on the west coast
Now I get it cheaper on the east
I've been around the world like Lisa Stansbury
TV with the goosenecks, goosenecks with the cranberry
Got the Clan ready with the 10 Chevy

Keep my grams heavy
Slap a bitch ass, doggy style, like my hand's heavy
G up in my swag
Tough talk I'll get your man buried
Blow the last dragon, part two
Nigga, fists of fury

[Verse 3: Bad Luck]

I could care less if you're well know shooters
100 guns, 100 clips, but you still can't move
It's been a while since you heard a nice nigga from BK
Representin' the village
Known for lettin' this heat spray
First grip we flipped took like a weekend, three days
Whole team runnin' 'round the Ps with AKs
9 different types of drugs, slippin' em 5 ways
Gettin' rid of a brick in less than five days
I pop your head off, leave your brains on the sidewalk
My 40 cal, a rearrange to your sidetalk?
Where I go, my team, they gonna follow
Top Model hoes, with no game, they gonna swallow
Got a lotta foes, that's why my aim be on hollow
Die before I let you violate, nigga, live by the motto
Pimpin' through lanes, poppin' ?
At this rate, I'm gonna miss it
I might not witness tomorrow

[Hook]

You say you gangsta? Yeah I'm a gangsta
You pop that thang? yeah I pop that thang
Your clip on empty? My clip on empty
Your clique gon bang? Yeah my clique gon bang

[Verse 4: Method Man]

Look, I hit a weed spot
Bypass niggas with broke guns and cheap shots
Outlastin' niggas with no punch, y'all eat cock
Get too cocky, the heat cock
You wanna walk a mile in my shoes, you need socks
You need not call out a G, cause he's not
They playin' with a pussy, I'mma show 'em the G
spot
This dude's a meth head, I'll show him the detox
Lookin' Johnny with his old ass
I'm still schoolin' the whole class
The kids in the hall, you get no pass
Ice hit the eye like a cold flash
Niggas hopin' I don't spaz
Speak for the have-nots and don't-haves
Fuck it, I'm thorough nigga
Fuck they worlds

Meth clutch the mic, bitch niggas clutch they pearls
Tonight, I ain't feelin' no ice stares
If you want it, I'm right here
Staten Island and we don't fight fair

[Verse 5: Cappadonna]

As a young lil homie, I used to sell crack
I used to run in the front of the building
And come out the back
Lil homie on the block with the fly ass gear
Me and my crew used to shop around Union Square
Ay yo, I never knew I would become an MC
Now everybody on the block be amazed at me
Because I rock the mic most definitely
Throw darts and I get fly on you, you know my steez
Buy 25 high?, yo, I stay low key
And if I have to pop something, yo, it's not my fault
I ain't tell y'all niggas try to crack my vault
I'm the new terrorist rapper, the main assault
You? on your back, elbow a nigga thought
Through Wu-Tang lyrical kung-fu
Death when you enter, all my nigga will hunt you
Peace to the gods
One, two, one, two

[Verse: Termanology]

Million dollar voice box
It's your choice, Ox
The face Ox cut off
Like tank tops
My motivation is money and mass murdering
While you still provin' you nice in rap tournaments
I be all smooth with the ice and mad burners
And plottin' on takin' your life
Look how I lure them in
Get drunk, smoke ashes up out the urn again
Axe murderin' journalist for the words they writ
Mathematics crafted the beat, called? to spit
Cause I set fire to shit like a furnace lit
I pack German clips, stash box in the whip
Four door Optimus Prime, Transformer shit
Call the coroner, caskets for half price
Bodies in the trunk, movin' through the Mass Pike
It's all now, cause in Law town
We roll with premature babies
We carry four pounds

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