

Big Tymers F/ Jazze Pha

"Dart Throwing"

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[Raekwon the Chef]
Let's get it on Kokomo
John John Blazeini, Donna J-Bird
Yeah
Another Persian legacy

[Method] The Iron Lung

[Raekwon the Chef]
Yo yeah
Yeah, yo, yo
Dart throwing, yo aimin at your nostril, Aeropostle
sword rockin halibut steak we choppin
Mili-tia, eight to nine generals at one time
Fine we blend wine, go beyond one line
Spot the snakeskin, Dunn was scaley
Chopped his head off fuhrilly, sit back, crack the
Bailey's
Wetter than white milk, grab the quilt - that's the heater
My nigga drop losses, strike like Adidas
Shit is deep, the Grant's still burnin
The long time earnin, just got snatched by more
Germans
Europeans are seein me bleedin, jet off in
the Lex skiin, goggles, Louis Rich Sweden

[Method Man]
I dig my life experiences, wrap it up
in twelve inches, keepin my defenses
Put it up in raw trenches, holdin court on the park
benches
In the ghetto servin life sentence
Mass confusion in New York, on these city sidewalks
Busy sidewalks, there's no snoozin
Stop actin like it's me losin, peep my modern day
Pompei on city streets, the Sun pack heat
in Hell's Kitchen, time to get money finger itchin
Once again plot thicken, and you succumb
to the will of the slum bite your tongue
Burn a bush with the Iron Lung, pay dirt to no one
Guilty by association, stank bitch

wanna give me some, nappy nasty -- I pass
Let them players flash, and trick on they cash
on your funky ass I only buy shit that last
A lifetime I write rhyme, chippin through
the pipeline then it's flight time, that's when I'm jetty
in a fifty-seven Chevy, gassed on my own Getti
Head heavy, with deadly medleys

[Cappadonna]

I opened up my rap bible, then the light came
over the children, as it began to rain
I started buildin, spoke many times before
but didn't score, my reading was poor
Injected with the Devil's english, I extinguish
and approach all homonyms, shit in your brain
Wipe my ass with the phenonmenyms, be holy
or get shot down with the Moet-o, kid encyclopedia
Left y'all petrol, my dancehall standoff
rap like Peter Metro, echo echo, what?
Beware my psycho, limw piece tec-o leggo
Uniform flow, stay strong black my shit is real
Peace out bro

...

[Method Man]

Tical
Eyes as diamonds, time again
Motherfuckers wanna battle with the bat or pen
Give it to em raw, give it to em raw
down to the fuckin floor, up to the roof with the proof
Meth-Tical mad, god damn!
Hahahaha, right
Motherfuckers

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