

La the Darkman f/ Carlton Fisk, June Luva, Method Man, Streetlife

"Safe Box"

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[Intro: Method Man] Yeah... (oh my god-god *repeated throughout*) Staten Island niggas, forgotten borough, the most thorough Oh shit, haha, the tri-boro, hahahaha Fuckas... yeah... come again, what? It's M-E-F, bitches, say it with the Meth, niggas [Method Man] When I'm on the come up, ain't no telling who gon' get done up On the highway to heaven, with they thumb up I'm far from a dumb fuck, I'm a mack Just like them dumptrunks, I hold alotta weight on my back See I'm, already pumped up, I'm ready to shine It's Mr., cover of Blender, who ready to grind? And I still got it, I repeat, I still got it And any artist that trash talk, is still garbage How critics gon' think I lost my skill When in fact, ya'll all been programmed and lost your feel Please believe, I'm still grimey, try me And I remind ya'll muthafuckas why Def Jam signed me M-E to the Tizzy, H-O to the Dizzy To see me, it's something like pimpin', it ain't easy It's something like pimpin', it ain't easy To see me, it's something like pimpin', it ain't easy [La the Darkman] Yo, I stash money like a crooked banker, casablanca Ninety-six, crack cranker, back shot, ass spanker Get head, then I thank her, for blessin' the God Pull a blunt hard, for my jail niggas on the yard Think like Master Farrad, die hard, La's God I need currency, cash, eagles in the credit card Co-starred in cocaine, like, couldn't get my brain right Robbin' niggas smokin' and fuckin', in the same night Jumpin' on the train, like, talkin' how we did it, kid And my niggas caught a body, then me and my niggas slid Blue coats came, we hid, inside a pyramid Unseen, as a real Egyptian king Asiatic, doing mathematics, guns is my bad habit Try'nna civilize a savage, rest on, every sabit LaSon, like my coke white as a unicorn Word is bond, everyday got a new uniform I want it all, never fall, fuck that, forever war I need a mansion and my closet gotta look like a mall It's Darkman [Chorus 2X: Method Man (Streetlife)] It's a new day, new way, new rules, new school New pay, new cake, new crew, new fools Fuckin' with my safe box (all you niggas get shot) Fuckin' with my safe box (all you niggas get shot) [Streetlife] I got the drop on you, don't flinch Pop

niggas like John Lynch, leave niggas in they own stench
I'm a light drinker, heavy smoker Known for duckin'
show promoters Pass the money, over, my whole crew
is ex-cons Be alarmed, when you hear the *err-urrrrr*
It's on, Silverback niggas under the stairs When we link
up, we travel in pairs Ya'll niggas best to beware, of the
most thoroughest Cover all aspects, four corners, you
can't creep up on us I'm takin' one for the team, deal
me in And when the smoke clear, do it again This ain't
a side show, you could die slow There's no I in team,
we all ride... yo! The master of the ceremony, this is my
testament Homicide Housing, that's what I represent
[Carlton Fisk] Don't get it fucked up, drapped, that'll
extra grind When I pop up with silencers, you next in
line Swift with a nine, in conflict, prefer four-five And
we Loose Linx, can't control these Animalz of mine,
now Staten Island's back on the map, while the P.L.O.
fugitive's back Using the fact, drama in these streets
you gon' see it and get used to the clap Blockbuster
movie picture, doggy, preview that Carlton Fisk flow in
a Lex, gorilla Homicide Housing Came to collect, know
the sounds, just a pain in the neck [Chorus] [June Luva]
Listen young'n, I'm an O.G., see I done mastered the
flow With creeping up slow, so chill 'fore I blow three At
your windshield, come on, dog, you know me I raised
you from a young pup, I taught you how to show teeth
And growl on a nigga, style on a nigga One minute you
so cool, then foul to a nigga Ya'll suckas is pre-
schoolers, a child to a nigga I'm the resurrection of
rap, now bow to a nigga A little old me from Staten
Island's gonna get cha And I pack a big gun, and it
weighs a grip of ton So front like you the M.C., ain't no
defeating me I set up shop on your block and plots off
strategically Maybe it's the weed in me, nah a bottle of
Henny Quick to run up on your ass and follow with
semi', muthafucka [Chorus 2X]

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