

## Man Method

### "Buck 50"

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Method Man]

Supreme Clientele

Who on this? The Fenon, them niggas can't live

Who on this? We ain't got shit, Summin Gotz ta Give

Y'll done flipped y'all wig, blacked out the kid

Die and live for my nigs and my bad ass kids

Freeze [sniff], lookin at your ice like PLEASE

Plottin on the mouse trap, about to snatch the cheese

I heard y'all kids is 'bout that, psycho therapy

Fuckin, where the cow chat? Blue till they bury me

Never tell a lie, like George with the cherry tree

Now it's cherry pie, if it's not BROKE, let it be

Ain't nuttin nice in, New York, stick ya for ya cake and  
ya icin

All that tough talk don't mean nuttin when ya up north

So keep them hands where I can see them like ya want  
freedom

You know that sayin, if ya can't join 'em

Beat 'em and push ya way in

We ain't acrobats but we flip on occasion

Pick the Pace up, past snaggin, throw your waist up

Niggas writin slum juice with Jacob, FOOL

You're like DUDE, I don't like your fuckin attitude

Frontin on my Clan from Shao', we ain't mad at you

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, Starks dippin cheesy face, meesly pace

Ghostface, jump out the window for a little taste

Droopy luck, my main bitches call me lazy

Educated birds say, "Ghost, you're so crazy"

[Cappadonna]

Cappa slide thru with the Ghost

Post up like paint on walls

Drip jew-els, big heat ruffle inside the bubble-goose

It's the odd couple, holo-points follow you home in  
Staten Island

Playin with the big toys that make noise

Echo in the hall, a scared voice

Niggas start to act choice, but Dunkin 'hinds

Didn't know Betty Crocker had them two nines

Made the club moist, shattered the windows

Dust heads runnin, the black kingpin buzz the Black  
Jesus

[Redman]

Yo, the words you talk better be the words you walk

Body you in the van while the nurse is off

Put your vein out, watch me insert the dart

Till it bleeds from Bricks to the Persian Gulf

Light curcuits off, thirty-third if my brain is off

That explains why my language off

My gun aim and cough, y'all ain't trained to brawl

Y'all more like them training bras

Wet behind the ear, you're not prepared

for the project flow, with extra stares

I pass out a vest to wear (bullets'll fly)

Yo, a hard wire, startin bonfires

Pullin mask, so you know it's me

Your weave got more seeds than ODB

Can't smoke wit'cha, watch Ghost tie rope to ya

Def and Wu will open ya

[Method Man]

Your shit lice

Baby shake your shit 'fore your shit lice

Get rich like...

[Ghostface Killah]

Word, it's me y'all

We in two sixes, flirtin with bitches

Dime plush, takin pictures

"How you doin baby, my name's Ghost

Don't get caught up in my chains or the way that I  
speak"

Seek intelligence, slickest nigga doin it since Grease

Check out the greys on the side of my waves, my crew  
doze on Riker's Island

Stretched out, malled up in the cage

Pull a ? out on Jimmy Jam, shakes Space Jam

Silky texture, Jordan jumped up like Clyde Drexler  
All up in the parrot, nose numb, real as they come  
Biggie's Versacis, Snow White rabbit  
Hands is like photographic magic  
Funeral love, boohoo when we hug, don't make it a habit  
Hit the gym in two weeks, my back all chiseled  
Elbows unique now, meet the new me  
Ghetto fabulous, Tony Atlas  
Zulu Nation in the 80's, in front of Masey's I start my own Chapters  
Tyco, Nike glow, velvet pose  
Special effects, high-tech armors, murk you after shows  
Supercalifragilisticexbealidosious  
Ghost'll hollar exbefragilisticcalisuper  
Cancoon, catch me in the room eatin group up  
[Method Man]  
Shoe fly shoe, Wally dark Clark crew  
Fuck y'all wan' do? Crack a brew, smoke an L or two  
And flip like, yellin for the whole click, it's sick like  
the way yo' stank bitch eat a dick like  
baby shake yo' shit, hold yo' dick like  
gettin rich like

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