

Man Method

"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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