

Man Method

"Enjoy Da Ride"

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Streetlife]

Yo, I know the streets is watchin'

Dirty date niggas caught blockin' or glockin'

Waitin' for my down four street got options

Fuck y'all, y'all can ball, im'a stay rockin'

All emcee's falled when I heard the albums droppin'

Nuttin but the hottest hip-hop rap concoction

Rap's in a state of emergency, it's shockin'

I produce joints that loosen up the socket

Crowd surf through the mosh pit on some rock shit

Bang your head to this, pump your fist if your feelin' it

Ride the fuck out, bust a clip for the fuck of it

This is as good as it get, who you rollin' with? (You)

Who the ultimate? (Wu)

Stay committed, sold my soul to this rap shit

Slow your roll, strike a bowl, you get glapped quick

I roll with, ghetto bastard with biscuits

And grab my dick and flick it, get the picture

[Redman]

Yo, Yo, Yo, I cop a new Benz, crash the front

So hard the airbags use nasal pumps

Jump out, cock the shoti (Rasie em up)
I stomp holes if the ground aint paved enough
Inform the former the first step was a warm-up
The next step'll bomb on where your car alarm was
Chickens that'll run in, burn the barn up
Shots'll tear Sean John and Phat Farm up
I never gotta Soul Train award
Never lost to emcee's as lame as y'all
Never, trick a bitch car payment off
Im a orangatang when the chain is off
Nigga, ecentric and I slowly blast with a axe, and a
pump, and a goalie mask
Leavin' stains of blood on your Rolie Glass
When im in your hood nigga throw me bags
[Method Man]
Lets trick the night fantastic
Im flexible, they used to call me plastic
These big butt bitches get they ass kicked
It is what it is, shittin' on y'all kids
Couldn't live where we live
I can't be defeated like nobody used to wizz
Like, when daddy's home can't nobody beat the kids
Right? You know the clan and you know the fuckin' man
Meth rock a mic without a kickstand
Two blunts, and razors in his wristband
Slap you and your bitch man

Lookin' in your lobby, call me stick-man

When it's goin' down, call me quicksand

Zero to sixty in a second, pack a Smith & Weston

And if the price is right, you can be the next contestant

For this aggression, no question, M-E to the F it be
flexin'

As hard as my erection, kid learn your lesson

Cuz what if I decide to start testin' the joint in the
muthafuckin session?

[Saukrates]

Let a nigga get into it

Lubricate y'all veins with your "Do-It" fluid

I Einstein these rymes, spit these thangs to prove it

Cross with the mac, in fact my games are truest

Now im on the highway, doing it my way

With Street the legal, Meth, Roc, and Doc friday

Performin' like the weather was warm

And drop heat on the streets through zero degree
storms

And keep the ghetto, pop your metal

Smoke it like a cigarette till ya optic yellow

The addiction, aint no friction

I got them rap heads fillin' out a prescription

With diciton, they in thick, when I put fire to the stakes

And burn the arch, like a iron to your face

These long hard years spent Oxy-Cleanin' - make it
clear

Look out! Big 'Sauks is here, hit the button

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