

Man Method

"Evil Streets Remix"

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Intro: Method Man]

Spark that shit up

and lets fly

Oh my people

Heyyy Ohhhh

Ahhhh Hooooo

Eiiii Heyyy

[Verse One: Sticky Fingaz]

I'm a hoodlum

A dick in the dirt is what i'm holding

Sporting mad Polo but only if its stolen

I got no morals my mind is in the gutter

KId I'll open up your face with my orange box cutter

Soak you when you least expect it

Before I met Russel I only had a jail record

Plus nothing ever hurt me when I was at home

These Evil Streets got a mind of their own

My Pops left me for dead with just the clothes on my back

I grew up selling crack

And learning to drive a car jack

I got street smarts and I use intuition

I can spot an undercover with my x-ray vision

And if anybody test me out there

They gonna make me kill them and throw away my
career

I'm my Mothers first born, Her last bad seed

[Verse Two: Fredro Star a.k.a. Never]

Its all about the next caper

The cocaine, props and acres

For the sake ah

Snatchin the green paper

Me and my crew roll in the zone of the twilight

The news highlight

When the next shit don't go right

Its so tight its blazing

A nigga squeezed hayz in

got 'em geezing for a runner

Then the plot thickens

On point like Rod Strickland

Clocks ticking

Makes the hardest niggas clicks stop ticking

Hitting they stash

And murdering like and expert

Cover ya tracks

And conceal that dirty shit

[Chorus: Method Man]

This is for the gun Triggers

The noise bringers

This is for the gun slingers

Bell ringers

The bootleggers

And every day bangers

And all my hood hustlers who know where we headin'

[repeat 2X]

[Verse Three: Sonsee]

Its all about the \$50,000 cars

Dice games and ice chains

We out of the average niggas price range

Rings and Remy mixed with Henny

Chicks with Fendi sucking disk in the Infinity

This nigga had mad deco

Fucking petro the nickel metro Blow

All you heard was the gun echo

On a dead nbight I get my head right

Running red lights no headlights

Pumping Buddah in a black Benz

Pulling out Mac 10's

Its just the smell of fucking cigarettes

Broke niggas with assed out

Took 2 puffs and passed out

Woke him up with 21 shots of penicillin

amped him up

I guess thought it was hempacillin

Yo chill kid lamp kid, chill kid you livin'

Aye yo JB hit me one time

[Verse Four: Method Man]

Its the Blaze that be Johnny

Not many shots can do that ass raunchy

Lyric to the muzak we rolling

Watch out for the niggas that be holding

Raunchy fucking up your colon

Of course its Tical

Verbal assault

We can walk these dogs through all 5 boroughs of New York

Some talk

While other individuals walk

In my square tryin' to hide thoughts

Spreading lies in my ears

Got me questioning my peers

That be show and prove they don't belong here

I be the Chef in Hells Kitchen

Pop in the clip and hit the DJ if the records skipping

My competition gotta keep me at arms distance

I know myself onion head niggas don't listen

I shoot the what

Got no time for that wiz bitchin'

I'm about to blow in 5 seconds

The clocks ticking consider this another mission

impossible as he gets hostile

Uncut blowing up your nostril

We There

Come on take another if you dare

The reason why its so raw cause its real

I swear by the hairs on my Chin Chiggy Chin

To the day I die I represent the Grimy niggas

The ones who can't afford Tommy Hillfigger

The down and dirty Johnny fill Niggas

[Yeah]

[Chorus 2X]

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