

Man Method

"Ghetto BI"

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Method Man]

Yeah ha.. we vibin'

Channel livin' all day ha c'mon

Yo its me the m-e-t-h uh o-d

??

Sniff a whole key

My coke deep

Be my consciouss tellin me it dont make sense

Then guard his nonsense

A niggas best defense is his offense

So yo I watch po po

And duck a dodo

Birdies in them gogo's

Trying to steal my mojo

Oh no your'e fuckin with a pro

Who go for dolo

For sure though

A season veteran holy a (dobo??)

Come on now judge judy

Youre televised through our vision

While I black you get imprisoned

When my eyes see through your eyes
Your hypnotized
Subconsciously you change the station to channel live
That underground hard-core sound who said it'd die
Cause if it is me and my nine's
The first to ride
For my niggas
Live by the fire die by the flame
Happy im gone knowin my son's gonna be the same
As his dough-diggy dog that
Who put his feelings on a pamphlet
A pen unleash the dragon again uh
Im on ya like hot grease on a skillet
Gorillas on real tv because they feel us

[Verse 2]

I'm livin like a hundred in a jeep stolen
Wools in sheeps clothng
All beef frozen
Bust like cheap trojans
Nautrally rollin blunts and weed smokin
We keep chokin
Bitches on they knees open
I spit like a automatic semi barking part
And if you hear me starin blame the remmy martin
So liquor shots ghetto people

Dutches and c-lo's duckin the repo

For fuckin them lady c-o's

Rhymes blind devine (evol??)

Smoked out in the cadillac regal

With a mommy on my beecho

Theres eight million stories

Only six million ways to die

Theres two million niggas getting away with crime

Theres two million more whack niggas tryin to rhyme

Now theres four million niggas tryin to eat at one time

It keeps the thugs gunnin in the blood runnin

And the judge frontin

Enough to make nigga touch something

[Chorus]

Niggas fuckin with that strick-nine

The models get mine

So we gonna be big time

Its ghetto buisness

Niggas jack cars and rap stars

Rockin the cash bars

Bitches dancin naked on their lap

Its ghetto buisness

Niggas hold guns

Hot ones steakin' the biscut

Ghetto nigga soft cores is ghetto business

Yo, drinks and weed son

Never seeds son

I got what you need son

Its all ghetto business

[Verse 3]

Yo this is for the senile

Walking on the green mile

My lyrics be like the spirit of a teen gone wild

Shit is after ten bitch wheres your child

With a nine in his pocket lockin it down like penile

I did the knowledge to born

Your style straight corn

I woke up in the morning

Heard your shit and just yawned

You fuckin up my high

No lie

You can die

??

Before i break you up like god

Yo its the herb slinger

New style bringer

Rap is for my war plan

Fat like Corporal Clinger

We still bring the hardcore with r&b singers

While the beast ask you out like hoes on Jerry Springer

[Verse 4]

Yo rally hot boys feel so sick
And I won't stop 'til I'm so so rich
While Y'all niggas spit
I (WHOOO) blow hits
Don't waste time
And I don't waste rhymes
Few minutes, shit
Track done like swiss
If you ain't hot come like this
Real niggas hold a gun like this
Pop something, one in your leg
Make your ass run like this
Now picture that
Defeat rhymes never that
Son son you brave
You ain't a man cause you got a little something to
shade
I've been a thug since the sixth grade
Rockin a fade
Young Boomy
Look what the ghetto done to me
Made you bolder now
Heart colder now
Brick soldier now
Gun holder now
Nigga snath my chain, catch him hold him down

Hit him with the hot slugs like over now

I know you wanna test rock, what you waitin for

I live one-thirty-eight basement door

City up north you can't escape the raw

Find me where channel live be at

(What is this)

Ghetto Business

[Beat Fades Out]

[Rowdy Rahz Freestyle]

You aint fin to blow up shit

Youre merely a bomb threat

How the fuck you gonna move a crowd

You aint moved out from your moms yet

I'm a vet, better yet a vet-er-an

The words smith and wessun

Like megatron

Understand I'm past hip-hop

I should be put into tiny ziplocks

Distributed by those who flip rocks

Leak use after word Smith b

So dope you better sniff me

And learn to keep me out ya mouth

Get me

I'm goin to Armaghetto swiftly

My whole click be sickly

So we don't sleep we spit in bed

Those thats trying to get hit in the head

Fuck around and get hit in the head

Everything I write is either a death sentence or a blood
line

For those who love nines

We don't stand in club lines

We V.I.P

Thugs love to hear me spit that

If you ain't down with ghetto business

THERE'S THE EXIT PUNK, HIT THAT

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