

Man Method

"Gold"

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Intro: Method Man]

Aiyyo Shorty, yo that's my word

Oh, y'all smellin y'all piss now y'all think y'all gold

Yo anybody get caught playin

Over here, I'm returnin em that's my word that they be
blasted

Anything from two-twenty to one-fourty, that's mine

Y'all niggaz step the fuck off

Y'all niggaz ain't crazy for real

[Chorus: Genius]

Yo, the fiends ain't coming fast enough

There is no cut that's pure enough

I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload

Product must be sold to YOU

[Verse One: Genius]

I'm deep down in the back streets - in the heart of
Medina

About to set off something more deep than a
misdemeanor

Under the subway, waiting for the train to make noise

So I can blast a nigga and his boys - for what?

He pushed up on the block and made the dope sales
drop

Like the crashin of Dow Jones stock
I had to connect to cross seals, to catch more mil's
Than ho-bitches got birth control pills
I'm in the park, settin up a deal over blunt fire
Bum niggaz sleepin on the bench, they had em wired
Peeped my convo, the address of my condo
And how I changed a nigga name to John Doe
And while we set up camp, we got Vamp
Put the stake through his heart, I ripped his fucking
fangs apart
Snake got smoked on the set like Brandon Lee
Blown out the frame, like Pan Am flight 103
He got swung on, his lungs was torn, the
kingpin just castled with his rook and lost a pawn
A regular on the block, and played look-out
For playing predator with a glock, he should have took
out
[Chorus:]
No neighborhood is rough enough
There is no clip that's full enough
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold to YOU
The fiends ain't coming fast enough
There is no cut that's pure enough
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload,
Product must be sold to YOU

[Verse Two: Genius]

It's mandatory that

I supply all my troops with mega firearms

Big apes, and spread em out like crops on a farm

to get CREAM, sometimes they repaint the scene

Like the last episode on gates and other niggaz

plant bombs til the smoke from the blast becomes thick

and flows through all they knew, he's gun sick

His glock clicks, like high-heeled shoes on parquay
floors

Mad sick, stand on hills and invade wars

Filthy foul, shoveling dirt, he's out to hurt

For instance, chop off hands, attack worth

His idols would lock down airports and next extort

some import, catchin ten percent of what the fiends
snort

Up in the ski resorts, up in hills

They move keys and had skis making drops on
snowmobiles

The plan was to expand, catch seven figures, release
triggers

And live large and bigger than my nigga

Who promised his moms a mansion with mad rooms

She died, and he still put a hundred grand in her tomb

Open wounds, he hid behind closed doors

And still organized crime and drug wars

[Chorus:]

The fiends ain't coming fast enough

There is no cut that's full enough

I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload

Product must be sold to YOU

No neighborhood is rough enough

There is no clips that's full enough

I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload

Product must be sold to YOU

The peers that come is tight enough

There is no niggaz that's fucking up

I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload

Product must be sold... to YOU

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