

## Man Method

### "Grid Iron Rap"

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Featuring Street Life]

[Bishop Don Magic Juan]

"Dropped outta school early so I could get me some paper

That's a good book I don't mind you gettin knowledge about the game

You dig? So you won't have to have those young girls fool ya you dig?

Trick ya outta your check so you can learn about it

Don't try to play if you ain't ready for it

Cuz the game could be detrimental to ya boy."

[Street Life]

I Silver Surf the city circuit, forever lurkin on the street surface

I spit blood for blood verses

Plan span divided, we still stand conquer land

One man'll body slam Def Jam

Focus ya head cam, zoom in, we radio tunin

I know you're listenin so I keep showin and provin

Play the sideline, waitin for the right time to take mine

Street crime, nickel and dime rhyme

Fuck a peace talk, let the gun spark, on the streets of New York

I Shaolin strut through the city asphalt, FED UP

Hold ya head up, I'm circlin the block, keep ya eyes up

Wise up before you get sized up (tied up)

Play no game, speakin on my name you catch a clip full

from close range, diggin in your pocket, take the loose  
change

[Method Man]

Punch the data in ya mainframe

You want it all, I want the same thing

Strive to maintain, live out my name

Hard to obtain, hard to explain, ain't nuttin changed

Leave the same way I came, Bringin motherfuckin Pain

Chorus: Street Life, Method

Killa Hill projects, hi-tech street intellect

Best connect, blow your headset, fuck a mic check

Bring em round the underground, pocket full of sound

Ashes to ashes y'all niggaz goin down

[Method Man]

Eat shit and die slow, battle ground no survival

You goin down, y'all niggaz fuck around

Shittin where you sleepin, so my rhyme Proposal came  
Indecent

Beef from the butcher, sink your teeth in

[Street Life]

Fuck what you believe in, you real-fake

Fishin in the same lake, eatin off the same cake you  
blow face

[Method Man]

Who go that ready cook, synthetic look, actin crook

Betty shook worm, tryin to shake the hook as the world  
turn

Nigga burn, once again the Super Sperm, rub it in  
your skin, like it's Lubriderm, time took to write this

The war will be fought by the righteous

Who stand criticized by his un A\*Alikeness

Knowledge is the truth and it's priceless

Real like them Rahway Lifers, nuttin but time on my  
hands

Observe the black sands in the hourglass, fallin fast

In the savage land haulin ass, Days of Thunder

It's Road Rage, your days are numbered

What RZA put together let no man tear asunder  
(motherfucker!)

[Street Life]

This is P.L.O., Killa Hill flow but you don't hear me  
though

Live in stereo, pumpin loud until your speaker blow

Ghetty-o slang pro, sling rap for cash flow

Keep it live from the intro until the outro

Chorus

[Street Life]

I'm on a suicide run, y'all niggaz know the outcome

Razor sharp tongue leave scars in your eardrum

Forty-five bar seminar, ghetto rap star

Slide like water rats through the Staten Reservoir

Swingin swords cut your mic cord, snatch ya rap  
awards

Commercial cats fuckin up the game, that's why I crash  
boards

Break laws, wired jaw, keep on tryin yours

Hardcore, something that my street niggaz is dyin for

[Method Man]

Snatch your neck and the dope fiend, Golgo 13

Professionals wit no things, say no more

Check my Dogs at the Reservoir

Gourmet special of the day is Nigga Souflee, pusher  
gotta pay

And the games people play, John J. back around the  
way

Fish filet, Mister DJ, turn it up a notch

Hit the replay, for dirt bomb niggaz in the P.J.

to Klingon, bring on, the Good Times for Keyon

Hood rhymes that's be-yond ya thinkin

For eons, I've been hear to shine on the black minds

Tell you like the last time, year of the grimy nigga

Rag time, bad sign, flatline

[Bishop Don Magic Juan]

"It's easy to get into the game, but once you get on top

Can you stay there

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