

## Man Method

### "Gunz 'N Onez Iz U Wit Me"

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Haayyoahhh! Ahhh..

[Intro/Chorus: Rock]

Iz u wit me.. yo throw your hands in the air!  
All my thugs and soldiers, fuck it even players  
Whether you hate us or you show us love  
No matter what you do money, stack your gunz 'n onez  
Iz u wit me.. yo throw your hands in the air!  
All my thugs and soldiers, fuck it even players  
Crooks, willies, pimps, all my sons  
No matter what you do baby, stack your gunz 'n onez

[Verse One: Method]

Yo, light another, and elevate on this one my brother  
Respect mine like my baby mother  
I shine when it rain, the sky's cryin for all the black  
youth  
that's dyin, I heard he went out clutchin his iron  
And in the mist the slugs flyin, one burst  
he kissed the dirt, not knowin he was touched at first  
or badly hurt, it's all science, another nigga merked  
Kid snatched his purse and his work, left nuttin  
but the shells on the turf, the situation's worse  
A lot of bitch ass niggaz is comin out they skirts  
cause it's real, not everyone can rhyme and get a deal  
Not everyone can shine and make a meal  
So Johnny carry nine in the steel, one in the head  
for all them fuckheads, leave that ass for dead nuff  
said  
Don't be mistaken, or mislead, it's all peace  
But when my baby's gotta get fed, I'm all teeth  
Bitin DOWN on the bullet now, bloodshed  
I cop my herb from a knotty dread, and live this life  
on the edge nigga.. one time for your fuckin-ass mind  
cuz-o, can you deal?

[Chorus: Rock]

Wu-Tang are u wit me, well throw your hands in the air!

All my soldiers, thugs, fuck it even players  
Heads on lockdown and those on the run  
No matter what you do money, stack your gunz 'n onez

[Verse Two: Ruck]

Aiyyo peep the stamina, of the main brain splattera  
In a matter of seconds I'm disrespectin your character  
What's the matter ya niggaz ain't ready for the  
massacre  
I'll be slappin y'all niggaz in the face with the calibre  
You like the voice baby? Ruck is the choice lately  
Slap a hoe and then grab a hoe just like ? ?  
My boys pay me no mind, for the shit I say lately  
Then deep down in they heart, they think that nigga  
Ruck is crazy  
Maybe, y'all niggaz should just chill before I fuck you  
up  
I can snuff a duck nigga in the face with the uppercut  
What the fuck? Y'all niggaz do it the mic ruin  
your life by screwin, your wife now cruisin  
Affect with the motherfuckin grimy style  
Meth-Tical, Heltah Skeltah for the Ninety-Now  
Remind me how, the way it used to be, yo you used to  
be  
better than you is on the mic, but now you losing me

[Chorus: Rock]

So iz u wit me? Well throw your hands in the air!  
All my soldiers, thugs, fuck it even players  
Whether you rap for a living or sell drugs for funds  
No matter what you do, stack your gunz 'n onez

[Verse Three: Rock]

Son I used to be a good boy, fat cheeks, little cute kid  
Potentially rebellious yet a straight A student  
I listened to my elders til I found out they was stupid  
What they told me had me broke and bummy, time for  
some new shit  
Now, I hold mo' concealed Heat than Acapulco  
Ricans in Bushwick call me Rocko, el mano loco  
Got a fo'-fo' to make thugs sing like K-Ci and JoJo  
Packin ever since Mamma Rock said gunz was a no-no  
We don't need those doe, street cats don't need gats  
Six-five, from the NBA, many niggaz be that  
So try me, like Mutumbo you can't get shit by me  
Send you to E.R. son with broke ankles like Allen Ivey..  
hehe  
hold that thought for a minute

And watch your shorty before I run up in it I admit it  
I'm like Sprite, image got you shaken, thinkin I'm  
Jamaican  
But it's thirst that'll get your jewelry and dough taken  
FUCK Batman and Robin, I'm robbin with a bat man  
Chase niggaz like Chevy for makin wack jams  
Hit hard as a dick after a lapdance, ask any Sean Price  
in Alcatraz fan, they'll tell you watch the jabbin

[Chorus: Rock]

So iz u wit me? Well throw your hands in the air!  
All my soldiers, thugs, fuck it even players  
Gods, Earths, and cons, Crips and Bloods  
No matter what you do money, stack your gunz 'n onez  
Iz u wit me? Well throw your hands in the air!  
All my soldiers, thugs, fuck it even players  
M.F.C., Killa Beez and my Outlaw thugs  
Armaggedeon soon come, stack your gunz 'n onez

stack your gunz 'n onez, stack your gunz 'n onez  
Heltah Skeltah come soon, be prepared motherfucker  
stack your gunz 'n onez, stack your gunz 'n onez  
Cause ain't nobody safe motherfucker  
stack your gunz 'n onez, stack your gunz 'n onez  
Marvelous, armaggedeon, Heltah Skeltah  
stack your gunz 'n onez, stack your gunz 'n onez  
Same shit

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