

Man Method

"Hard To Kill"

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Method Man:]

Yeah, play times over mutha phuckaz, Spice 1's
defiantly in mutha

phuckin' effect.

You know what I'm saying? bringing it to all you bitch
ass niggaz, so

raise up

and recognize, and understand that this brother is
hard to kill.

[Spice 1:]

I'm running this niggaz off their block taking their shit
kicking it to

the bitches.

People cant lift off your spot I'm leaving your shit all up
in stitches.

nigga,

Bullets go through the door, I'll shoot you and that ho,
got a cap for

each

nigga fucking with my cash flow. Pid cap, be love cap
pid, because in

the neighborhood

cause still kill at will.

Gotta keep on my pistol on tight, slanging sugar delite,
that china

white got these

niggaz killing each other tonight, sometimes a turf is
like a war zone,

or even

Vietnam, not at the movies but you still see the died
come. And a nigga

catch a slug,

caps' be pulled for fun foo, you got to watch your shit
before we pull a

ak on your

own blood, se niggaz will stick you for your cash, that's
when they

enter the t-shirt

contest to super soak their ass. So Method Man show
these niggaz the

deal. Let these

mutha phuckaz know that your hard to kill.

[Method Man:]

Who dat nigga? You on with me with the super fly
Methtical nigga. Who

want to die?

For year nigga. Wow, even try to test sides. Challenger
your the bird

with

my 45 cabolar. Can it be that this is the S.P.I.C.E. 1 and
the method

mutha phucka

with the guns blazing? You trail, my god, its amazing.
Where your punk

at?

Nightmares like Wes Craven. The bigger the critter, the
harder to pull

the trigga.

I'll send your ass back to the dark side nigga. Your a
snake, I've seen

you sliver,

so I deliver with death. We'll throw your punk ass in the
river. On the

battle ship

I'm the captain. Beat that ass bloody as I send it to the
camp. Tical!

[Chorus]

S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard
to killah.

S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard
to killah.

S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard
to killah.

[Spice 1:]

Blah! These mutha phuckaz nutz if you want to murder
me, harder to kill

than your

average mutha phuckin' G. Rollz with the uzi with that
shit that will

make your body

drop. Cause if your shot, tic toc and you don't stop.
Nigga, down for my

strap

niggaz on their back, no rat-tat-tat so its on the map.
Died come again,

coming

straight out of my jaws, got these niggaz screaming
out paws, pistol

grip and breaking

out their jaws. yeah, so you don't want to fuck with me,
many niggaz out

there to go

nuts with me. And even on your block smoke them like
a fucked up bell,

cant be caught

by no Po-Po's cant be put in no slammer. I don't be
fucking with no

snitches, aint no

body going to tell, leave your dick in the dirt, and yo
momma as well.

New York

to Cali niggaz are hard to kill, Shit is too real, your a
ignorant mutha

fucka if your

not riding with your steal.

[Chorus]

S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard
to killah.

S.P.I.C.E. come to be hard to killah, hard to killah, hard
to killah.

S.P.I.C.E. coming from the bay area, bay area, puffing
carea.

S.P.I.C.E. coming from the bay area, bay area, puffing
carea.

1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-
7 1-8-7

1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7 1-8-7

[Outro: Spice 1]

Capping your ass for the 94, what you know? Grab your
glock. Blah! Me

burst out first 'Mon.

We are in 7000 G

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