

Man Method

"Killin Fields"

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News Lady)
Good news Hip-Hoppers
The big alert has been called off
It turns out that the early reports were wrong, ALL
wrong
Now for that clan out there that had such a tough time
gettin home
Sorry bout that!
I guess the only thing we can do, is play you a song

Yeah, do that, uh-huh uh uh, UH
Yes what what what, what what what, what?
What what what, what what what, UH
Yea yea yea (if you don't, lay back)
Raider Ruckus (you catch a lazy jack) Carlton Fisk
(Yaknahmean) Huh, one.. two.. (Shaolin What?)

Shoes full of dirt, kickin sand on your works
Something gotta hurt, catch a case off a verse
Live in concert, kids comin out they shirts
I'm hyped now, jumpin in the crowd feet first
Meant it when i said it, lungs Bring the Pain son
without the anesthetic, make em look pathetic
needin help from paramedic, Hot with the Nickle
Bust back, take em wit you
Survival of the Fittest, and the world out to get us
I feel it in my bones, I can feel it
in my testosterone, when it's on
Stat', bring it back, hard rap for you pussy-cat
Cognac off the meat rack, where the pussy at?
Johnny, got these niggaz mad at they mommy
Jumping on my hard salami, say what you like
In the Heat of the Night, I crash individuals
Splash on the mic, air-tight with the lyrical

Chorus: Method

(Nigga run with it, have fun with it
load your gun with it, and be done with it)
Welcome to the Killin' Field, with Johnny Dangerous
Headbanger Boogie niggaz, goin thru changes

[Method Man]

It all starts with the pad and pen, my special blend
of herbs and spices on mic divices, murder men
Make em mices, I recommend, somethin that's
priceless

For you rap hooligans, claimin you nicest
Call it what you like kid, you can even call
a psychic for all I care, still ain't got a prayer
amongst the righteous, Blazini, cheat death like
Houdini

Word to bad bird that fucked nerds in bikinis
Ob-serve, lyrical flows you being served from the
gizzard

Pluckin your nerves with nouns and verbs
From the ghettos to the suburbs, I must be heard
Niggaz get what niggaz deserve
You can put that on my Clan logo, Wu-Tang group for
solo

Bloody up my next promo
With the blood of the next bozo, clown ass niggaz be
loco
Puffin on lye, cuckoo for cocoa

Chorus

Yo yo, shit be hot in the kettlepot, Twisted Metal
bust shots til the beef settle, forget me not
City nights get a nigga hyped, scar his life
Send him back, now he Poltergeist, ghost!
Tell him, who the number one rap most, huh?
Verbal overdose leave him comatose, huh?
The nigga with the golden throat is out to get you, Hot
Nickle

Bust back and take em wit you, eye for eye
Never lie, crossin my heart, hopin you die
Somebody pat the engineer down, I think he wired
I'm off the meat rack, quick to react, my niggaz need
that

They need gas, cockin heat back, be out like Freejack
The heat's on, you think one-eight, and Johnny's
blamed

Who that nigga, burn biscuit and spit flame
Leave no witness, in the fast lane with shady bitches
that only want me for my riches, I know your steez
Terror Fabulous, caution, biohazardous degrees
from this ravenous, emcees be yappin
Meth be the co-captain, on Def Jams that's closed
captioned
for hearing impaired, they get a share, now what's
happenin?

Money to share, that's why we're here
and you actin like we can't eat, like y'all eat
Now we scrappin, out in the street, I know your crew's
hardheaded motherfuckers and I'm just like you

Chorus

Welcome to the Killin' Field, with Johnny Dangerous
Headbanger Boogie niggaz, goin thru changes

[Method Man]

I been in the ghetto all my life
I swore to take that bitch for better or for worse
Youknowhatl'msayin, that's for life nigga, y'know?
Til death do us part

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