

Man Method

"Mr Sandman"

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featuring RZA Inspector Deck Street Thug Carlton Fisk

Intro: RZA (singing by Blue Raspberry)

bees buzzing

man screaming in torture

This is... (Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)

Serious the craziest

... d da (Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream) day da

Danger dangerous... style

Verse One: RZA

Lyrical shots from the glock

bust bullet holes on the chops I want the number one
spot

With the science, of a giant

New York defiant, brutal like domestic violence

Silence of the Lambs, o-ccured when I slammed in

Foes grab their chairs, to be mad as Ralph Cramden

Others come with shit, as silly as Art Carney

But my Tetley triplizes, more kids than Barney

Never need for stress there's three bags of sess

a damn I rest, playing chess, yes

My thoughts be sneaky like a crook from Brooklyn

When you ain't lookin, I take the queen, with the rook
then

I get vexed, layin phat trax on Ampex

Morphous God, gettin drunk, off a Triple X

Violent time, I got more love than valentines

The violent mind, I blast with a silent nine

Verse Two: Inspector Deck

My hazardous thoughts to cut the mic's life support
short

Brains get stained like tablecloths when I let off

Powerful, poetry pushed past the point of no return

Leavin mics with third-degree burns

Let me at 'em, I cramp your style like a spasm

Track em through the mud then I bag em

We're screaming hardcore, hip-hop drips out my balls

and I be raw, for four score plus seven more

I strike like a bowling ball, holding y'all hostage

like hail, electrifying the third rail

Peep the smash on paragraphs of ruckus

Wu-Tang (Clan ain't nuttin ta fuck wit)

Verse Three: Method Man

Hot time, summer in the city

My people represent, get busy

The heat-seeker, on a mission from hell's kitchen

I gets in where I fits in for head-touchin, listen

Enemy, is the industry got me flippin

I don't give a fuck tell that bitch and a nigga

I'm killin, snipin, catchin murder cases

Desert Storm-in, I be searchin for oasis

As I run a mile with a racist

Pullin, swords, hit the Billboard with a bullet

Peace to the number seven

Everybody else get the fo'-nine-three-eleven

(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)

I don't know what's going on

if you can take us there...

Verse Four: Street Thug

Yo, watch me bang the headpiece there's no survival

My flow lights up the block like a homicidal

murder, underground beef for the burger

P.L.O., criminal thoughts you never heard of

I switch, the city never sleeps, life's a bitch

I shit, runnin through bitches like Emmitt Smith

Caution, niggaz best to be careful crossin

the street, before they end up layin in a coffin

Don't sleep, niggaz tend to forget, however

Peep this -- my nigga Case lives forever

Verse Five: Carlton Fisk

What evil lurks in the heart of men?

It be the shadow, street-life, flowin again

I had a plot, scheme, I knew for sure

Only one kid would knock the hinges off the door

The jerk tried to jet, Sabrina at his neck
Thirteen pounds on the table plus a tec
Just when I said, "Where the fuck's the cream?"
Another jerk came out the kitchen with the M-16
He tried to cock it, blast these shots like, rockets
Crushed his collarbone, ripped his arm out the socket
My move for the table was swift, I got my hostage
(The nigga tried to stab you God!) but I dodged it
Niggaz said, "Carlton youse a ill motherfucker"
Cause I made it look like they both killed each other
And I'm out
(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)
(Mr. Sandman bring me a good dream)

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