

Man Method

"PLO Style"

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featuring Carlton Fisk

Chorus:

P.L.O. style Buddha monks with the Owls

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P.L.O. style...

Verse One: Method Man

Here comes the ruckus the motherfuckin ruckus

Thousands of cut throats and purse snatchin fucks

Straight from the brain I'll be givin you the pain anger

Comin from the 36th Chamber Bang!

Tical hittin with the Buddha-Fist style

Shotgun slammin in your chestpiece, plow!

Brain, is blown all over the terrain

Like a man without no arms you can't hang

Time for a change of the guard

You've been arrested for lyric fraud now you hard

For real, check it, I pull strings like B.B. King on guitar

I'm the true fist of the North Star!

Verse Two: Carlton Fisk, Method Man

Ooooooooooh! What a tangled web we weave

When first we practice to decieve
Guns be clickin, runnin with my clan we be stickin
Whatever, my street family stays together
Represent what I invent, killa hill
Resident, rest in peace to my nigga Two Cent
The street life is the only life I know
I live by the code style it's mad P.L.O...
Iranian thoughts and cover like an Arabian
Grab a nigga on the spot and put a nine to his cranium
I..can't...get no satisfaction, niggas won't be lastin
Long, unless they get protaction, for real
Strong, comin with my clan so what's happenin
Commercial rap, hate it with a passion
The M-E-T-H-O-D got me drinkin O.E. all night in a M.P.V.
Just maxin, lookin for hoes, you know relaxin
Bitches know the hour it be time for some action
P.L.O., peace to that nigga Barryano
Word up, let's take him to the bridge, Verrazano
Chorus

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