

Man Method

"Simmons Incorporated"

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Intro: Dig Dast (Jamel Simmons) {Gold D}}

Yo my nigga Jamel Simmons what the deal nigga?

(Gold D, Dig Dast what's goin down, what's goin down)

{Aight, what's goin on, what's goin on

What's the deal pa, where you headed son?}

(Yo I'm bout to go to the studio and lay smash hit

Wit my Uncle Run, boy)

{Word?} Ain't he a Reverend now, collectin plates

At churches and shit?

(He's spittin flames right now baby

He at the top of his game, right now

I'm tellin, I'm show you, watch

Youknowwhatimean? He's a born again, hooligan)

Uh-huh

[Jamel Simmons]

I'm red rum, Reverend Run, brother son, earthquakin

Industry shakin, you kiddin me? We money makin

Your money fake son, I'll call you clay cuz you get's
Play-Doh

Jamel and Joey Simmons holdin millions on the lay low

Platinum hailos, hero heads high from hydro

Hit the dime on the combo, she try to diss my rhyme
flow

She ain't know we only glamorous like Phat Farm
fashion

Simmons name sinamous wit this cash

It's our passion... what!?

[Run]

Yo basically I'm here to rename rap, it ain't rap no more

Call it Simmons Incorporated, since '74

Lotta money in this fam, think about it

Me wit Run-D.M.C., and him over at Def Jam

Well damn, how the hell you think we livin?

How you think it feel to be a Simmons

Imagine Christmas and Thanksgiving

People wanna know why I ain't on my brother's label

If I did this whole rap game be unstable

Went over to Arista wit Mr. Davis, for the change of
neighbors

It's only fair that we share those naked papers

You can tell a cat serious about rap and it ain't luck

If 20 years after his first single, his name's stuck

From '74 to '99, did novice to king, wit a million

MC's waitin in line

Keep a barrel on this album if my man's and them rise

[Method Man]

Now speed it up, uh

[Chorus 2X: Run]

Run really make ya wanna drop, drop

Now wanna make ya go live, live

Now wanna make ya go live, live

Now hold up

[Method Man]

Now I walked on ice and never fell

I spent my time in a plush hotel

John-John Phenomenon, deadly but calm

Word to my born, dead by dawn

Got the right to bear arm, ring the alarm!

Another sound boy dyin, hot irons

Slugs flyin out the hardware appliance

Baby mamma cryin, sobbin and grievin

You was at aws wit them kids till they made it even

Let down ya guard, yes you did, now you barely
breathin

To unaware, open season on a duck, we don't give a
what

Yo best best to give it up

Sho indeed, let's Run D's MC's, they phony

Some hump free, they mad bogey

Saddle up ya horse, if the sunset mosey

Jam Master Jay deserve a trophy for this track, right?

Futuristic G past type, if that's yo girlfriend

She wasn't last night punk, little boy

Stylin mad chump, ain't no wins here

This sport's extreme, know what I mean?

Gettin royalty, +Down With the King+!!!

[D.M.C.]

Crack, crack, cracks in the cradle

Cracks, in the cradle

Cracks in the cradle, cokes in the spoon

Little Boy Blue higher than the moon

Will he, will he want a weapons, will he wanted the wound

I come to school and lay down the rules

Two, two, two channel empty guzzle, brake gallons of drop

Shorty wit the forty, once sport in the dark

Co-co-corner, black as a goner

Didn't really wanna call my momma in Savannah

[Mike Ransom]

I spit dynamite ignite turn off lights

Recite, spit poetry type, get my squad physically hype

Get a hundred blast from Funkmaster, crush ya life

+Blast+ Time to go now, show these fake rappers the way to go down

Down With The Kings, like Smokey down wit Motown

Who wanna come and see, come and test me

Take about a million MC's to wet me

For Run-D.M.C. I let shells fly, freein the five

Wit the red eye, niggas talkin to much

Tape 'em up, leave 'em hog tied

[Kenny Cash]

You thinkin about it way to hard, how to get down wit
the Gods

Kenny Cash, the Bronx cat, but it'll ride wit gats

Peep chicks huggin the sacks, yours scratchin the back

I'mma shark in a shack, y'all cats is feedin the fish

Now hate and feed wit clips, nigga that leave you
ripped

And I'm leavin 'em dry, shit's crushed wit bleadin lips

Bet I, leave these chips, and a C.L.K.

After I hang plaques in the spot wit Run, D and Jay

[Chorus 4X

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