

## Man Method

### "Suspect Chin Music"

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Featuring Street Life]

[Method Man]

Suspect chin niggas no win niggas  
send niggas back to go try again niggas  
all hail me the good the bag the ugly  
the money's around your way lovely  
where for art thou Meth tical god child  
I pack a smile like crocodile profile  
can't hold it down? oh the shit gon' hit the fan now  
spin around let your whole crown man down man down

[Street Life]

I live by the street code never old  
never love a hoe, never flash the dough  
cause you never know who friend or foe  
got block control solid gold thought  
before the blow lets stroll through the ghetto  
habitat with no parole  
never snitch switch which  
keep a fresh pair of kicks  
split the tongue snatch the weed  
in case the cops wanna strip search

think first prepare for the worst

when you do dirt

remember there's a million other niggas with the same  
thirst

[Method Man]

No doubt dummy out

bets pull the money out

niggas walk a funny route

this is what its all about?

young guns and dum-dums

slum bums and sons

askin' niggas where they come from

get him for his one, um

sunshine, its crunch time

stranded on the front line

ducking from the one-time

niggas on the run, where the cameras can't come, ha

make this one the anthem

ring around the rosie

pocket full of Grants, uh

[Street Life]

Just because you wild in the club you ain't thug

sport gloves and gold mugs you ain't thug

tattoos and hard screws don't make you thug

sucker for love catch a slug, nigga

[Method Man]

Suspect chin niggas, no win niggas

send niggas back to go, try again niggas

shotgun slammin' in your chestpeice, blaow

shotgun slammin' in your chestpeice, blaow

[Street Life]

Carry your eyes and avoid spots

cellblocks rap blow you for your slide(?)

time what you got's mine

we can take it to the yellow lines and we can pull nine

whether the rhyme or the crime Ima still shine

heavy on the street talk cut your life support short

never had no love for you so there is no love lost

strictly enforced by the street stories get double  
crossed

hands off I run with the torch

[Method Man]

They got me fed up from the head up

put up or shut up

on stage in them shiny get-up

these niggas is funny

energizer bunny actors

they hustle backwards

son I think they gay rappers

say word, drop some stature

dog splash ya, party crash ya

the spell casta

heard the same before and after its over  
flood get your brain end the game, done its over  
end of the line out of time bitch its over  
on the wrong street with no heat he was sober  
we soldiers somebody should've told ya

[Street Life]

Million dollar ice on your wrist don't make you thug  
cause a bitch is sucking your dick on your skit you ain't  
thug

bandanas and bad grammer don't make you thug  
sucker for love catching slugs nigga

[Method Man]

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[Street Life]

With the W burning through your flesh  
verbally possessed never second guess  
blow minds like David Koresh  
fuck a vest you need a gun to protect your assets  
deep in the aztecs break out before the sun set

street wars gimme yours crime is what I live for  
got rhymes galore next time its at the wu store  
if you sleep late, next date is at the cest gate  
all you sober mcs, I leave y'all niggas half-baked

[Method Man]

Microphone is in a choke hold  
losin' control bringing drama by the boatload  
it takes drama  
in the pillage now of cappadonna  
my split persona hit their village and their baby mama  
y'all niggas playing with this money while we stay  
hungry  
and kept it pudgy it won't make me have to crash,  
dummy  
before its over  
you should keep your chain tucked in  
and should never run your mouth with a suspect chin  
now lay it down

[Street Life]

Just because you wild in the clup you ain't thug  
sport gloves and gold mugs you ain't thug  
tattoos and hard screws you ain't thug  
real thugs runnin' with hate and smash love

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