

Mathematics f/ GZA, Method Man

"Rush"

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[Intro: Method Man]

Oh, oh, oh, come on, come on, come on
Mutha what? Muthafucka
That's right, all day, all night
Come on, get down, yes y'all and
To the right beat and you can even dance
Or, just have a seating, seating
Yo, yo, yo

[Method Man]

What it was, what it is, it's like I got a pistol
To my head, can I live? You never should of left Tical
for dead
Never that, be careful what you wish for
Today's your day to get yours
Blowin' up the spot from the sixth floor, bent off
Come and get your on smoke on, fish funk to choke on
Go 'head, blaze a pound of that bullshit we both on
Take it the 'source', 'hip hop quotable', of course
I'm pullin' out my 'roots', to breathe in my 'black
thought'
Let's be honest, I break a spirit, if she break a promise
They act just like they momma's, now what that got to
do
With the price of rice in China
Or why these gold miners raise the price on they
vagina
Now frankly, I'm official, New York Yankee
You can blame the radio stations that's trynna yank me
And jerk the Jabber Jaw shark bitten flow
Go 'head, test the water, my friend, stick in your toe

[Chorus: Method Man]

Rush, the colisseum, rush, the dance floor
Rush, the limosine, rush, don't let go
And jerk the Jabber Jaw shark bitten flow
Go 'head, test the water, my friend, stick in your toe
Whoa-ho-ho, let me like, solo with the flow
Whoa-ho-ho, promoter better pay me at the door
Whoa-ho-ho, what the fuck y'all think I'm flowin' for
If I move to quick, oh, you just don't know

[GZA]

The sound echoed through the neighborhood and
vibrate
Circulate eruptions throughout the tri-state
The wise they attract to it, cuz it's magnetic
Those slow kids, stuck on the block, they don't get it
But, they don't wanna set it, track on immedietly
Quick fast, clock tick to the blast machine
The bugged out, they scatter when the lights on
We raid those local spots, til we turn the mics on
Rollin' with the talent, the beats, and rap verse
The crowd get excited, with the heat and clap first
Must of had a hot hand to go in his waist band
Set he had to lick a shot for a top notch Clan
Multiple swordsmen, blade sharp
Rip through your heart, M.C.'s, want no part
For any type of conflict, or nonsense, then we respond
quick
It get thick, The Problem, goes beyond sick

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

Let the record show, never test my flow
Never tested positive for blow
Got my whole life ahead of me, no time to be sniffin'
Soon as muthafuckas get dough, they act different
But not Nixon, let the pot call the kettle black, but not in
my kitchen
And y'all fixin', to be on milk cartoons missing
In the Double XL, Supreme Clientele
Since then I have no birthday, my sign's not for sale
If I had a dollar, for every time M.C.'s tried to holla
Brag about dough, and pop they collar
I'd probably be a zillionaire, like, 'fuck rapping and
rappers'
Cut the drama, we don't like the way y'all actin'
Eat, drink and smoke Mary, Mr. Meth's rated X
By any means necessary (come on)
It ain't easy being greasy, in the main event now
Catch me on your Pay-Per-View TV

[Chorus]

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