

# Perfect World

## Method Man

First they dropped the bomb  
Then came the disease  
Then death  
This is our world  
Your world, my world  
I like this worldYo, on foreign land keep your toast up, hot rocks  
Catch a close up your snot box, broke up  
Land shark tryin' to post up  
Reptiles trying to throw cub with crooked smilesTake your kindness for weakness, they pow!  
New York niggas be lovin' how the gun talk, pow!  
Another underboss pull a doublecross  
Niggas ain't ready for the holocaust here and nowWant them games people play, catch these bullets over  
Broadway  
Twenty-five to life up in Rahway get caught  
Look deep into the black thought, a holy war is being fought  
On Allah's court, my perfect world if you willMr. Sandman, bring 'em a dream, infa-red light beams  
Homicide scene, perfect world, by any means get cream  
Just don't let it come between you and I, see  
Everything is everything in this three ringed circus  
Peoples is swift, tryin' to work us, Lord  
With devil worship and satanic verses  
It takes place in the world, perfect, mine and yoursHeard when it rains, it pours  
I came to bring the pain once more  
(Once more)  
Pedal to the floor, peep the Jim Crow low  
The Big Apple, rotten to the core  
These niggaz want war?  
(Give 'em war)They schemin' and I-Beam'n'  
Hitmen like cryin' freeman, they need cleanin'  
Keep it comin' till they all runnin', screamin', bloody murder  
At war with them inner demons, it's goin' 'downInvasion, U.S.A., spittin' rounds  
If these shells hit the battleground, pave the way  
For birth of a Generation X  
Spoken with a project dialectBomb threat to the air waves, hit the deck  
Pressed for time in a world lacking sunshine  
Got love for my family 'cause they mine  
See niggaz dying in the streets over petty crimesWe gonna eat or die tryin', got my mind made up  
Young buck, just don't give a fuck, pressin' they luck  
When they best, best to give it up, perfect world

Baby what? Nigga head or gut, them or usWelcome to the dark ages, dirty pages  
Of filth, fine filth flavors  
Dust to dust and ashes to ashes, life flashes  
Right before his eyes then he passesWhile the 666 got more tricks  
Than the PD's got bricks  
From bloods and crips to pips with mints  
We still lickin' the scars from whips on slave shipsMr. Sandman, bring 'em a dream, infa-red light beams  
Homicide scene, perfect world, by any means get cream  
Just don't let it come between you and I, see  
Everything is everything in this three ringed circus  
Peoples is swift, tryin' to work us, Lord  
With devil worship and satanic verses  
It takes place in the world, perfect, mine and yoursUh the children are the future  
And Wu-Tang is for the babies!

Lyrics provided by

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