

Cradle Rock (feat. Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes)

Method Man

All the children come into the light There will be
Rock a bye baby from the rooftop
When the guns blow your cradle gets hot
When the earth quakes and the sky starts to fall
Down will come emcees, fake shit an' all On top I be the show shot, the bomb drops
After shot blow your bumba clock to smithereens
Time stop, flyin' guillotine comin' for your flock
What you mean you spilled the beans, ah? Blacked out an' thought I seen pop lazer beam glock
What's a bird to a brother with a flock, wha'?
They got some nerve to even try and share the turd
On John J, flap a nigga gate with the wordplay
Hot Nik shoot you with the gift, it's your birthday God hatin' ugly in the worst way fuck 'em like the earth say
From first day I survey the hassle
Death knockin' at your door in the Big Apple
Meth rotton to the core Shackle in the sound castle, the dungeon with vermin
In the form of emcees determined to step foot on God soil
Not knowin' that these egg heads come hard boiled
And heavy handed, the aliens we just landed and you in the way
Overthrow these niggas, planet Independence day Felons get split melons homicide
Buck niggas get the bug repellent, insecticide
Johnny 5 take it worldwide as long as I
Pledge negligence to the dark side, I'll never die Who ya know with a flow like this? Bring 'em in
What clan you know blow like this? Bring 'em in
Take that nigga There will be
The sound of gun burst put the foul in this dirt
(Foul in this dirt)
You can't fake plannin' from the mind control theory
(Mind control theory) Murder in the first bring 'em back down to earth
(Back down to earth)
Y'all niggas don't hear me prepare for the worst
(Prepare for the worst) Times gon' change, nottin' will remain the same
Million dollar broke niggas still fucked up in the game
Make me wanna choke niggas shittin' on my name
Tuck your chain when I approach, nigga, go against the grain now Niggas stand in the rain now
Die Hard fan call me John John McClain now
Snake vs the crane style death to the enemy
Wu brother number one the centipede
Trouble some, send 'em all to kingdom come Sun still shine one time for your crooked mind
Drunk off of cheap wine, son I'm into street crime

Every word, every line got choose very fine
Turn me loose on mankind, detonate the land mine
Funk gets me goin' now, never sell, never sold
Live by the code now never tell, never toldDarts I throw like Clyde with the finger roll
Clut shots an' what not this is where the buck stops
Still can't eat and y'all still can't sleep
I elect myself as presidential emcee
Wu-Tang killa bee, the bee high facility
In love with the blunt smoke even though it's killin' meBad vibes fillin' me with thoughts of conspiracy
White water scandals with Bill Clinton 'n' Hilary
Too hot to handle, well put together to dismantle
Fuckin', you heard me? Fuckin'There will be
Excuse me as I kiss the sky
Catch me when I fall son I'm too young to die
Me and Lefty that be the eye come test me
If you don't know me you never know me, boost the birdieRock a bye baby from the rooftop
When the guns blow your cradle gets rocked
When the earth quakes and the sky starts to fall
Down will come emcees, fake shit and allAyyo, I got 360 degrees of self
That's mind body and spirit, a 120 degrees a piece
We gon' break it down into simple terms
That's nine nigga nine, highest level of changeIt's too many niggas sittin' on they ass
Waitin' for shit to just happen, shit don't just happen
Don't fuck around and miss the boat
If you take away the negative, make room for the positive
Thats addin' and subtractin' on the realNiggas betta learn they math
'Cause if my calculations serve me correct
I'ma fuck around and have all this shit
I'm on yo' ass nigga, I'm on yo' ass

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