

# The Meth Lab (feat. Hanz On & Streetlife)

## Method Man

I'll give you three seconds to come out wit' your hands up, one, two  
This is my own private domicile and I will not be harassed, motherfucker Welcome to the meth lab, listen, it's  
time to cook  
Not confessions of a video vixen, we by the book  
Start the fire, I can tell what you thinkin' just by a look  
I'm a crook, like some fish in a barrel, I got 'em hooked  
Blame the Method, your sanity took, go 'head, admit it  
You a meth head that live on the edge, just need a push  
I'm your pusher, supplier, I'm back, the cheese on the wire  
If a snitch burnin', wouldn't even piss on the fire  
Now you kids learnin', I ain't tryin' to preach to the choir  
Now the kids earnin' like them dealers that he admire  
Got that whip workin' like I'm sacrificin' a virgin  
That's a burden, but I'm certain you're feelin' it, back 'til you try  
You can't deny I cook a batch like, 'Woo'  
Hazardous material, you'd need a hazmat suit  
Now you lookin' at me like, 'What's a hazmat suit?'  
Somethin' used to move a body, you don't have that loop Let's talk about trust  
I told you not to cook my recipe  
And you went ahead and did it anyway  
'Cause I never said I wouldn't cook it  
'Cause it ain't yours, it's ours, bitch Hookers in the kitchen, chemistry is the best recipe  
Especially this shit, I'm takin' on bets  
Pressure cookers, percolate 'em like chefs  
Meth labs here to the West, wools on them gear trims grassed  
Mr. Barker, General, front and center (What up?)  
Got them burners wit' them bodies on them, have me in cuffs  
Killer's focused, slam it up in them trucks  
Eyes low, grippin' the toast, trigger finger, playin' it close  
You think it's a game? It's imperative, we show 'em we live  
These niggas playin' wit' this money, funny how niggas die  
They say it's over when the fat kid cry, ratchets fly here to the Chi' You think you can stop me from cookin'?  
You cook whatever you lie, as long it's that B work  
These niggas be runnin' around in the street wit' everyday  
Don't even think about usin' my grade A  
You should try and stop me, bitch I'm in the meth lab concoctin' another concoction  
Decisions, decisions, just weighin' my options  
The formula highly addictive, it's habit forming  
Side effects life-threatenin', the surgeon's warnin'

I write a prescription just for meth abusers  
Regulate your dose intake for heavy users  
For generations, I been servin' these rap fiends  
Babies born addicted to the metric, know what I mean?  
You're recoverin', but you still use frequently  
So at your court hearin', judge show me some leniency  
Can't escape old havoc, so you copy the new shit  
Wit' your kids in your car seat, pumpin' that Wu shit  
We worldwide, supply and demand, I got the upper-hand  
Check my passport, global support  
Informant lands non-commercial goods, that raw and uncut  
That got them breakin' bad at the gate for the re-up What up, Street?  
Yo, what up, man?  
We gon' put some "Welcome to the meth lab" on there  
Man, you know, it's straight gutter shit, nigga  
Yeah, you ready to get 'em this time?  
Yeah, always, man  
Alright, so I'm a leave it up to you  
Go 'head, show 'em what you got

Songwriters

ANTHONY JARROD MESSADO, CLIFFORD SMITH, CLINTON HANNA, PATRICK E.

CHARLES Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>