

# Extortion

## Method Man

[Intro:] Yeah...

Time to let these niggaz know Son

Niggaz don't even wanna motherfuckin understand

KnowhatImsayin? Time to hit em with the third degree

Yeah you know the QBC, here to drop a G

Yo...[Verse One: Havoc, Prodigy] Look into the eyes, True Lies, your whole click despise

Especially me, H-A-V-O-C

Don't want your chick, 'cause she's burning third degree

Plus you snitchin, you ain't got no ties on me

I keep it strong, while you scream word is bond

Lying through your teeth swearing on your first born

Your word is weak, go hold a wake in this

Hit you up quick strictly shit that I'm livin in

You walk a line that's thin, you religious well you sin

Fuckin with the Mobb, Infamous to the end I hold a nine Ruger, with an infa-spot disc

Red dot right at your face, so set sail or rock it

And kept drivin, pull off like the Indy 5 G

In a four time Ford truck with Speed

like the motion picture, this nigga Gone With the Wind

My crime work, ninja style shit was did

And got away with, escaped it, the Jakes from tracing

Anything that lead to the source, you know the boss  
of the Mobb killing, is like an Unsolved Mystery

Puzzling, nobody knows, it's all history

Madness amongst me, I frequently have to get lovely

Never fails it's always something

No rest, daily gotta rock my vest

I shoot at your best man yeah your MVP

He played the front line got struck down immediately

I wave a Mobb Deep flag, you hear the sound as it slaps when

heavy load my military hold ammunition

Far from animation, it's real live, you think not

My crew, changing New York, who taking your spot

I put the green light on, your whole click, Island shit

Running through the hoe-house wilding, extorting(Extortion, hit that up, extortion, hit that up)[Verse Two:

Havoc, Method]Extortion is the key I got the key for extortion

Spend your fortune, dead your shorty like abortion

Take precaution, Infamous laws enforced in

You married to the Mobb, kid take it then divorce it

Cause I ain't got no time for them domestic disputes  
If you scared get a dog don't got a click then recruit

You're weak troop, lost the tan in the mist

On your name my shit, take it like a man you little bitch I blaze yo britches, P.L.O. extortion, you forcin

The hand that rocks the cradle, caution before you enter

This Shaolin representer, carry thirty-six deadly shits

You fuckin with, top contenders

Official to the bone gristle

It don't matter if you bust rhymes or bust pistols

Remember me, burn a nigga to a third degree

Don't act familiar motherfuckers you ain't heard of me

Just peep the stee and the rap how it's supposed to be

Tap the pockets bag the goods like a grocery, we food-shoppin

On top of that we hip-hoppin, and don't stoppin

Out-of-state drawers-droppin, the panty-raiders

Slide on ya like gators, umped that stank bitch back out

and then played her, but that ain't nothin

Crossin this dog walkin, native New York and

Shaolin slang talkin, rap nigga

Mr. Freeze crowd shiver

What? Young, black, and don't give a fuck

If the next crew get the scissor...(Extortion, extortion, give that up kid, extortion)Bottom line, what the fuck you  
wanna do

You eyin me, at the same time I'm eyin you, punk

Wanna pop the most junk

Be the same motherfucker with the most lumps

Chew on that shit

Punk faggot (word up)

Burn his ass like a book of matches

[Yeah, that's just about it]

Under pressure like fat bitches..

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