

Crooked Letter I

Method Man

Ooh! We have returned
Yeah, show you how to flow again
(Show you how to flow again)
It's the rap rule again yo, yo Street, Meth, we ride like AC and OJ
(That niggaz crazy!)
I runs up on you in broad days, I'm a loose link
I carries the heaterz, always
Small timers, get left for dead in the hallways
That ill breed, move in warp speed, follow my lead
(Me and my Co-Ds about to OD)
Let me proceed
I'm that OG, you're not in my league
(You know my steez)
I put the smackdown, on you killer clown MCs I rock for all my niggaz
(I rock for all my niggaz)
That's why I hurt to be here, okay, let me see here
Stat' land, crooked letter is I, we back man
Harder than a dick on viagra gettin' a lap dance
Hittin' like a back hand
(I slap y'all kids)
As if we in a game of Spades, and y'all renig'
John Blaze, not the clothing, 'cuz some of that is slum
(Son, I'm already knowin')
Cut they jeans mad young In the crooked letter I, it's do or die
Shit, every man fights to stay alive
In the crooked letter I, you should not try
Meth Tical, Streetlife, Killa Bee, why? In the crooked letter I, it's do or die
Shit, every man fights to stay alive
In the crooked letter I, you should not try
Meth Tical, Streetlife, Killa Bee, why? Stingy with my doe, even stingier with dojia'
(Told y'all)
You'll never go broke, long as I yo'ya
Maintain your composure, or party over
For stank bitches, who get it twisted like yoga
Holla for a dollar, yea, and y'all ain't gotta go home
(But y'all gotta get the fuck outta here)
Who stay 'Lo' like Jennifer, won't see me a lot
But when you see Vivica, tell her she a fox We rollin', big truck, sittin' on chrome
(Twistin' a bone)

Talkin' to a bird on the bat phone
 Zonin', out the area, roamin'
 The closest you could come to my style maybe is clonin'
 The Omen
 (I'm warnin' you now!)
 Niggaz is holdin'
 Run up, watch me put one up in your colon
 Chizzle town, thugs in the club, like chicks posin'
 Lambchop niggaz is sheep in wolf clothing In the crooked letter I, it's do or die
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 In the crooked letter I, you should not try
 Meth Tical, Streetlife, Killa Bee, why? Beware, danger, shoot off your flares
 Warn all your dogs
 (Tell 'em we here)
 The stat'
 (We don't bust our guns in the air)
 Never that, y'all don't come out 'til the coast is clear
 (Who you suppose to fear?)
 Street, I fears no one
 You all thumbs, I probably murder you with your gun
 When I start lettin' off
 (Niggaz is jettin' off)
 You straight chicken broth, we holes in your terrycloth I Double O 3, long time no see
 Who mind parts seas, and 'cause blind to see
 Some think this industry is just all rhyme and G
 Then he make it to the door, and he can't find the key
 Don't know what it be, to make y'all follow my lead
 Or make this pretty thing on her knees swallow my seed
 If rap wasn't rap no more, what would it be?
 I don't know, I'd be zonin' sometime, must be the weed
 That's shit In the crooked letter I, it's do or die
 Shit, every man fights to stay alive
 In the crooked letter I, you should not try
 Meth Tical, Streetlife, Killa Bee, why? Homicide housing, loose linx
 Carlton fisk, DC, rest in peace
 To the million dollar kid Y
 SI, NY, 10304
 Sick eyes, size 7
 Big nut, what up? Big up to denaun, good lookin' on the track, nigga
 Matter fact, I'm a call Staten island the tri-borough, now on
 'Cuz we'll try any fuckin' thing
 Homicide housing

Fuck y'all

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