

# Buck 50

## Method Man

[Method Man]

Supreme Clientele Who on this? The Fenon, them niggas can't live  
Who on this? We ain't got shit, Summin Gotz ta Give  
Y'll done flipped y'all wig, blacked out the kid  
Die and live for my nigs and my bad ass kids  
Freeze [sniff], lookin at your ice like PLEASE  
Plottin on the mouse trap, about to snatch the cheese  
I heard y'all kids is 'bout that, psycho therapy  
Fuckin, where the cow chat? Blue till they bury me  
Never tell a lie, like George with the cherry tree  
Now it's cherry pie, if it's not BROKE, let it be  
Ain't nuttin nice in, New York, stick ya for ya cake and ya icin  
All that tough talk don't mean nuttin when ya up north  
So keep them hands where I can see them like ya want freedom  
You know that sayin, if ya can't join 'em  
Beat 'em and push ya way in  
We ain't acrobats but we flip on occasion  
Pick the Pace up, past snaggin, throw your waist up  
Niggas writin slum juice with Jacob, FOOL  
You're like DUDE, I don't like your fuckin attitude  
Frontin on my Clan from Shao', we ain't mad at you [Ghostface Killah]  
Yo, Starks dippin cheesy face, meesly pace  
Ghostface, jump out the window for a little taste  
Droopy luck, my main bitches call me lazy  
Educated birds say, "Ghost, you're so crazy" [Cappadonna]  
Cappa slide thru with the Ghost  
Post up like paint on walls  
Drip jew-els, big heat ruffle inside the bubble-goose  
It's the odd couple, holo-points follow you home in Staten Island  
Playin with the big toys that make noise  
Echo in the hall, a scared voice  
Niggas start to act choice, but Dunkin 'hinds  
Didn't know Betty Crocker had them two nines  
Made the club moist, shattered the windows  
Dust heads runnin, the black kingpin buzz the Black Jesus [Redman]  
Yo, the words you talk better be the words you walk  
Body you in the van while the nurse is off  
Put your vein out, watch me insert the dart  
Till it bleeds from Bricks to the Persian Gulf

Light curcuits off, thirty-third if my brain is off  
That explains why my language off  
My gun aim and cough, y'all ain't trained to brawl  
Y'all more like them training bras  
Wet behind the ear, you're not prepared  
for the project flow, with extra stares  
I pass out a vest to wear (bullets'll fly)  
Yo, a hard wire, startin bonfires  
Pullin mask, so you know it's me  
Your weave got more seeds than ODB  
Can't smoke wit'cha, watch Ghost tie rope to ya  
Def and Wu will open ya[Method Man]  
Your shit lice  
Baby shake your shit 'fore your shit lice  
Get rich like...[Ghostface Killah]  
Word, it's me y'allWe in two sixes, flirtin with bitches  
Dime plush, takin pictures  
"How you doin baby, my name's Ghost  
Don't get caught up in my chains or the way that I speak"  
Seek intelligence, slickest nigga doin it since Grease  
Check out the greys on the side of my waves, my crew doze on Riker's Island  
Stretched out, malled up in the cage  
Pull a ? out on Jimmy Jam, shakes Space Jam  
Silky texture, Jordan jumped up like Clyde Drexler  
All up in the parrot, nose numb, real as they come  
Biggie's Versacis, Snow White rabbit  
Hands is like photographic magic  
Funeral love, boohoo when we hug, don't make it a habit  
Hit the gym in two weeks, my back all chisseled  
Elbows unique now, meet the new me  
Ghetto fabulous, Tony Atlas  
Zulu Nation in the 80's, in front of Masey's I start my own Chapters  
Tyco, Nike glow, velvet pose  
Special effects, high-tech armors, murk you after shows  
Supercalifragilisticexbealidosious  
Ghost'll hollar exbefragilisticcalisuper  
Cancoon, catch me in the room eatin group up[Method Man]  
Shoe fly shoe, Wally dark Clark crew  
Fuck y'all wan' do? Crack a brew, smoke an L or two  
And flip like, yellin for the whole click, it's sick like  
the way yo' stank bitch eat a dick like  
baby shake yo' shit, hold yo' dick like  
gettin rich like..

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