

P.L.O. Style (feat. Carlton Fisk)

Method Man

P.L.O. style, Buddha monks with the Owls
Here comes the ruckus, the motherfuckin ruckus
Thousands of cut-throats and purse-snatchin fucks
Straight from the brain, I'll be givin you the pain, anger
Comin from the 36th Chamber, Bang!
Tical, hittin with the Buddha-Fist style
Shotgun slammin in your chestpiece, plow!
Frame is blown all over the terrain
Like a man without no arms you can't hang
Time for a change of the guard
You've been arrested for lyric fraud now you barred
For real, check it, I pull strings like B.B. King on guitar
I'm the true Fist of the North Star! Ooh! What a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive
Guns be clickin, runnin with my clan we be stickin
Whatever, my street family stays together
Represent what I invent, killa hill
Resident, rest in peace to my nigga Two Cent
The street life is the only life I know
I live by the code style it's mad P.L.O
Iranian thoughts and cover like an Arabian
Grab a nigga on the spot and put a nine to his cranium
I can't get no satisfaction, niggas won't be lastin
Long, unless they get protection, for real
Strong, comin with my clan so what's happenin
Commercial rap, hate it with a passion
The M-E-T-H-O-D got me drinkin O.E. all night in a M.P.V
Just maxin, lookin for hoes, you know relaxin
Bitches know the hour it be time for some action
P.L.O., peace to that nigga Barryano
Word up, let's take him to the bridge, Verrazano
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