

Grid Iron Rap

Method Man

I silver surf the city circuits forever lurkin' on the street surface
I spit blood for blood verses
Grands man divided, we still stand, conquer land
One man'll body slam Def Jam Focus your headcam zoom in, with radio tune in
I know you're listenin', so I keep showin' and provin'
Play the sideline, waitin' for the right time to take mine
Street crime, nickel and dime rhyme Fuck a peace talk let the gun spark, on the streets of New York
I Shaolin Strut through the city asphalt
(Fed up)
Hold your head up, I'm circlin' the block, keep your eyes up
Wise up, before you get sized up
(Tied up) Play no games, speakin' on my name
You catch a clipful from close range
Diggin' in your pocket
Take the loose change Punch the data in your mainframe, you want it all
I want the same thang, strive to maintain, live out my name
Hard to obtain, hard to explain, ain't nuttin' changed
Leave the same way I came, bringin' motherfuckin' pain Killa Hill Projects, high tech street intellect
Let's connect, blow your headset, fuck a mic check
Ring around the underground, pocket full of sound
Ashes to ashes, y'all niggaz goin' down Yo, eat shit and die slow, battle ground no survival
You goin, down, y'all niggaz fuck around
Shittin' where you sleepin', so my rhyme proposal
Came indecent, beef from the butcher sink your teeth in Fuck what you believe in, you real fake
Fishin' in the same lake
Eatin' off the same cake
You blowface Who got that ready cooked, synthetic look, actin' crook
Betty shook worm, tryin' to shake the hook
As the world turn nigga burn
Once again the supersperm Rub it in your skin, like it's Lubriderm
Time took to write this
The war will be fought by the righteous
Who stand criticized, by his un-A likeness Knowledge is the jewel, and it's priceless
Real like them Rahway Lifers
Nuttin' but time on my hands
Observe the black sands in the hourglass Fallin' fast in this savage land
Haulin' ass, days of thunder
It's road rad, your days are numbered
What RZA put together, let no man tear asunder

(Motherfucker) This is P L O, killa hill flow, but you don't hear me though
Live in stereo, pump it loud until your speaker blow
Ghettio slang pro, sling rap to cashflow
Keep it live from the intro until the outro Killa Hill Projects, high tech street intellect
Let's connect, blow your headset, fuck a mic check
Ring around the underground, pocket full of sound
Ashes to ashes, y'all niggaz goin' down I'm on a suicide run, y'all niggaz know the outcome
Razor sharp tongue leave scars in your eardrum
Forty five bar seminar ghetto rap star
Slide like water rats through the Staten Reservoir Swingin' swords cut your mic cords, snatch your rap awards
Commercial cats, fuckin' up the game, that's why I crash boards
Drape floors while you Jordan, keep on tryin' yours
Hardcore somethin' that my street niggaz is dyin' for Snap your neck and the dope fiend, Gobol 13
Professionals we know things, say no more
Check my dogs at the reservoir
Gourmet special of the day is nigga Souflee Pusher gotta pay and the games people play
John Jay back around the way Fish Filet
Mr. DJ, turn it up a notch hit the replay
For dirt bomb niggaz in the P J To cling on, bring on the good times
To key on hook rhymes, that's beyond your thinkin'
For eons I been here, to shine on the black mind
Tell you like the last time, year of the grimy nigga
Ragtime, bad sign, flatline

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