

# Smooth Sailing (remix)

## Method Man

Yo, behind those mahogany walls  
Indoor pools with steel doors, flipping eggs over in my silk drawers  
While I'm charging my cell, sparking the L  
Baby mother reading my mail, just that they switched seats  
To another jail, and his banger is old fire  
He's locked up with them dudes from the fucking Wire  
That's when I passed her the bone, started to cough  
And flossed all through the house, robe on, rugger out  
Homebuyers see the sign, yeah y'all, I'm moving out  
In front of the crib, niggas flipped, I had to shoot it out  
Thirty G, living room sets, porcelain plates  
With big giant wall units, even the front grass  
Saw your boy doing it, Tone Stark he'll never fall  
I even put work in, under the floor  
In the box with the ox, and my skeleton jaw  
Tell 'em soldiers I'm in the bush if the President call

[Chorus]

Get 'em, the'll be nothing but smooth sailing  
When the heat shot, now your crew's bailing  
I refuse to bow down, refuse to lay down  
Go five and turn, to let the biz, all I found

Man I thought we told y'all niggas before, Wu-Tang is for the children  
P.O.'s violate your dirty urine  
These dealers in the lobby of my building, ice grilling  
I don't catch cold to catch feelings  
I put in that work, then catch millions  
If that don't work, back to stealing  
Snatch me a purse, and stack real in  
Meth, I'm that dealing, millionaire, slash chameleon  
I mastered the juks, one of my niggas "Masta, killing"  
Spray shots, clap civilians at the dealing table  
Off of the love of crack dealing  
Once again the fatal, flying guillotine, the millions  
Paper rob me able, my woman is all pre-matut  
I got mouths to feed, nigga, and I'm the hand that rocks the cradle  
Just like Hova, but I ain't trying to 'roc' the label  
I'm a soldier, I stay on job, me, eye a coka

Honey's wanna fuck and the industry fucks 'em over

[Chorus]

I got my Ghostface on, cause, I'm a Killah  
I live the Streetlife, why, I'm that nigga  
Label me a beast, call me U-Godzilla  
When I rumble in the jungle, I go gorilla  
Step on the set, Inspectah Deck you  
Dead in your face, straight RZArect you  
You highly mistaken, I'm hotter than Satan  
Catch me in the kitchen with blood on Chef apron  
I'm known to, Cap a Don, big gun in my palm  
I'm like my arm is gone, plus I Masta the Kill  
Give you something, you can really feel  
Got many Methods to kill a Man, if it's real, you real  
The world's worse like Dirt McGirt  
Fuck a bitch raw dog, then dig in her purse  
Yeah that boy's a Genius, I stay fresh like I'm straight out the cleaners  
I walk hard like a criminal, holding my penis

[Chorus]

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