

# P.l.o. Style

## Method Man

P.L.O. style, Buddha Monks with the owls  
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Here comes the ruckus, the motherfuckin' ruckus  
Thousands of cut throats and purse snatchin' fuckers  
Straight from the brain I'll be givin' you the pain  
Anger, comin' from the thirty sixth chamber, bang  
Tical, hittin' with the Buddha fist style  
Shotgun slammin' in your chestpiece, plow  
Brain 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 hard  
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 decieve  
Guns be clickin', runnin' with my clan, we be stickin'  
Whatever, my street family stay 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 OE 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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