

P.L.O. Style

Method Man

P.L.O. style, Buddha Monks with the owls

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P.L.O. styleHere 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 StarOoh, 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 CraniumI 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, VerrazanoP.L.O. style, Buddha Monks with the owls

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