

Intelligent Meth (Instrumental)

Method Man

Yeah, yeah
Hey yo, Hey yo It's like I'm trapped inside a cage
I can't explain this type of rage
It's not a moment or a phase
But possibly the end of days
Watch as I stand up on the stage
Not as an artist but a slave
Deep inside my subconscious
My music keeping me sane
They say it's levels to the shit
I say it's levels to your brain
You can't acquire the higher
You'll always remain the same
Regardless of all the money
And bitches yanking your chain
What good is a private plane to a man who can't walk the plains
Hip-hop is now gen-pop, populated with lames
Attacking you with these frequencies
Meant to destroy your brain
I'm fitting to go supernova
Expose em to superflames
Soon as I pick these locks on these psychological chains
The answer is in the question
The question comes from the pain
And the pain is just electrical signals sent to my brain
But the brain is just a box where information remains
As I try to remain a soldier, the voice in my head explains I'm still shadowboxing lungs and oxygen
This an icebreaker, no bubblegum was popping
Another hot concoction trick, ya might need amoxicillin
The kid's too sick, You're gonna need shots to kill em
My method is ill, Doc admit him
When I see you, ICU can get em
Your boy give em bars until the judge acquit him
The court can't convict him or find the gloves to fit him
That's OJ, I mean OK, I mean, I'm not kidding, no play
Jealous ones still envy, That's Jose
Peace to Cartagena, I flow hey
But I don't speak Spanish, yo no se
I'm a seasoned veteran, obey

Obtain a freestyle, it's cold pay
The old me, resort to my old ways
My old man was stuck in his old days
Still he wanna blaze like John but rapping ain't in his forte
Look how we did it to ya
Y'all just don't get it do you?
Special deliver to ya
This is how we give it to you
Im'a get it to ya x4
What rapper spit it truer?
But they don't live it, do ya?
My shooter cock the Ruger
This is how we get it to you
Im'a get it to ya x4
It was only the elite who could walk these streets
With jewels and not get stuck
Niggas didn't give a fuck
Real G's know I'm talking about
Taking what you making, stripping what you wearing
Caring about nothing
Gun barrel in your face, cold steel on your cheek
This is how we meet and greet
Enemy across the street
Leaning on his Rover jeeps
Smiling, showing all teeth
Seeing son in my hood, it ain't all sweet
And you haven't earned the respect
Of those who come, creep and take money
So you just food that niggas come eat
And they don't get no chain back
You might see em rocking that
Fuck you looking at? Problem needs solving
You see that big 357 thing revolving...revolving
Yeah, you niggas ain't street
My money talks word of mouth
I figured you out
The life I live, you're not about
Price on your head, I'm taking cash advances
I'll take my chances, then deal with the circumstances
Livin' off the land like a land shark
I'm on the lamb like the gyro with the white sauce
Idle times a devil
Playground, make moves
Watch me kill your whole vibes, crush groove
Hands high, say hello to my little friend
Point the finger at the bad guy, it's me again
Who are they to criticize me?
I do it like a G

I'm a nigga from the mutha-fucking streets
Throw me in the fire, watch me bubble
I was built for the struggle, my knees never buckle
Look how we did it to ya
Y'all just don't get it do you?
Special deliver to ya
This is how we give it to you
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