

# Another Winter (Instrumental)

## Method Man

Quick to pop off let a couple shots off  
Leave 'em bleeding out with his shoes & his socks off War dancing I ain't trying to make it rain though  
You slow gassing I'll leave you brain on your Durango  
First classmen, old school with the Kangol  
Thug passion, that pussy juice like a mango  
Hulk smashing, make it jump like everlasting  
God body Ramadan, thirty day fasting  
Six two brown skin fellow with the Caesar fade  
360 waves, side burns with a little graze  
I remain relevant I'm a raw element  
High street intelligent product of my tenement  
Son of Anarchy, smoking that Bob Marley  
La la la be killing these niggas slowly  
Wake up, smell the coffee, sleep on the street is costly  
Pay attention to the warning signs, don't cross me  
Give 'em hypertention. That niggas is getting salty  
I'm quick to pop off back the fuck up off me Carlton Fisk banana clip silver back gorilla  
Mr. Street life show you what that heat like Hanz on yo we handle them Berettas PLO  
Yo its forever, bout to show em what it be's like Method man, turn a dollar to a million  
Killa bees we in the building  
Making sure the children eat right eat right  
In the building make sure the babies eat right In the building make sure the babies eat right Black scenery white  
chalk yellow tape  
Carlo got a bullet proof wallet, bitch in every state  
Light that smoke that animals ferocious  
Dealing with the boss mentality really focus  
Tailor made linen and loafers, Louie emblems  
Problems on the street my lieutenant quickly attending them  
Carlito ways, brown bag money  
In the book of life you can't get stuck to one page  
All in together now, chinchilla bullet proof  
Hoodies for any sign of winter war weather  
And daddy gonna get that cash so clever  
And Meth push the button my hands all on the trigger  
And they thought I rot in jail, like go figure  
If I laid down dead in the street you going too nigga  
And this is raw kicking out your door start to scream out loud  
Carlton Fisk back for more Carlton Fisk banana clip silver back gorilla  
Mr. street life show you what that heat like Hanz on yo we handle them Berettas PLO

Yo its forever, bout to show em what it be's like  
Method man, turn a dollar to a million  
Killa bees we in the building  
Making sure the children eat right eat right  
In the building make sure the babies eat right  
Now whoever read me  
wrong, can start by reading my palm  
Make me catch a flashback of my father beating my mom  
Kiss the ring, (hashtag) ain't easy being a don  
So I gotta carry the heat, ain't easy being LeBron  
This is past rap, but I ain't pass the baton  
Tell them rappers bypass it or get to passing it on  
I won't take it passed that, even if I pass it I'm gone  
Better yet, scratch that, ya'll don't get a pass then it's on  
We Hanz on, everybody watchin' the Don  
Got their eyes on the kid when they should be watchin their own  
Telling lies on the kid, they said he's not in a zone  
Said he never reach the top, but that ain't stop him from going  
They already on, so hungry his ribs are showin  
The money is getting low, the bum niggas is on  
Fifty- five Bowen  
These hungry adolescents is grown  
When they get the Smith and Wesson they adolescence is gone  
Carlton Fisk banana clip silver back gorilla  
Mr. street life show you what that heat like  
Hanz on yo we handle them Berettas PLO  
Yo its forever, bout to show em what it be's like  
Method man, turn a dollar to a million  
Killa bees we in the building  
Making sure the children eat right eat right  
In the building make sure the babies eat right  
In the building make sure the babies eat right

Songwriters

SMITH, CLIFFORD / BEY, EL-DIVINE AMIR / CHARLES, PATRICK E. / CONEY, CHIAN / MESSADO,  
ANTHONY JARROD  
Published by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>