

Suspect Chin Music

Method Man

Suspect chin niggas, no win niggas
Engineer that, sick ass high 7
Just a trouble on my ting-ting
Raider Ruckus
Doc no
More killa death trap
Engineer that
We're back
Heavy artillery
Street light clibering
Street light yoYo, yo, yo, yo
Suspect chin niggas, no win niggas
Send niggas back to go, try again niggas
All hail me, the good the bag the ugly
The money's around your way, lovely
Where for art thou meth-tical God-child
I pack a smile like crocodile profile
Can't hold it down, oh the shit gon' hit the fan now
Spin around let your whole crown man down, man downI live by the street code never old
Never love a hoe, never flash the dough
'Cause you never know who friend or foe
Got block control solid gold thought
Before the blow lets stroll through the ghetto habitat with no parole
Never snitch switch which, keep a fresh pair of kicks
Split the tongue snatch the weed
In case the cops wanna strip search
Think first prepare for the worst, when you do dirt
Remember there's a million hungry niggas with the same thirstNo doubt dummy out
Bets pull the money out
Niggas walk a funny route
This is what its all about?
Young guns and dum-dums
Slum bums and sons
Askin' niggas where they come fromGet him for his one, um
Sunshine, its crunch time
Stranded on the front line
Ducking from the one-time
Niggas on the run, where the cameras can't come
Make this one the anthem

Ring around the Rosie
 Pocket full of grants Just because you wild in the club you ain't thug
 Sports gloves and gold mugs you ain't thug
 Tattoos and hard screws don't make you thug
 Sucker for love catch a slug, nigga Suspect chin niggas, no win niggas
 Send niggas back to go, try again niggas
 Shotgun slammin' in your chestpeice, blaow
 Shotgun slammin' in your chestpeice, blaow Carry your eyes and avoid spots
 Cell blocks rap blow you for your slide time
 What you got's mine
 We can take it to the yellow lines and we can pull nine
 Whether the rhyme or the crime I'ma still shine
 Heavy on the street talk cut your life support short
 Never had no love for you so it ain't no love lost
 Strictly enforced by the street stories get double crossed
 Hands off I run with the torch They got me fed up from the head up
 Put up or shut up on stage in them shiny get-up
 These niggas is funny, Energizer bunny actors
 They hustle backwards, son I think they gay rappers
 Say word, drop some stature, dog splash ya, party crash ya
 The spell casta, heard the same before and after its over
 Flood get your brain end the game, done its over
 End of the line out of time bitch it's over
 On the wrong street with no heat he was sober
 We soldiers somebody should've told ya Million dollar ice on your wrist don't make you thug
 'Cause a bitch is sucking your dick on your skit you ain't thug
 Bandannas and bad grammar don't make you thug
 Sucker for love catching slugs nigga Suspect chin niggas, no win niggas
 Send niggas back to go, try again niggas
 Shotgun slammin' in your chestpeice, blaow
 Shotgun slammin' in your chestpeice, blaow
 Suspect chin niggas, no win niggas
 Send niggas back to go, try again niggas
 Shotgun slammin' in your chestpeice, blaow
 Shotgun slammin' in your chestpeice, blaow With the W burning through your flesh
 Verbally possessed never second guess
 Blow minds like David Koresh
 Fuck a vest you need a gun to protect your assets
 Deep in the Aztecs break out before the sun set
 Street wars gimme yours crime is what I live for
 Got rhymes galore next time it's at the Wu store
 If you sleep late, next date is at the cest gate
 All you sober MC's, I leave y'all niggas half-baked Microphone is in a choke hold
 Losin' control bringing drama by the boatload
 It takes drama

In the pillage now of Cappadonna
My split persona hit their village and their baby mama
Y'all niggas playing with this money while we stayed hungry
And kept it pudgy it won't make me have to crash, dummy
Before its over
You should keep your chain tucked in
And should never run your mouth with a suspect chin
Now lay it down Just because you wild in the club you ain't thug
Sports gloves and gold mugs you ain't thug
Tattoos and hard screws don't make you thug
Real thugs runnin' with hate and smash love

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