

Cradle Rock

Method Man

[Featuring Left Eye]

All the children come into the light...

[Sample of "Bright Tomorrow"] There will be...

Chorus/Intro: Left Eye and Method Man

Rock a bye baby from the rooftop

When the guns blow your cradle gets rocked

When the earth quakes and the sky starts to fall

Down will come emcees fake shit and all!

Verse One: Method Man

On top I be the show shot

The bomb drop

After shot blow your bumba claat to smithereens

Time stop, flyin' guillotines

Commin for your flock

What you mean you spilled the beans, ay?

Black out and thought I seen pop

Lazer beam glock

what's a bird to a brother with a flock, wha?

They got some nerve

To even try and shit a turd

On John J, flap a nigga gate

With the wordplay

Hot Nik shoot you with the gift

Its your birthday

God hatin' ugly in the worst way

Fuck 'em like the Earth say

From first day I survey the hassle

Death knockin at your door

In the Big Apple

Meth rotton to the core

Shackle, in the sound castle

The doungeon, with vermin

In the form of emcees determined

To step foot on God soil

Not knowin' that these egg heads come hard boiled

And heavy handed

The aliens they just landed

And you in the way

Overthrow these niggas planet

independence Day
Felons, get split melons
Homicide buck niggas get the buck with pelets
Insecticide
Johnny 5 take it worldwide
As long as I pledge aligence to the Dark Side
I'll never die
Who ya know with a flow like this?
Bring em in
What clan you know blow like this?
Bring em in
Take that nigga [that nigga...]
[Sample]
Hook One: Method Man [Left Eye]
The sound of gun birth put the foul in this earth
[foul in this earth]
You can't fake plannin' from the
?Mack Control Theories? [Mack Control Theories]
Murder in the first bring 'em back down to Earth
[back down to Earth]
You niggas don't hear me, prepare for the worst!
[prepare for the worst]
Verse Two: Method Man
Times gon change, nuttin will remain the same
Million dollar broke niggas still fucked up in the game
Make me want to choke niggas shittin' on my name
Tuck your chain I approach nigga Go Against the Grain now
?Hit the standin' brain? now
Die Hard fan call me John John McClain now
Snake vs the Crane Style
Death to the enemy, Wu brother number one
The centipede, trouble some
Send 'em all to Kingdom Come
Sun still shine one
Time for your crooked mind
Drunk off of cheap wine
Son I'm in the street crime
Every word, every line
Got juice very fine
Turn me loose on mankind
Detionate the land mine
Funk gets me goin' now
Never sell, never sold
Live by the code now
Never tell, never told

Darts I throw
Like Clyde with the finger roll
Clut shots an what not
This is where the buck stops
Still can't eat and y'all still can't sleep
I eat up my ?self? as presidential emcee
Wu-Tang killa bee
The bee high facility
In love with the blunt smoke
Even though its killin me
Bad vibes fillin me
With thoughts of conspiracy
White Water scandals with Bill Clinton Hilary
Too hot to handle
Well put together to dismantle
Fucka, you heard me?

[Sample]

Hook Two: Meth
Excuse me as I kiss the sky
Catch me when I fall son I'm too young to die
Me and Lefty, that be the Eye come test me
If you don't know, you never know me

Boost the birdie

[Interlude]

Chorus

Outro: Left Eye

Ayyo, I got 360 degrees of self, that's mind body and spirit
120 degrees a piece
We gon' break it down into simple terms
That's nine nigga nine
Highest level of change
It's too many niggas sittin' on they ass
waitin' for shit to just happen
Shit just don't happen
Gon' fuck around a miss a buck
If you take away the negative, make room for the positive
that's addin' and subtractin' on the real
Niggas betta learn they math
Cause if my calculations serve me
Correct I'ma fuck around and have all this shit
I'm on yo ass nigga

Songwriters

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