

# Grid Iron Rap

## Method Man

I silver surf the city circuits forever lurkin' on the street surface  
I spit blood for blood verses  
Grands man divided, we still stand, conquer land  
One man'll body slam Def Jam  
Focus your headcam zoom in, with radio tune in  
I know you're listenin', so I keep showin' and provin'  
Play the sideline, waitin' for the right time to take mine  
Street crime, nickel and dime rhyme  
Fuck a peace talk let the gun spark, on the streets of New York  
I Shaolin Strut through the city asphalt  
(Fed up)  
Hold your head up, I'm circlin' the block, keep your eyes up  
Wise up, before you get sized up  
(Tied up)  
Play no games, speakin' on my name  
You catch a clipful from close range  
Diggin' in your pocket  
Take the loose change  
Punch the data in your mainframe, you want it all  
I want the same thang, strive to maintain, live out my name  
Hard to obtain, hard to explain, ain't nuttin' changed  
Leave the same way I came, bringin' motherfuckin' pain  
Killa Hill Projects, high tech street intellect  
Let's connect, blow your headset, fuck a mic check  
Ring around the underground, pocket full of sound  
Ashes to ashes, y'all niggaz goin' down  
Yo, eat shit and die slow, battle ground no survival  
You goin, down, y'all niggaz fuck around  
Shittin' where you sleepin', so my rhyme proposal  
Came indecent, beef from the butcher sink your teeth in  
Fuck what you believe in, you real fake  
Fishin' in the same lake  
Eatin' off the same cake  
You blowface  
Who got that ready cooked, synthetic look, actin' crook  
Betty shook worm, tryin' to shake the hook  
As the world turn nigga burn  
Once again the supersperm  
Rub it in your skin, like it's Lubriderm

Time took to write this  
The war will be fought by the righteous  
Who stand criticized, by his un-A likeness  
Knowledge is the jewel, and it's priceless  
Real like them Rahway Lifers  
Nuttin' but time on my hands  
Observe the black sands in the hourglass  
Fallin' fast in this savage land  
Haulin' ass, days of thunder  
It's road rad, your days are numbered  
What RZA put together, let no man tear asunder  
(Motherfucker)  
This is P L O, killa hill flow, but you don't hear me though  
Live in stereo, pump it loud until your speaker blow  
Ghettio slang pro, sling rap to cashflow  
Keep it live from the intro until the outro  
Killa Hill Projects, high tech street intellect  
Let's connect, blow your headset, fuck a mic check  
Ring around the underground, pocket full of sound  
Ashes to ashes, y'all niggaz goin' down  
I'm on a suicide run, y'all niggaz know the outcome  
Razor sharp tongue leave scars in your eardrum  
Forty five bar seminar ghetto rap star  
Slide like water rats through the Staten Reservoir  
Swingin' swords cut your mic cords, snatch your rap awards  
Commercial cats, fuckin' up the game, that's why I crash boards  
Drape floors while you Jordan, keep on tryin' yours  
Hardcore somethin' that my street niggaz is dyin' for  
Snap your neck and the dopefiend, Gobol 13  
Professionals we know things, say no more  
Check my dogs at the reservoir  
Gourmet special of the day is nigga Souflee  
Pusher gotta pay and the games people play  
John Jay back around the way Fish Filet  
Mr. DJ, turn it up a notch hit the replay  
For dirt bomb niggaz in the P J  
To cling on, bring on the good times  
To key on hook rhymes, that's beyond your thinkin'  
For eons I been here, to shine on the black mind  
Tell you like the last time, year of the grimy nigga  
Ragtime, bad sign, flatline

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