Four Seasons

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Bitch
Brick City, yo
Yo, yo Funk Doc straight lunatic since young
At 8 paint chips the rare moon
That pair mics, my maintenance
I battle you and then me and Meth exchange shifts
For money, to your house arrest anklet
I take it all, if not, here's a thousand
Bricks, be shooting fair ones with bail bonds men
I'm constant, on that paper chase
Blow zip codes from bricks to 8 1 8
Doc serve to you to liquor in the plate
Battle royal, in the ring smoking like ought to owe ya
Fire thrown to the roof of you apartment
Hit 95 then I hide with the Waltons, Down South, the forty-four feela
I'm a Dolo nigga, you a Polo nigga
I'm an Uptown shopper, you a Soho nigga
West side highway running, homo nigga
I'm the sultan of the ghetto, the homicidal aficionado
I empty niggas out like Cristal bottles, uh
When I battle, I'm breaking Bentleys down to gravel
I got the heat right here, we ain't got to travel
I'm bigger than producers, I figured out you losers
I knew my longevity confuse ya
Big paper game, come on run into these flames
Recognize the power of the royal King James
Phantom Menace, that's why niggas make faces
Like they drinking Guinness
When they realize I'm not finished
I've been paid, I've been platinum, been spittin', uh
Been eatin', been ballin' and you know I'm shittin'
Platinum links, chicky-eyed blonde hair
Honeys sippin' rainbow colored drinks
Black thugs with white minks, ready to jack the brink
Bend your little wifee over help her stretch out the kinks
That's why ya niggaz freeze when I step up in the building
The Godfather's here giving blessings to his children
Carrots shine, the world all mine
Can't believe these cats is poppin' shit about papers in their rhymes

Or bodies they collect, black Gotti shot a tech
Them gangsta visions will have you ass up in an ambulance
Cats ain't live, look up in my eyes
We can do this one more time, I'll let you decide
The Alizae swigger, I clock twelve figgas
Think Goulianni's rough I got some real shit for niggas
Never been defeated, niggas retreated
Made the choice to be seated until my mission's completed

Get loose, get loose, Method Man get loose
What the world gonna do when my dogs get loose?
(Blaze one, blaze one)
Blaze one, blaze one
Blaze, blaze, blaze one
Now four corners, 4 seasons
Four MC's with four reasons to bring this game to it's knees
And why you down there, suck my dick
My whole motto is fuck it
Hit the smoke shop and blow my budget
MC's abusing my bitch, using my shit
I'm hanging off the roof with one hand, losing my grip
Now y'all don't wanna see me do that, now do you?
Go straight cuckoo and terrorize rap, do you?
I do my best work stressed out and under pressure
Deep inside the mind is where you'll find my buried treasure
I'm still wild, still Tical, still gritty style, foul, crimi-niminal, individual
Sing a song a six street, pocket full of chits
Too many rappers be on John Gotti's dick
Now this is something that we don't rehearse
Put that rap shit second and hip-hop first
Easy, ain't Nann niggas spitting like me
Nor Murderers motherfuckin' INC
Niggas will pass me, look me in the face, ask me
Are y'all really holdin' weight or did somebody ask me?
Ja the myth, ready hand me the fifth let me explain
Your lil' man made me give him a lift
So you ridin' with gangstas
I'm up to a whole lot of other shit
Murderers is the clique, niggas can't deal with
Try it, you gonna get yours to the heart
(Hataz)
Lesson tonight by the four-four
Niggas want more than a little bit, hot shit
L.L. an Red
Ja Rule with Hot Nix I'm the best at that shit

So bitches explain this
We ride dick so well, head game from hell
I love making them yell, my name
Rule baby and ain't shit gon' change, uh, uh
Yo Meth, why don't you ask where all the ladies at?
Where all the ladies at?
All the ladies in the house with the real hair
The clean underwear and she don't need welfare, make some noise
Check this shit out

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