

# Crooked Letter I

## Method Man

Ooh! We have returned  
Yeah, show you how to flow again  
(Show you how to flow again)  
It's the rap rule again yo, yo  
Street, Meth, we ride like AC and OJ  
(That niggaz crazy!)  
I runs up on you in broad days, I'm a loose link  
I carrys the heaterz, always  
Small timers, get left for dead in the hallways  
That ill breed, move in warp speed, follow my lead  
(Me and my Co-Ds about to OD)  
Let me proceed  
I'm that OG, you're not in my league  
(You know my steez)  
I put the smackdown, on you killer clown MCs  
I rock for all my niggaz  
(I rock for all my niggaz)  
That's why I hurt to be here, okay, let me see here  
Stat' land, crooked letter is I, we back man  
Harder than a dick on viagra gettin' a lap dance  
Hittin' like a back hand  
(I slap y'all kids)  
As if we in a game of Spades, and y'all renig'  
John Blaze, not the clothing, 'cuz some of that is slum  
(Son, I'm already knowin')  
Cut they jeans mad young  
In the crooked letter I, it's do or die  
Shit, every man fights to stay alive  
In the crooked letter I, you should not try  
Meth Tical, Streetlife, Killa Bee, why?  
In the crooked letter I, it's do or die  
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In the crooked letter I, you should not try  
Meth Tical, Streetlife, Killa Bee, why?  
Stingy with my doe, even stingier with dojia'  
(Told y'all)  
You'll never go broke, long as I yo'ya  
Maintain your composure, or party over  
For stank bitches, who get it twisted like yoga

Holla for a dollar, yea, and y'all ain't gotta go home  
(But y'all gotta get the fuck outta here)  
Who stay 'Lo' like Jennifer, won't see me a lot  
But when you see Vivica, tell her she a fox  
We rollin', big truck, sittin' on chrome  
(Twistin' a bone)  
Talkin' to a bird on the bat phone  
Zonin', out the area, roamin'  
The closest you could come to my style maybe is clonin'  
The Omen  
(I'm warnin' you now!)

Niggaz is holdin'  
Run up, watch me put one up in your colon  
Chizzle town, thugs in the club, like chicks posin'  
Lambchop niggaz is sheep in wolf clothing  
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Meth Tical, Streetlife, Killa Bee, why?  
Beware, danger, shoot off your flares  
Warn all your dogs  
(Tell 'em we here)  
The stat'  
(We don't bust our guns in the air)  
Never that, y'all don't come out 'til the coast is clear  
(Who you suppose to fear?)  
Street, I fears no one  
You all thumbs, I probably murder you with your gun  
When I start lettin' off  
(Niggaz is jettin' off)  
You straight chicken broth, we holes in your terrycloth  
I Double O 3, long time no see  
Who mind parts seas, and 'cause blind to see  
Some think this industry is just all rhyme and G  
Then he make it to the door, and he can't find the key  
Don't know what it be, to make y'all follow my lead  
Or make this pretty thing on her knees swallow my seed  
If rap wasn't rap no more, what would it be?  
I don't know, I'd be zonin' sometime, must be the weed  
That's shit

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Homicide housing, loose linx  
Carlton fisk, DC, rest in peace  
To the million dollar kid Y  
SI, NY, 10304  
Sick eyes, size 7  
Big nut, what up?  
Big up to denaun, good lookin' on the track, nigga  
Matter fact, I'm a call Staten island the tri-borough, now on  
'Cuz we'll try any fuckin' thing  
Homicide housing  
Fuck y'all

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