

Water (Instrumental)

Method Man

Ridin' dirty, got a Ruger in your lap
Black suit, 7:30, couple shooters from the trap
They done killed the homie brother
Whatchu supposed to do with that?
Who's gonna tell his baby mother that
Her dude ain't coming back?
That kind of pain is hard to put into a rap
The block is hot and can't nobody move a pack
When you shooting onsite, you aim the Ruger at his naps
Cut his tongue, hog-tie him, things we usually do to rats
What? Who gassed you up and threw a match?
Don't want police to line you up and you a match
Fool them clowns into thinking you a snack
Brought a gun to wash it down and
You can drink it through the tap
That's my reaction, now react
Now try to picture Malcolm X without the strap
If Meth Man could navigate the globe without a map
I could beat the pussy up without a scratch
Time ticking teams clicking, it's a
I'm trying to bury about a trillion
Meth Lab bitch catch us on ya
And when we coming, we be flowing likes it's water
Time ticking teams clicking, it's a
I'm trying to bury about a trillion
Meth Lab bitch catch us on ya
And when we coming, we be flowing likes it's water
I'm so ignorant, spend it before I make it make it
Pour salt on my food before I taste it
Pour salt in your wounds, right in the basement
All of us, statement, one vision
Rich dreams
Couple scars, I heal quicker than wolverine
Population, pink slips, quarter greens
Hood millionaires hide when the wolves out
Move with security, hold tight to your jewelry
That's my reaction, now react
Once your hood pass revoked, you never get it back
Benz's, Bentley's, nah nigga don't tempt me
Trust I got it on me, I'ma squeeze til it's empty
Lord forgive me, i need that new 550

With the cocaine seats, I'm so street
And when the police came, we don't speak
From my hood to your hood, ain't nothin' sweet
Time ticking, teams clicking, it's a
I'm trying to bury about a trillion
Meth Lab bitch catch us on ya
And when we coming, we be flowing like it's water
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I'm trying to bury about a trillion
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Songwriters

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Published by
Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group

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