

# P.L.O. Style (Jump Bail Mix)

## Method Man

P.L.O. style, Buddha monks with the Owls  
Here comes the ruckus, the motherfuckin ruckus  
Thousands of cut-throats and purse-snatchin fucks  
Straight from the brain, I'll be givin you the pain, anger  
Comin from the 36th Chamber, Bang!  
Tical, hittin with the Buddha-Fist style  
Shotgun slammin in your chestpiece, plow!  
Frame is blown all over the terrain  
Like a man without no arms you can't hang  
Time for a change of the guard  
You've been arrested for lyric fraud now you barred  
For real, check it, I pull strings like B.B. King on guitar  
I'm the true Fist of the North Star! Ooh! What a tangled web we weave  
When first we practice to deceive  
Guns be clickin, runnin with my clan we be stickin  
Whatever, my street family stays together  
Represent what I invent, killa hill  
Resident, rest in peace to my nigga Two Cent  
The street life is the only life I know  
I live by the code style it's mad P.L.O  
Iranian thoughts and cover like an Arabian  
Grab a nigga on the spot and put a nine to his cranium  
I can't get no satisfaction, niggas won't be lastin  
Long, unless they get protection, for real  
Strong, comin with my clan so what's happenin  
Commercial rap, hate it with a passion  
The M-E-T-H-O-D got me drinkin O.E. all night in a M.P.V  
Just maxin, lookin for hoes, you know relaxin  
Bitches know the hour it be time for some action  
P.L.O., peace to that nigga Barryano  
Word up, let's take him to the bridge, Verrazano  
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Songwriters

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Published by  
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