

Four Minutes To Lock Down

Method Man

Get it!

Ha ha, Funk Doc in the building, bitch
Y'all already know the business, nigga, ha ha

Yo, let's get it, yeah, I'm with it
Streets on fire, I'm frying my dinner
Quick like Sugar Ray Leonard, one love
Any boy get served like tennis
Menace, you call a rap bulldog
Me and my pen form into Voltron
Cold, my heart built with a snowball
And I fuck old women like Zohan
Roll on like Michem, Barry Bonds this bitch
When the beat start pitching
I'm broke, my A-T-M ain't kicking
But what I drive, I build expensive
Look at me, nigga, I got it
In pocket, ask Houston how I 'rock-it'
If I go hungry, you getting robbed
By me, Biggie Smalls and The Delfonics

Yo, man, yeah, yeah, take it back to Rae shit
Straight off the muthafucking concrete, nigga
You know how I go, word up, let's go
{ Three minutes left)

Before all the cussing and the gunfights
Don't wanna run Nike's, yeah, scramble when it sunlight
G's in my pocket of juice, blue goose
I'm a goon under the moon, glow on the boosters
Yeah, deadily my sons regret me
Windpipe writing, the mic fighting, respect me
I'm from where it get down, machete your mother
Snatch your brother, scrap you down
You know the deal, when we do this, chill
Catch me in Brazil, ratchet on, little glass of Tequil'
I swear to the real, my real, if I don't win
Then I won't spend, I'm grabbing bill
That's the hammer, I'm a do this, nana

Niggas who hunt, snatch 'em up, bite the clip, the banana
And this is for them good niggas, blow that L
And that blow that well, and watch the book, niggas

Yeah, watch them jooks, niggas, you know what it be, man
Word up, niggas staying alive (Gotta kill these voices in my head)
{Two minutes left} Bunch of fucking roaches, man

Jeter, married to the game without a pre-nub
And she don't act up, if I don't eat her
Damn, now that's what I call a diva
You sick, man? I'm what you call a fever
And I don't put no snow up in my cheeba
Pack a little heater, the game get colder in the freezer
Hit your little corner with the sweeper
Dance with the reaper, sharper than a fuck
Plus I'm laying in the cut like a half-moon Caesar
What you getting is the truth
My bird eye visions spot the pigeon in the coup
Same way I live it, how I spit it in the booth
Next to RZA, ain't no nigga bigger than the group
Stat, fuck that, we come strapped
Bust gats, drug raps, and pump cracks
What you trying do nigga, we done done that
I'm off the gunrack, nigga put ya gun back

Yeah, you slow your blow, boy
You gon' lay where you lie, nigga
(Get rid of the crack, and flush that dust
Hurry, where the L, move, come on, freeze, freeze)
{One minute left}

Aiyo, I woke up in handcuffs, heard the police wanted me dead
Big bullets and splashing all over
Kingpin's still moving that weight
And his main goon burned up a disco tech
He's a hazard, classic, nigga, we got a flick of him
He jacked Nate, while he took the picture
And we tapped his crib, bugs all in the jacuzzi
Under the seeds bed, we found an uzi
Trully, and we know about his bitch in Charlotte
Pulled her over, State Troopers found two revolvers
And she told us them handguns "That's my fathers
And I'm licensed to carry those shits regardless
Y'all just played my man, caught her with a million dollars

Worth of fireworks, coming back from Japan
It's nothing, y'all police be fronting
And stop looking at my pussy, like y'all want to suck it, I'm out
On y'all pussies, catch me next time, bye bye"

Alright, fellas stand back and watch the closing doors
Lock 'em up! Let's go, lights out

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