

In My Own World (check The Method)

Common

Yeah, yeah, now check the method
Extra P from ATCQ's, keep It rollin'
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Yeah, yeah, now check the method
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Yeah, yeah, now check the method
Extra P from ATCQ's, keep It rollin'
No time to get all excited, just write it
From the inside, let the pen slide and spread
The ink on the papyrus, come understand this
(What?)
Paint the canvas, givin' you my vision
To mould you, compose you
Get a picture of the scene, then get an exposure
Words out my cipher, the life of my circle
Train tracks aside of me
Cabrini to Idabi, don't lie to me
You want me in your needle
Squirt me in your vein, maintain on the couch
I excite your brain till I'm out of your system
Be digger not a nigger or a niggerole I figure you're
The winner of the bread, precede your thoughts
'Fore they come into your head
(Yo, kid kinda nice)
From the word, I speak, unique, clear and concise
Heads I'm boring, soaring to a new height of flight
And then fight the night with a light to gain sight
Make your competition say aight
No I.D. from the city with a bridge on thirty-first
Makin' all butt crews disperse
I'm in my own world
(Yeah yeah, now check the method)
I'm in my own world
(Yeah yeah, now check the method)
I'm in my own world
(Yeah yeah, now check the method)

I'm in my own world

(Yeah yeah, now check the method)
(Check the method)
I'm in my own world
I say pay attention boy, I say uhh, looka here
I want you to see me when you do you look and fear
I dilate pupils, it's cornea than a retina
My book of life, you felt it because of the texture
When I'm bubbly I call the exta, see if she still love me
I'm advanced like a copy studs be on my sac to dub me
Cheap ass niggaz, go and purchase it
I ain't do all this work for shit
My style's my child, I gave birth to it
Like an immaculate conception, clean I came
Went through label pains, didn't give shorty a name
I put, bros before hoes that's the way love and life goes
It's a jungle out there but I'm never fever-in for them white hoes
I love black thighs, you sisters better realize
The real hair and real eyes get real guys
So before you makeup your face
You better make up your mind
I hope you wake up in time
For the revolution or you gon' be like
"I can't believe it, I got shot"
Bowe bo so I lick one, not for Riddick
But I got the Rid for my dick
And the crab MC's that be all over it
Huh, what good is the Rid without the comb?
I'm the street pick peace to Nick, Tim, Mark and Sekendall
I remember me and Deion tried to get into Mendal
I didn't have No I.D., they wouldn't let me in
Now them same gumps be askin' me to get them in
I be like, "You don't know me, fool"
And color it purple 'cause he ain't in my circle
Now I'm talkin' square biz to you
And I'm out I'm in my own world

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