

# P.L.O. Style

## Method Man

P.L.O. style Buddha monks with the owls  
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P.L.O. style Here comes the ruckus the motherfucking ruckus  
Thousands of cut throats and purse snatchin' fucks  
Straight from the brain I'll be givin you the pain anger  
Comin' from the thirty sixth chamber bang!  
'Tical hittin' with the Buddha fist style  
Shotgun slammin' in your chest piece, plow!  
Brain, 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 hard  
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 relaxing  
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 P.L.O. style Buddha monks with the owls  
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