

Methods

Charizma

Rap battles, I saw MC's goin at it
Crews playin new records, I arrived and caused static
From Frisco to Oakland like Bronx to Manhattan
You know what's happenin, Charizma style of rappin
Hey yo B, you know your man Kwan that's 10 feet tall?
He should drop the mic and pick up a basketball
Ah yes y'all, mad love to my crew, everyone's real cool
All we wanna do is to be in a record pool
Ah yes y'all, this is my design to make my niggas rewind
Labels pull crimes, it's time for me to resign
The style's deep even when we fall asleep
Dreamin of the usual - a rap beat
I got class with my math, so remember this
If you're not down you're expelled off my premises
I come with bombs when the scene is loud and hectic
I'm clean cut and suave, the dapper type, man I got methods
(Rap so strong and Rap so def), I got Methods!
(Rap so strong and Rap so def), I got Methods!
(Rap so strong and Rap so def), I got Methods!
(Rap so strong and Rap so def) I got you and your crew peepin me out and starin
Maybe this is something you're not accustomed to hearin
I'm comin through clownin, takin titles and much clout
And when I'm rollin dice I got my boys on the lookout
It's just Charizma with the Nikes, Charizma with the knocks
Charizma on stage is Charizma sure to rock
So check it out party people in the place
The newest car I ever had was a '78
I'm straight rollin in my bucket with my boys at ease
And when I see a liquor store I think of ten g's
I'm just fanatic with these rhymes, you can't read em, though
Young kid, you're not ready for torpedos
Just wait until my moms hears this jam
She'll say I have to scram but she has to take me for what I am
When I need someone to talk to for insight
I see what's in sight, and that's lovely girls tonight
I got methods
I got rappers takin votes, it's a rappin debate
I make my speech and announce the winner at the studio live at 8
So (?) applause

This is just a rhyme from page 74
As far as girls, yeah, they know me, they talk about Colby
But Colby ain't got nothin on me, I rap in Dolby
So hey world, open your eyes to the wack
Cause when the goin gets rap the wack get off my track
And that's black
Who said that real hip-hop don't sell
Me and my whole crew bought two copies of Raising Hell
Just the other day there was a contest with ten MC's
Mad lookin wack wearin Lee's and cock these
I was like okay, so I gave it a bay
Now those MC's ain't got nothing but their ex-girls to blame
I got methods
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>