

Everything (feat. Inspectah Deck & Streetlife)

Method Man

Yeah, yeah, I love Math
Yeah, yo, yo Y'all ain't never stopping the kid, why y'all knocking the King?
Would ya like a shot of liquor or like a shot to the rib?
Plus you stay on top of they grills, stay on top of they biz
Thinking n****z plotting on hairs, think they not when they is This is Staten Island gully, you
dig? It's getting ugly
And I ain't found a court that can judge me, the block love me
Like nines to the side of the skully, popping they top
I'd rather pop bubbly, one for B.I.G. and one for PacN****, trust me, I'm hot as they get, like
Al Green
Getting hit by a pot of them grits, yo, nahmeen?
Y'all don't really want no parts of this, soon as a n****
Start shining, n****z start some s***, my guard lit
Like a boss, head n**** in charge, get in these drawers
Fitted, nine inches bigger than yours
This Meth dude got that food and he serving it raw
Told you before, I bring the pain and now I'm hurting them, pa
Hurting them, pa Up from the 36, back on that bulls***
Okay, I'm reloaded, strapped with a full clip
Staten Island's the Borough, Park Hill, we still click
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, that's the Clan, we run s*** Up from the 36, back on that bulls***
Okay, I'm reloaded, strapped with a full clip
Staten Island's the borough, Park Hill, we still click
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, that's the Clan, we run s*** Aiyoo, you f***ing with some capital G's,
Allah Math
Street life, Meth Man, plus the Masta and me
Soldier I, make it happen, indeed, my sick gift
Had the highest paid h**, get it cracking for free
Worldwide still trapped in the P's, Pioneers
Like the twenty inch woofers that's in back of the V
Leave ya brain, like you spazzing on E
It don't matter who you happen to be, nothing swagger like he Keep a dirty cop close, never talk
with no feds
Tear the roof off the mother, right along with ya head
And I ain't talk unless she talking bout bread
You would swear that I'm rocking New Balance, how I'm walking the ledge Son, I'm just a little
off of the edge as I stalk
The mean streets for paused types callers are read
Killa Hill where the warriors bred, I'm a Resident
Patient, it's gonna take more than the meds Up from the 36, back on that bulls***
Okay, I'm reloaded, strapped with a full clip
Staten Island's the borough, Park Hill, we still click

Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, that's the Clan, we run s***Up from the 36, back on that bulls***
Okay, I'm reloaded, strapped with a full clip
Staten Island's the borough, Park Hill, we still click
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, that's the Clan, we run s***Special invited guest, I came to put the rumors
to rest
Rip the rest of the slugs through your chest
Put the chest to the back of your vest
Trap your packet, take the money and jetN****z posted, but you posing no threat
Punk, you p**** like the opposite sex
Front, see how many shots you will get
I'm not asking, I'm demanding respectI'm just a man to respect
Watch your step, son, your funeral's next
Street life is the man in the flesh, I got one hand on your neck
The other hand is attached to the techYour next move could mean life or death
Make move, take baby steps
Hold that thought, n****, save your breath
We hold courts in the streets we rep
For Cash Rule and we came to collect, c*** s*****Up from the 36, back on that bulls***
Okay, I'm reloaded, strapped with a full clip
Staten Island's the borough, Park Hill, we still click
Wu-Tang, Wu-Tang, that's the Clan, we run s***

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>