Method Man, Straight Gutta (feat. Redman, Hanz

I'm from the killa killa hill, we keep it real consistent For that dollar dollar bill, we will murder you in an instant Fuck what your name is, you'll be non-existent If you ever try to show any form of resistance I'm strong in the hood. I'm in a good position When I walk they salute, when I talk they all listen You acting the part like you in an audition Where shoot out's in the parks is a daily tradition This is modern warfare, we play with live ammunition Shot you through your third eye, will change your whole disposition The body never lie, call me the mortician Every death has a story to tell, so pay attention Premonitions on my life, slip the banana clip in Never put your hat on the bed. I'm a little superstitious Got my black suit on, they say I am acting suspicious Big gun in my palm, look like my arm is missing

Ayo one MC two MC When my gun out, everybody goes down Word on the street, these boys get butter Fuck with me, nigga, cause this straight gutta

Got my black suit on, we get malicious Hanz On checking in for the squad, he on his pivot Got them big guns, make 'em disappear, call 'em wizards Will oblige, till you meet your demise, this shit is physics [?] newest gee on the block, he is the shizit Suffer [?] wounds to ya frame, you move a smidgen Hanz rollin with the man he the [?], pay you a visit Prerequisite have them all in the dirt. They all can get it Used to percolate the crack in the pot, until it dried Now I am occupying spots on your block, that shit is aye And when we popping off the gun at your top, we make it pie You better take another look at your seeds, and holla bye Yo as far as ma'fuckas concerned, yo this is it John Blaze press a button on dudes, they getting hit As far as guns and that street shit go, my niggas fit Hanz on with the cavalry yo, we in the mix

Ayo one MC two MC When my gun out, everybody goes down Word on the street, these boys get butter Fuck with me, nigga, cause this straight gutta

I got 28 38's 48 machine guns
Wu-Tang recon, check out the retard
I want that boat money carrying my green card
Caesar planet of the grapes in the weed jar
I straight gutta, mind on butta
Everything dirty where rubber for the come up
Block nigga shine like a 5D shutta
Red, Hanz & Street run this mother

We getting buku scrilla
My brothers on their grind
Not another Columbine call me new school killa
Scoop of French vanilla brought a duce duce with her
I might pull a Lil Jon and let the bruce bruce hit her
I'll be gone till November, cry me a river
You could die, but I figure I'ma try and be the bigger man
I and my gorillas, they gonna fry em up for dinner
Like them boys from Cypress Hill said (how I could just kill a man)

When my gun out, everybody goes down Word on the street, these boys get butter Fuck with me, nigga, cause this straight gutta