

Built for This

Method Man

When you forge a weapon, you need three things
The right metal, temperature's over 1400 degrees
And someone who wants to kill
Here in Jungle Village, we got all three

Yo, Street, check me out, nigga

Sorta like Malcolm at the Audubon, they coming for me
My time is money, no automa', see bar for bar
I keep it pushing, no R&R, no foreign broads
And no promotion for foreign car, the game is ours
Let's keep it funky, who said he washed?
Like Staten Island, Italians bleed spaghetti sauce
If ya'll shaking with Stallion, then ya'll already lost
Already crossed, then like Christ, I'm ready for 'em
Plus anybody that say he know 'em, I'm taking numbers
I'm taking names, I'll take ya chain, to take his hunger
Pain, pain, pain, pain, pain, pain
Can you feel the thunder and rain?
I don't talk it like the rent, boy, I got it done in the game, ya'll
Do me a favor, don't ever play with my ball
Never been a playa hater, I just ain't playing with ya'll
You watch your lane, but look I'm taking the charge
Going hard'll get you two shots, now I'm facing the charge

R: Uh, five to life, let's go take a ride
They might catch you by surprise, if you let 'em slide
But if you built for the shit, then you might survive
Guess I'll see you, when you wake up on that other side
(2x)

Uh, sorta like Mike at the United Center
Madison Square, Boston Garden, I straight ignite on niggas
Little nigga, your raps ain't on fire, that shit'll collapse so don't try
I scribble and scratch down in my pad, and no lie
That no fake, that uncut, that straight drop, what the fuck
I'm pulled over by the jakes and 28 up in my nuts
For I'm took away and cuz I'd rather lay up in the duct'
Feel like fuck a friend, a hundred million haters ain't enough
Twist it up, life is a blunt and the world is my ash tray
I got them quarters and them hash, just meet me like half way
I need a hundred percent of my profit, ain't fucking with half pay
Ain't taking no shorts or losses, bitch, we ain't funding no tag day, for su
re
As I can recollect, praying to God, this dope'll stretch
Turn mobster corners, work these corners like behind it, yes
Chilling and waiting patient, retaliation just ain't find me yet
I'm taking in to heaven, you couldn't buy me that, remind me that

R: (2x)

It's the world's worse, quick to snatch your man purse
And leave your body head first in the stretch hearse
Murder she wrote, I'm knock to spit a killer verse
And leave a plate of blood spillin' on his dinner shirt
You, can Google my name but you ain't gotta search
I'm right here in the streets, I'm putting in work

Go 'head, fuck around and get your feelings hurt
Or, you can get carried out of your local church
I'm from the old school, I do my own dirt
Mama raised no fool, I did my home work
Keep your wifey close, she's a little flirt
I knew her since '03, I hit the pussy first
I'm the reason why your baby mama water burst
I been mobbing since birth, you can ask my Earth
It's not a problem, to show you how the shotty work
I put your body in the dirt, but what the dollars worth

R: (2x)

I'm built for it, nigga