

Crooked Letter I

Method Man

Ooooh! We have returned
Yeah, show you how to flow again (show you how to flow again)
It's the rap rule again (hehehehe) Yo, yo..

Street, Meth, we ride like A.C. and O.J. (y'all niggaz crazy!)
I runs up on you in broad days, I'm a Loose Link
I carry's the Heaterz, always
Small timers, get left for dead in the hallways
It's that ill breed, move in warp speed, follow my lead
(Me and my Co-D's, about to O.D.) let me procede
I'm that O.G., you're not in my league (you know my steez)
I put the smackdown, on you killer clown M.C.'s

I rock for all my niggaz (I rock for all my niggaz)
That's why I hurt to be here, okay, let me see here
Stat' Land, crooked letter is I, we back, man
Harder than a dick on viagra gettin' a lap dance
Hittin' like a back hand (I slap y'all kids)
As if we in a game of spades, and y'all renig'
John Blaze, not the clothing, cuz some of that is slum
(Son, I'm already knowin') cut they jeans mad young

R: In the Crooked Letter I, it's do or die
Shit, every man fights to stay alive
In the Crooked Letter I, you should not try
Meth Tical, Streetlife, Killa Bee, why..
(2x)

Stingy with my dough, even stingier with dojia'
(Told y'all) You'll never go broke, long as I yo'ya
Maintain your composure, or party over
For stank bitches, who get it, twisted like yoga
Holla for a dollar, yea, and y'all ain't gotta go home
(But y'all gotta get the fuck outta here)
Who stay "Lo" like Jennifer, won't see me a lot
But when you see Vivica, tell her she a "Fox"

We rollin', big truck, sittin' on chrome (twistin' a bone)
Talkin' to a bird on the bat phone
Zonin', out the area, roamin'
The closest you could come to my style, maybe, is clonin'
The omen (I'm warnin' you now!) Niggaz is holdin'
Run up, watch me put one up in your colon
Chizzle town, thugs in the club, like chicks posin'
Lambchop niggaz is sheep in wolf clothing

R: (2x)

Beware, danger, shoot off your flares
Warn all your dogs (tell 'em we here)
The Stat' (we don't bust our guns in the air)
Never that, y'all don't come out til the coast is clear
(Who you suppose to fear) Street, I fears no one
You all thumbs, I probably murder you with your gun
When I start lettin' off (niggaz is jettin' off)
You straight chicken broth, we holes in your terrycloth

Double O, 3, long time no see
Who mind parts seas, and cause blind to see
Some think this industry is just all rhyme and G
Then he make it to the door, and he can't find the key
Don't know what it be, to make y'all follow my lead
Or make this pretty thing on her knees swallow my seed
If rap wasn't rap no more, what would it be
I don't know, I'd be zonin' sometime, must be the weed...
That's that shit

R:

Yeah, Homicide Housing, Loose Linx
Carlton Fisk, D.C., rest in peace
To the Million Dollar Kid, Y
(S.I., N.Y., 10304) Sick eyes, Size 7
Big Nut, what up (Big up to Denaun, good lookin' on the track, nigga
Matter fact, I'mma call Staten Island the tri-borough, now on
Cuz we'll "tri" any fuckin' thing) Homicide Housing..
(Fuck y'all)