

## Grid Iron Rap

Method Man

I Silver Surf the city circuits, forever lurkin  
on the street surface, I spit blood for blood verses  
Grands man divided, we still stand, conquer land  
One man'll body slam Def Jam  
Focus your headcam zoom in, with radio tune in  
I know you're listenin, so I keep showin and provin  
Play the sideline, waitin for the right time to take mine  
Street crime, nickel and dime rhyme  
Fuck a peace talk, let the gun spark, on the streets of New York  
I Shaolin Strut through the city asphalt (FED UP!)  
Hold your head up, I'm circlin the block, keep your eyes up  
Wise up, before you get sized up (TIED UP!)  
Play no games, speakin on my name, you catch a clipful  
from close range, diggin in your pocket, take the loose change

Punch the data in your mainframe, you want it all  
I want the same thang, strive to maintain, live out my name  
Hard to obtain, hard to explain, ain't nuttin changed  
Leave the same way I came, bringin motherfuckin pain

Killa Hill Projects, high-tech street intellect  
Let's connect, blow your headset, fuck a mic check

Ring around the underground, pocket full of sound  
Ashes to ashes, y'all niggaz goin down

Yo.. eat shit and die slow, battle ground no survival  
you goin down, y'all niggaz fuck around  
Shittin where you sleepin, so my rhyme proposal  
came indecent, beef from the butcher sink your teeth in

Fuck what you believe in, you real fake, fishin in the same lake  
Eatin off the same cake you blowface

Who got that ready-cooked, synthetic look, actin crook  
Betty-shook worm, tryin to shake the hook, as the world turn  
Nigga burn, once again the supersperm  
Rub it in your skin, like it's Lubriderm, time took to write this  
The war will be fought by the righteous  
who stand criticized, by his un-A\*Alike-ness  
Knowledge is the jewel, and it's priceless  
Real like them Rahway Lifers, nuttin but time on my hands  
Observe the black sands in the hourglass, fallin fast  
in this savage land, haulin ass, Days of Thunder  
It's road rad, your days are numbered  
What RZA put together let no man tear asunder (motherfucker)

This is P.L.O., Killa Hill flow, but you don't hear me though  
Live in stereo, pump it loud until your speaker blow  
Ghett-io slang pro, sling rap to cashflow  
Keep it live from the intro until the outro

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My dick! (My dick!)  
I'm on a suicide run, y'all niggaz know the outcome  
Razor sharp tongue leave scars in your eardrum  
Forty-five bar seminar ghetto rap star  
Slide like water rats through the Staten Reservoir  
Swingin swords cut your mic cords, snatch your rap awards  
Commercial cats, fuckin up the game, that's why I crash boards  
Drape floors while you Jordan, keep on tryin yours  
Hardcore, somethin that my street niggaz is dyin for

Snap your neck and the dopefiend, Gobol 13  
Professionals we know things, say no more  
Check my Dogs at the Reservoir, gourmet special of the day  
is nigga soufflee, pusher gotta pay  
And the games people play, John Jay back around the way  
Fish filet, Mr. DJ, turn it up a notch  
Hit the replay, for dirt bomb niggaz in the PJ  
to cling-on, bring-on, the good times, to key-on  
Hook rhymes that's be-yond, your thinkin, for eons  
I been here, to shine on the black mind  
Tell you like the last time, year of the grimy nigga  
Ragtime, bad sign, flatline..