

P.L.O. Style

Method Man

P.L.O. style, Buddha monks with the Owls
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Here comes the ruckus, the motherfuckin' ruckus
Thousands of cut-throats and purse-snatchin' fucks
Straight from the brain, I'll be givin' you the pain, anger
Comin' from the 36th Chamber, Bang!
Tical, hittin' with the Buddha-Fist style
Shotgun slammin' in your chestpiece, plow!
Brain, is blown all over the terrain
Like a man without no arms you can't hang
Time for a change of the guard
You've been arrested for lyric fraud now you hard
For real, check it, I pull strings like B.B. King on guitar
I'm the true fist of the North Star!

Ooooooooooh! What a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to decieve
Guns be clickin', runnin' with my clan we be stickin'
Whatever, my street family stays together
Represent what I invent, killa hill
Resident, rest in peace to my nigga Two Cent
The street life is the only life I know
I live by the code style it's mad P.L.O...

Iranian thoughts and cover like an Arabian
Grab a nigga on the spot and put a nine to his cranium

I..can't...get no satisfaction, niggas won't be lastin'
Long, unless they get protaction, for real
Strong, comin' with my clan so what's happenin'
Commercial rap, hate it with a passion

The M-E-T-H-O-D got me drinkin' O.E. all night in a M.P.V.
Just maxin', lookin' for hoes, you know relaxin'
Bitches know the hour it be time for some action

P.L.O., peace to that nigga Barryano
Word up, let's take him to the bridge, Verrazano

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