

# 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

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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)

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