

Elements (feat. Polite & Star)

Method Man

[Method Man]

(There... there?)

One more game

Yo, uh huh uh huh

Staar

Surround sounder, blunt smokin, remy downer

Hip-hop sizzar slingin my raw in your flounder

You get skidawed, undertakin' undergrounders

This lyricist, lounge with low, that be lounger

Aliens is out of townish, fuck applause

niggas clap now with forty pounders, and fourty-fours

Is it all, fair in love with war

Young 'uns with guns, acting like they taking yours, uh

Live by the sword, they gonna die by the sword, uh

My vocal cords break the laws that apply to nature

Low and these niggas love to hate ya

Request the henney straight no chaser

Twin towerin' I skyscrape ya

Now gimme yours

[Star]

Trifled disciple, arch rival reppin with weapons that homicidal

Star leaves you marked from the start like tribal scars

(Allah punk) I'm hazardous as a bomb and arms spinnin' like Christ

Recitin' psalms in the streets of Babylon

(Verbs I gather well)? data shells

My squad camoflauge your wealth

Like the bible with parabels

With the navigator, spittin razor sharp, breath laser data

That'll tickle you now, but sway you later[Method Man]

On this one call me Lee Major

Million dollar man, bionic or proffesor chronic

Still not a player, I just fuck alot the panty raider

Get shortys mad, they curse you wild on your sky pager

Stankin' ass

[Polite]

Yo Mr. Big Mouth, better duck down or bite the bullet

You niggas got guns but you scared to death to pull it

Bet if I pull my gun I'm gon' squeeze

I'm startin at your head, son, and stoppin' at your knees

I hate your screwmugs, rumble counterfeit thugs

Niggas want mine, bet they come and get it in blood

Fat potential, gave birth to a corrupt mental

Foul thoughts paralyzin temples, it's just that simpleChorus

[All]

You better come with your best gun

Niggas be holdin', it's all war no fun

Niggas be bowlin', you niggas under pressure now

My squads down for whatever with whoever now

Let's get it on

Best to come with your best gun

Niggas be rollin', it's all war no fun

Niggas be holdin', you niggas under pressure now

My squads down for whatever with whoever now

Let's get it on[Star]

Arm leg shots to hit the spot like a four fifth glock

We got this hip-hop shilock and all you clique got

Was lip lock, heavy heat, steady street sweepin your peeps

Hawks, machete chops puttin' cease to your petty fleets

This raw rebel got more metal than pop

And rock groups, when my glock shoots the scores settled

A ground attack, I'm bound to clap rounds of rap

Clowns are found flat, face down around the map

Simple minds, cripple smiles, my rhymes are four five

The size oh two nines combine, can't even tickle mine[Method Man]

I told you once, I told your ass a thousand times, chump

Body in the trunk, stay in line punk,

(Fucking with your mind?)[Polite]

Yo

You be the actual, sixteen bars, comin' after you

Never go against my team, they might embarrass you

Slit-slang terrorist talk, fully armed

Put your hands up, I'ma put a hole in your paws

Ruin your side show, eyes low, brains fried from hydro

Two choices, bass off or either die slow

We all scholars when it's time to clean a dirty dollar

Attack the boards, it's like a rotweiler[Method Man]

Niggas comin out they shoes like they Usher

These motherfuckers on the run, and they socks from

The bounty hunter, Iron Lungster, rain and thunder

Here come the lightning now I'm strikin' back at niggas bitin'

Pushin' buttons just to step away from self-destruction

Inch and a half away from touchin' somethin'

Suckin' away from bustin'

Yall brothers laugh now and cry later

I rap from Alpha to Omega, sixty four to Sega

Whoopin' that ass, walk you dogs through the lookin' glass

Been burnin' MC's since cookin' class

Makin' it hot like the summer in the crackspot

With blacktops, my nickle slot, triple bar, hit the jackpot

On each block, I'm the remedy, send them back to me

After detock, shorty got knuckles in the Reebok

Plus we got a problem with the Benz
(What's the problem with the Benz)
She want the six-hundred, but she aint got the ends
Chorus
[All]

You better come with your best gun
Niggas be holdin', it's all war no fun
Niggas be bowlin', you niggas under pressure now
My squads down for whatever with whoever now
Let's get it on

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