

P.L.O. Style (feat. Carlton Fisk)

Method Man

Chorus:P.L.O. style, Buddha monks with the Owls

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P.L.O. style...Verse One: Method ManHere comes the ruckus, the motherfucking ruckus

Thousands of cut-throats and crumb-snatching fuckers

Straight from the brain, I'll be givin you the pain, anger

Coming from the 36th Chamber, Bang!

Tical, hitting with the Buddha-Fist style

Shotgun slamming in your chest piece, 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 barred

For real, check it, I pull strings like B.B. King on guitar

I'm the true fist of the North Star!

Verse Two: Carlton Fisk, Method ManOoooooooh! What a tangled web we weave

When first we practice to deceive

Guns be clicking, running with my clan we be sticking

Whatever, my street family stays together

Represent what I invent, Killah 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 are covered like an Arabian

Grab the nigga who on the spot and put a nine to his craniumI.can't... get no satisfaction, niggas
won't be lasting

Long, unless they get protection, for real

Strong, coming with my clan so what's happening

Commercial rap, hate it with a passion

The M-E-T-H-O-D got me drinking O.E. all night in a M.P.V.

Just maxing, looking for hoes, you know relaxing

Bitches know the hour it be time for some actionP.L.O., peace to that nigga Barryano

Word up, let's take him to the bridge, VerrazanoChorus

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>