

## In My Own World (Check the Method)

Common

("Yeah yeah, now check the method" - Extra P from ATCQ's "Keep It Rollin")

No time to get all excited, just write it  
from the inside let the pen slide, and spread  
the ink on the papyrus, come understand this (what?)  
Paint the canvas, givin you my vision  
To mold you, compose you  
Get a picture of the scene, then get an exposure  
Words out my cipher, the life of my circle  
Train tracks aside of me, Cabrini to Idabi, don't lie to me  
You want me in your needle  
Squirt me in your vein, maintain on the couch  
I excite your brain till I'm out of your system  
Be digger not a nigger or a niggerole I figure you're  
the winner of the bread, precede your thoughts  
'fore they come into your head (yo kid kinda nice!)  
From the word, I speak, unique, clear and concise  
Heads I'm boring, soaring to a new height of flight  
And then fight the night  
With a light to gain sight make your competition say AIGHT  
No I.D. from the city with a bridge on thirty-first  
Makin all butt crews disperse

I'm in my own world ("Yeah yeah, now check the method")

("Check the method")

I'm in my own world  
I say pay attention boy, I say UHH looka here  
I want you to see me when you do you look and fear  
I dilate pupils it's cornea than a retina  
My Book of Life you felt it, because of the texture  
When I'm bubbly I call the ex ta, see if she still love me  
I'm advanced like a copy studs be on my sac to dub me  
CHEAP ASS NIGGAZ! Go and purchase it  
I ain't do all this work for shit  
my style's my child I gave birth to it  
Like an immaculate conception, clean I came  
Went through label pains, didn't give shorty a name  
I put, bros before hoes that's the way love and life goes  
It's a Jungle out there but I'm never Fever-in for them white hoes  
I love black thighs, you sisters better realize  
The real hair and real eyes get real guys  
So before you makeup your face, you better make up your mind  
I hope you wake up in time for the revolution, or you gon be like  
"I can't believe it! I got shot!"  
Bowe/bo so I lick one, not for Riddick  
But I got the Rid, for my dick  
And the crab MC's that be all over it  
Huh, what good is the Rid without the comb?  
I'm the street pick peace to Nick, Tim, Mark and Sekendall  
I remember me and Deion tried to get into Mendal  
I didn't have No I.D., they wouldn't let me in  
Now them same gumps be askin me to get them in  
I be like, "You don't know me... fool"  
And color it purple, cause he ain't in my circle  
Now I'm talkin square biz to you and I'm out  
I'm in my own world