

# Method Man "The Turn"

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**(feat. Raekwon)**

"Everywhere I turn, I see, your face..."

*[Intro: Raekwon]*

Yeah, ah, yeah, yo, yo, yeah  
Yeah, motivate, motivate, from the gate, ya'll  
Yeah, aiyo, aiyo, aiyo

*[Raekwon]*

And we the Gods, still tear the whole hood apart  
Darts that'll splatter through faces, taste niggaz hearts  
I'm intellectual, plus professional  
And Walbaums to vegetables  
Shit is right here, like buyin' fly gear  
Dare any white man or fan nigga, ran through niggaz  
Blew shotties in niggaz lobbies, the grand RZA  
We left, the radio broke, I yoke my vocals, hittin' green  
smoke  
Allah Math', show me when the needle broke  
Numb the whole crowd up, stupid ass Loud fouled up  
Never knew what they had, now they proud of us  
Picture my vision, precision, lines jumpin' out of  
commission  
Divine got me, nigga, the boss, he pop me  
Rae, we gotta generate, lord, I feel the Ditech, the  
mildew  
Buy jets and vehicles, steal a little  
Wrap up the whole rap government

*[Method Man]*

Go head, ya'll floss wit it  
Walk wit, I slap your boss wit it  
Navy blue, New York fitted, I'm cold frost bitted  
Two puffs and off wit it  
You smell the herb, 'fore I lit the spots its forfeit it  
Blocks is hot, feel the shot from fourth/fifth it  
With no regard for your boulevard, just the shit bag  
and bullet scar  
It's the Riddler, riddle me this, riddle me that  
Who the pretender? And who the door man that let  
them enter?

The Wu-Tang, 36 Cham', what you smokin'?  
Got you in the game chokin', like Van Gundy coachin'

Your street team, bunch of weaklings  
Don't ever let me catch your reachin'  
Respect when a grown man is speakin'  
Shh, keep on sleepin', and just like TLC, I keep on  
"creepin"  
The five percent of ya'll, keep on teachin'  
The heat seekin', missile official, that got issues  
Like Funk Doc got snot tissue, it's Hott Nikkels

"Everywhere I turn, I see, your face, but you're never  
there"

*[Method Man]*

Shh... shit ain't over..  
Okay, now, same shit, different day, grindin', gettin'  
paid  
Self at it, automatic, guns that spit and spray  
Gotta have it, ass grab it, time to slip and weight  
Godbody, House your Party, watch the Kid N Play  
Ya'll gon' make me go postal, up in this muthafucka  
house  
Full of bloodsuckers and hoes that love hustlers  
Roll that izza, pour me another kizza  
Bigga, to my nigga, so drunk they can't get up  
Shotguns through nose, hot ones through foes  
Let the herb spots run til the cops come, suppose  
I was just another stick in the mud, on a Saturday  
Thinkin', how I'mma get the fifth in the club  
See my crew thick, everyday I fights to prove it  
We comes undisputed, with batteries included  
Honey's "bee" like Meth, I be like what?  
They want some free cd's, I'm like "see these" nuts

*[Outro: Method Man]*

If ya'll muthafuckas gettin' high tonight, say all right,  
haha  
If ya'll muthafuckas gettin' drunk tonight, say all right,  
haha  
It be Tical, ok, haha, yeah, yeah, ok  
It be Tical, ok, haha, yeah..

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