

Method Man "Torture"

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You know
Through bein humbles
Tru mast' on da track like that y'know?
Been in this rap game for like the past
Four bullets now, y'know?
Doin' bids, yea yea
I done peeped a lotta cats come through
Courageous cats, stray cats, ha ha
Top cats with top hats, ya know what I'm sayin'?
But it all boils down to this, we talkin' lyrics
Rhymes, line for line, numero uno
Who the best? I don't know
Check it

Flame on, I rain fire, when Johnny Storm
I'm shocking like live wire, you have been warned
I prolong this next chamber to make it strong
And prove all them doubters wrong

Killin' 'em softly with this song, addin' on
Let them toes get they tag on, dead men run no
marathons
On my shift, shootin' that gift, knowin' he snitched
On the telethon, runnin' his lips, sinkin' the ship

Give back what his mother gave him, mother made him
And now she can't even save him, Johnny blaze 'em
Send him to his final restin'
Back to the essence, Faces of Death, The Final Lesson

Toture, toture, toture
Motherfuckin' torture
Y'all niggaz know

Who got John Blaze shit? Suckin' my dick to get famous
So I switch blades to Dangerous
Welcome to my torture chambers
Torture chambers where John Doe's remain nameless,
hear me?

I know it's Def Jam, but think clearly
I made it possible for y'all cats to come near me

Keep your enemies, close and your heat closer
I slam just like my culture on all theories

Dead that, straight off the meat rack with this one
You get burned playin' Nix-on, Hot Biscuit
Stand back, don't make me spit one, and paint pictures
On the walls of your mental, with hot lead from out
these pencils

Iron lung since I was young and not knowin'
Where the next meal was comin' from, been
troublesome
To all those posin' a threat
If I go, everybody gotta go next, y'all niggaz know

The code of the street soldier, I'm watchin' time
And time watchin' me colder, Grim Reaper
Breathin' death on my shoulder
Waitin' for the day to take me over, take me over

Toture, toture, toture
Motherfuckin' torture
Y'all niggaz know

That you can never touch my flow, go ahead and hate
me
Still tryin' to fuck my hoe, Johnny-come-latelys?
Got me in a world of shit, and now I'm pissed
Mama said there'd be days like this

Tis the season for ducks and my pen's bleedin'
Leavin' kids barely breathin' for sneak-thievin'
Famished from lack of eatin' and lack of teachin'
Banished from Rhyme and Reason for high treason

Can it be that the kid with the knot knees
Got G to make a grown man cop plea
For this track I got a lovebug like Starsky
Blow back until I drop Tical Part 3

Ain't no stoppin' when you start me, John Jay
Pullin' your card, mayday, mayday
Niggaz owe they life to God, and now it's payday
Take it how ya wanna take it, fully clothed or butt-naked

I learned the hard way, ain't nuttin' sacred
In this world, time to face it, Johnny basic
Instinct, I'm sure to make it
While others fake it

Fuck the spotlight, G O D already got light

Say what you like, just spell my name right
No doubt, this one goes out, to all you trout-fish
Cake niggaz, keep my dick up out your mouth

Toture, toture, toture
Motherfuckin' torture
Y'all niggaz know

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