

## Judgement Day

### "Method Man"

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First.. there was the collapse of civilization  
Anarchy, genocide, starvation  
Then.. when it seemed like shit couldn't get any more  
fucked up  
We got The Plague  
The Living Death  
Closing his icy grip around the whole planet  
Then the rumors started  
The last hardcore MC's.. were working on a cure  
.. that would END the pestilence.. why?  
I like the death  
I \*LIKE\* the misery  
I LIKE THIS WORLD!!!!

Space, The Final Frontier  
These are the voy-voy-voyages of the Starship TICAL

As I walk in the shadow of death  
Sixteen men on a dead man's chest  
Your host this evening for H-O-T  
N-I-X, you get splashed with the Tec  
Nobody go, til the God say so  
You got a second or mo', to run for the do'  
Before I blow back off the map, contact  
You didn't know stack, couldn't get down like that  
Who want them test rocket launcher, YES  
Mr. Meth, hold the fort, most def'  
Kids is dead wrong, song's too long  
Get swung on, can't we all get along?  
See my pinkie, see my thumb  
See that kid with the pawn shop gun?  
Bust your gums, leave your whole shit numb  
Mmmm now what's this? Smell like fish  
Mr. Big Mouth, the gat be trout  
You need to douche out your style no doubt  
Johnny struck through the Shaolin slum  
PRUM PRUM PRUM on my Shaolin drum  
Niggaz don't dare, to step in the square  
Kids ain't playin over here, PLAYA  
Only one way, and that's my way  
Grim Reaper callin, Judgement Day

(10) Ten let the countdown begin(9) I was born in the mind

(8) Take the head of a snake

(7) Behold Armaggedeon

(6) Ain't no love for the rich

(5) Only strong will survive

(4) Cause we live by the sword

(3) Plus sixty degrees

(2) For the black and the blue

(1) For the sun.. step into millenium

The name of this one is Judgement Day

No more BS, can't come out and play

Don't blame me, blame society

Type of chemistry for a live MC

Hands in the air like you just don't care

You all get a share, there's a party over here

Year two-thousand, keep bouncin

T-Minus, thirty seconds and countin

New York's finest, still wildin, Shaolin

At the full moon howlin

Get Til It's Gone, killa bee kills

Only time will reveal like the words in the song

Cause love's what I feel for my crew, bust steel

Niggaz don't got to pay my bills

P.L.O. pack the slingshot flow

Plant the seed, let the garden grow

And stick that rhyme where the sun don't shine

Darts pierce your heart like a Valentine

Tis my Tale From the Crypt that's sick

Bloodbath, body baths and shit

U-F-C fightin championships

G.I. Joe's with the Kung-Fu Grip

Now you don't dare, to step in the square

Kids ain't playin over here, PLAYA

Only one way, and that's my way

Grim Reaper callin, Judgement Day

C'mon.. I said c'mon..

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10.. 9.. 8.. 7.. 6.. 5.. 4.. 3.. 2.. 1..  
Step into millenium

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For the sun..

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