

Man Method

"Judgement Day"

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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? Smells like fish
Mr. Big Mouth, the gat be trout
You need to dish 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

Found a 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

T-2000, 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..

(10) Ten let the countdown begin

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10.. 9.. 8.. 7.. 6.. 5.. 4.. 3.. 2.. 1..

Step into millenium

Ten let the countdown begin

I was born in the mind

Take the head of a snake

Behold Armaggedeon

Ain't no love for the rich

Only strong will survive

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Plus sixty degrees

For the black and the blue

For the sun..

Grim Reaper callin, Judgement Day

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