

The Turn

Method Man

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

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

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

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 seakin', 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"

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

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..