

# Method Man, Judgement Day (Skit)

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 Stat' could 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 pump shot 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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