

# Method Man, Torture

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, haha  
Top cats with top hats, yaknowhat!msayin?  
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

Torture [3X]  
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)

Torture [3X]  
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 SeaZon  
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 & Reason for high treason, can it be  
That the kid with the knot knees  
Got G to make a grown man cop pleas, 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

Torture [3X]  
Motherfuckin torture, y'all niggaz know